KING THEBAW'S JEWELS.

"Robed, the Throne, His Hat, His Coat, All Blazed with Precious Minerals."

[London Daily News.]

A late involuntary exhibitor at Calcutta is the deposed King Thebaw, a portion of whose treasures from the palace of Mandalay arranged in nine cases, Crystal Court. Three large cases contain objects of clothing, such as uniforms of Prince Esterhazy's uniforms, with pearl embroidery of silver lace and diamonds on the gleaming Hessian completely eclipsed by a rich emeralds, diamonds, precious stones are woven gold, so that the weight forbid, were ceremonial of superstitious state of the glittering garment every oftener than once a Dufferin is said to have and with difficulty to highly it is, as her lady-ship done for a few seconds of armor. Golden hats of shape, some like helmets or coronets, others of pagoda shape, this and the adjoining King's state umbrella, in the central wall-case, of mounting it aloft in the gallery, spread open to exhibit magnificence. One hats, covered with precious set in elaborate devices of surmounted by a tapering one of which is formed of diamonds, large, long, but company," as an auctioneer of a monarch retired from some of the stones are of and others, comparatively rubbish. Palm-leaf fans, processions, are formed of

Bowls, cups, vases, flasks, vessels of all shapes of those to which the Western accustomed, occupy six cases. are all more or less jewelled, some of the stones being unusual size. Chains, probably of a religious seems to be attached to a circular of nine stones, the largest being in the centre. On the circular of a splendidly-jewelled especially devoted to the king's is a remarkably-costly specimen of the mystic group of nine stones. The middle gem is a ruby of carats, with only one fault. Its value, consequently, is very great. Round it are evenly set a moonstone, a pearl, a diamond, a cat's-eye, a coral, a crystal, an emerald, and a sapphire. All these stones are valuable, the diamonds being of Amsterdam cutting and the first water. It is turned upside down, after the invariable practice of the Burmese jewellers. Ingenuity of goldsmith's work is pre-eminently shown in the adaptation of a lobster or similar ornament to the purpose of a pagoda. The labor of beating out the gold must have been enormous. King Thebaw's horoscope, written on palm leaves and enveloped in silk, hangs in a golden box work in one of the cases. The religious are said to hold the teeth of Brahma, who must indeed have had a miraculously fine set, considering the vast number of such relics to be found in the temples of India and all Brahmin countries.

Life in Dakota.

The most universal characteristic of Dakotans is their Dakotism. It approaches the ludicrous at times. If a procession of cyclones should go twisting across the whole extent of the Territory from Montana to the banks of the Red River of the North and to the worst current of the Sioux, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times, I believe that the inhabitants between the furrows of ruin would rise up and assure any straggling prospectors in the country that their locality was not in "the cyclone belt; the alkali water is "positively healthy"—and it is for some the changes from extreme heat to the coolness of the evening won't even produce a cold in the head; the air is "too pure for that," whatever the doctors may say; the short wiry grass of the prairie that never felt a plough is better for stock than the best timber or herd-grass." These are some of the preposterous assumptions of a people who as pioneers are the most hearty and generally fortunate that the world ever knew. Many came "wanting the earth," and to those who are coming they promise a world with a barbed-wire fence on every section line. The offer is a joke, and its dupe is liable to become either a misanthrope or a knave.

The monstrous has an immense mortgage on Dakota. Many of the larger adjectives have been sadly worn down by its here. "Great" is a mere shadow, and "big," short and stocky as it is, is getting thin. Hotels hitch their names on behind. To illustrate: "Hotel Turtle," which may be "on the beautiful Turtle river, nestled among its bluffs that roll like the gigantic billows of old ocean." Grands, Palaces, Windsors, &c., are "as thick as poplars." Barbers are all top-notch artists and their shops visions of Oriental luxury. Half the papers of Dakota have something to indicate the magnitude of their future circulation—in their titles. A city or county is too small for them. The truly great here is something that the inversion of Dakota's magnifying process cannot belittle—the vast stretches of arable land that time and toil will add to the productive area of the United States.

I had a glimpse of the pathetic the other day. Riding out from a town, where chances of being a city are fully equal to her dreams, we took dinner at an oasis in a desert of speculative claims. We had to navigate—another tenderfoot was with me—to reach our dinner. For miles we drove over prairie sod as tough and unbroken as ever rose unmarked by the hoofs of buffalo in early spring. In some places spring fires had moved off the dry grass and left the sod to spring up in green aftergrowth. Buffalo wallows and their counterfeits, "burn-outs," were numerous. Houses, straw stacks and falling claim shanties built of sod, dotted the horizon and furnished headlands by which to steer. Breaking grown up to weeds or lying in flat ribbons as far as the eye could reach, served to indicate section and centre lines, and so after looking and putting about several times we reached our destination, sixteen miles northwest of town. We had passed several comfortable homes and thriving fields of wheat and oats in the first miles of the trip, but in the latter portion thrift and enterprise had yielded to weeds and speculation. The land was not so good, but quite good enough for non-resident traffickers in the toil and perseverance of actual settlers.

We were cordially received, unharnessed, and fed by a white-haired man of sixty, who, with his son, was struggling with nature and comparative solitude. He cooked a good dinner, and over it told us about his experiences in this third wilderness. He had pioneered in Illinois and Wisconsin for thirty years. "I can stand this 'batchin'," said he. "I can stand working hard and living as I did in the woods of Wisconsin on simple fare. Work is about the same everywhere, and there's something about this climate that will make a lazy man want to work; but, sir, this solitude is wearing on me. I'm a man of social habits. Every sane man wants to be among his fellow-men, and here, except Small, who lost his wife after bringing her here half dead from Michigan, we haven't a neighbor within three miles. I tell you what I'll do"—and he looked out of the window on to sixty acres of as fine wheat as the 1st of June found anywhere—"if I can trade this half-section for some small farm somewhere in the East, where there are farm-houses, churches, school-houses, town meetings, and such like, I'll do it and let the big farming go." He spoke with a fervor such as breathed in these lines:

"O, Solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?"

The silence and suspension of appetite that followed gave sway to the pathetic, and then a heated debate between father and son ensued: "Give it up? Trade for a hillside farm? Not much. You've rustled too hard for three years, father, to go to plowing kitchen-garden furrows again," said the son, and then the old man lifted his head, picked up his fork, smiled, and remarked: "It will be fun, John, when we get a reaper into that wheat."

This is where the humorous crowded the pathetic, and the compensation of hardship—"batching it" and looking for neighbors—came in, and we left the old man, who is almost tired of pioneering, in a cheerful frame of mind.

When I met him yesterday in town he was in boisterous spirits. "Look at that," said he, pointing to a long line of teams loaded with all the paraphernalia of railroad grading. "I'm going out to cook for them. My two teams will bring me $5.50 a day and I pay a boy seventy-five cents for driving. I don't lay down to any one at cooking." He mounted a wagon loaded with tents and left me to reflect upon the stuff of which pioneers are made and the advertising skill which directed a caravan of railroaders to make a detour of two miles and pass through the main street. Barnum, Humboldt, and Warner might learn something in Dakota.

A Giraffe's Memory.

[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

The funniest thing I ever saw or heard of in connection with the memory of animals happened one year when I was out West with a travelling menagerie. You've heard, of course, how elephants will remember an insult twenty years, some say longer. Well, this little incident concerned a giraffe; and giraffes, you know, are not generally credited with much sense, any way, to say nothing of memory. But this one showed a great deal of the latter quality, any way. We had got as far as Rock Island, Ill., where we had to cross the Mississippi on an old ferry, that being before the big Government bridge was built there. Everything went all right until we came to this giraffe. He wouldn't go on the ferry. Coaxing, scaring, pushing, beating did no good. He simply lay down on the river bank, and would not budge. While I was working over him the ferry made another trip. When she came back up goes Mr. Giraffe as spry as you please the first time I urged him and marched straight on to the ferry. Several people who had been on the boat the trip before and seen the giraffe's queer capers on the other side of the river were waiting to see what kind of luck I had. Well, the boat was fifty feet or so from the down shore when that giraffe happened to turn his head toward the landing and see those people. He gave a giraffe trumpet, and, before I knew what he was doing, jumped over the rail into the water. It took three quarters of an hour to pull him out. Now, what do you think was the matter with that giraffe? I discovered it while the crowd was gathering around the rescued animal below the dock. Among the people was one tall, slim young fellow that the giraffe seemed to have a particular aversion to. When he saw the young man near him he began to tremble violently, and made desperate efforts to break away. I questioned the young man, and found that a year before he had crossed on the ferry-boat with the menagerie. There was a giraffe among the animals on the lower deck, and his head had stretched away up to the passenger deck of the ferry-boat, where the young man was sitting with some friends. As the giraffe's long neck had come twisting around in his direction he had been cruel enough to take a quid of tobacco and throw it down the giraffe's open mouth. No doubt it was the same giraffe I had with me then, and no doubt, too, he recognized his tormentor the instant his eyes fell on him.

A Dog Saves His Master's Life.

[Pittsburgh Times.]

Yesterday afternoon James Hagan, while passing down Sandusky street, Allegheny, had his attention attracted by the strange antics of a small yellow dog. It ran up and down the track of the Pittsburgh and Western railroad about fifty feet and then returned to Sandusky street, barking and whining incessantly. When he stopped on the street the dog ran up to him, looked up into his face and then ran up the track to a coal-car, where he stopped and looked back to see whether the man was following him.

Seeing a horse and wagon standing near the car and no driver in sight, Hagan concluded to investigate. When he arrived at the car the dog leaped and barked and gave every expression of canine happiness. Looking under the car he saw the body of a colored man imprisoned under a mass of coal, which had dropped on him when he released the fastenings of the hopper to unload the coal. With the help of others he succeeded in speedily extricating the man, who was unconscious. In a few minutes he revived sufficiently to give his name as Daniel W. Smallwood. He was completely paralyzed, and he was taken in the patrol wagon to his home, No. 20 First street, Allegheny. Dr. G. M. Shiltin was immediately sent for, and pronounced the case a very critical one. Smallwood had been completely covered by the coal and held face downward for over half an hour. Late last night he was conscious, but unable to move a muscle, and it was feared he would not live until morning. He is about thirty-five years old, and has a wife and three young children. The dog had been owned for several years by Smallwood, who never considered him more than a common cur.

A cool wave—waving a creditor aside when he calls with a bill.—*Kansas City Spirit.*

Pere Didon, the famous French Dominican pulpit orator, is at present travelling in the Holy Land, preparing a volume in reply to M. Renan's "Vie de Jesu." Before publishing his late book on "The Germans," Pere Didon received permission from his ecclesiastical superiors to pass a year in a German university, as a student, to study German life, literature, and philosophy. The past eighteen months he has secluded himself in the Monastery of Corbara in Corsica, and now, before undertaking to refute Renan's book, he desires to make a topographical examination of the places mentioned in the New Testament.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S TRAIN.

How Her Majesty Travels When Paying a Visit to Scotland.

Modern Society, in a recent issue, says: Never were greater precautions taken to secure the safety and comfort of a sovereign when travelling, as the following few details will illustrate. To begin with, the royal train was fitted with an electrical communication between compartments of each saloon carriage and the guard's, and telegraph men accompanied the train with necessary instruments and appliances for establishing communication in case of necessity. Then a look-out man was placed on the engine-tender, with his face toward the rear of the train, so as to receive and communicate to driver any signal that might be given, and the guard in the front van had to keep his face constantly towards the rear of the train on the lookout for any signal from the guard in the rear, or from any of the attendants accompanying the train. Beyond this, surface-men were stationed at all the level crossings, and no vehicle of any kind was allowed to pass for half an hour before the royal train was due. The goods traffic also on both lines was suspended during the progress of her Majesty, and the speed of the passing trains proceeding mean opposite direction was reduced to ten miles an hour while the royal train was passing them on the other line. Precious lives must be jealously guarded, we know. But so complicated were the precautions for the Queen's safety that it seems to us a new danger must thereby have been created. The royal train consisted of twelve vehicles, including two royal saloons elegantly fitted up, and the string so arranged that these carriages were exactly in the middle. Following the engine was a brake van, next a first-class carriage for men servants, a carriage for pages and upper servants, one for dressers and ladies' maids, then a carriage containing Lady Waterpark and the Hon. Horatia Stopford; next come the Queen's saloon, the front part of which was occupied by personal servants and dressers, and the private portion by her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice; then followed a second royal saloon, in which was Prince Henry of Battenberg; next a carriage containing Viscount Bridport, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Major Edwards, and Dr. Reid; two carriages for the directors and officials of the railway companies, the "Queen's fourgon"—a carriage containing the royal plate—and the rear was brought up by another brake van.

The Lockharts of Lee.

[All the Year Round.]

As we ascend the Clyde Valley towards Lanark, we come to Lee, the ancient patrimonial seat of the Lockharts, descended from the Simon Lockard who accompanied Sir James Douglas on his pilgrimage towards the Holy Land with the casket containing the heart of Robert Bruce. As is well known, the heart and its bearers never reached their destination. Turning aside to fight the Moors in Spain—it was in this way that Sir James earned the title of the "Good," not that he was amiable in disposition, far otherwise, but that he was always good for a fight—the gallant Douglas bit the dust before a Paynim spear. And in Spain it is said that Simon had the good fortune to capture a Saracen of renown, for whom, like a canny Scot, he took care to exact a good ransom. When the Saracen's wife came over to count out the specie among the glittering contents of her pouch Simon caught sight of a curiously-shaped jewel which the dark-eyed Morisca promptly concealed about her person, in evident fear for its safety. On this Simon at once hardened—and perhaps justifiably—his terms. He still held out for the gold, but he would have the jewel thrown in, or no ransom. The fair Zuleika sighed, wept, entreated, all in vain, and at last consented to part with her treasure—to secure the one she valued more. The jewel was a talisman, she averred, of wondrous power—good against all the ills that flesh is heir to; a cure for sickness, sorrow, and adversity. And then Simon came home again, with the silver casket containing Bruce's heart, which was buried beneath the high altar of Melrose Abbey. And Sir Simon took afterwards for his device and painted upon his shield a man's heart with a padlock upon it, in memory of Bruce's heart, which was padlocked in the silver case. For this reason men changed Sir Simon's name from Lockard to Lockheart, and all who are descended from Sir Simon are called Lockhart to this day."

More interesting still is the career of the talisman which is known as the Lee Penny, as it is mounted in an old silver coin of that denomination, and which enjoyed centuries of repute as the great medicament of the country side. Strange to say, it was for cattle that its healing powers were most manifest—and cattle are not to be cured by the power of imagination—and people came from far and near to test the virtues of the talisman. Thrice the stone must be whisked round through the water to be bewitched, and once dipped deep in the vessel containing it, which must never touch ground before the draught is administered to the patient. When the plague visited Newcastle, the Mayor and burgesses begged for a loan of the talisman, and deposited £6,000 in pledge for its safe return. And so convinced were they of its efficacy after full trial, they proposed to forfeit their pledge and retain the stone. But the then representative of the Lockharts made it a point of honor that the talisman should be restored.

The Lee Penny would cure the bite of a mad dog, and a titled dame is recorded to have actually owed her life to its power. As lately as 1824 a Yorkshire gentleman came to Lee and took home a quantity of talismanic water as a cure for cattle which had been bitten by a mad dog. But perhaps the greatest claim to distinction enjoyed by the Lee Penny is that it suggested to Sir Walter Scott the novel called "The Talisman."

The Battle of Harlaw.

The great battle of Harlaw, fought in 1411, was one of the earliest recorded of the pitched battles between the Highlanders and Lowlanders, "when the coronach was cried in air day from the mouth o' Tay to the Buck o' the Cabrach." Sir Walter Scott introduces it into one of the most striking scenes of "Antiquary," and Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot is found crooning to herself the ballad which describes how

"The coronach cried on Bennachie,
An' down the Don and a',
An' Highland and Lowland may mourn't
be
For the sair field of Harlaw.
* * * * *
"The great Earl in his stirrups stood,
That Highland host to see;
Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a spearman's
* * * * *
It was not, however, "Glenallan's Earl" that led the Lowland host, but the Earl of Mar, nephew to the Regent Duke of Albany, who met and defeated with great slaughter the men of Skye, fighting under their chief, Donald of the Isles, who was left dead upon the field.

There are fragments of a very ancient ballad, much of which is undoubtedly very old, still existing, which records, with all the spirit and power of depiction as well as the quaintness of the "Chevy Chase," the incidents of the battle—in which many names of families whose descendants still own the lands that possessed by their ancestors, are mentioned as being in the fight, or among the slain.

Almost on the field itself stands the Castle of Balquhain, now a roofless ruin; but tradition tells how six sons of the house of Leslie went forth from its walls to the battle, while the lady of Balquhain spent the time praying for her sons in the Chapel of our Lady of the Garioch, then a chapel royal, with twelve priests attached, and still existing in the Presbyterian church on the hill overlooking the field.

Peaceful fields of corn and pasture now clothe the bloody field of Harlaw, but the memory of the great fight is still fresh; human bones, weapons, and various remains of the battle have been found, and notably a curious ring of ancient workmanship, which now graces the hand of an antiquarian friend. The last verse of the ancient ballad, with its ruthless vigor, seems to haunt one's thought as one turns the eye away from the site of the battle; but it loses much of its character without the wild, weird tune to which it is sung or chanted, with the doleful drone at the end of each verse:

"Hi anybody seeks thee ye
The men ye fetched awa',
We may tell their wives when ye gae hame,
They're sleeping in Harlaw.
Wi' a drie, drie, dradie, dramtie
drie."

How the Pipes Soothed a Quarrel.

[Scottish-American.]

The following from Robert Lewis Stevenson's story of "Kidnapped," is a musical duel between Alan Breck and Robin Oig, one of the sons of Rob Roy, and the shieling of Mackaren, in Balquidder. They met like strange dogs, ready to spring at each other, but were cunningly appeased by the master of the shieling, and persuaded to play upon the pipes, of which they were both masters. Robin beginning with a little spring which he played in a very raising manner. "Aye, ye can blow," said Alan, and, taking the instrument from his rival, he first played the spring in a manner identical with Robin's, and then he wandered into variations, which, as he went on, he decorated with a perfect flight of grace notes, such as pipers love, and call the "warbles." I had been pleased with Robin's playing; Alan's ravished me. "That's no very bad, Mr. Stewart," said the rival, "but you show poor device in your warble." "Mac!" cried Alan, the blood starting to his face, "I give you the lie." "Do ye own yourself beaten at the pipes, then," said Robin, "that ye seek to change them for the sword?" "And that's very well said, Mr. Macgregor," returned Alan, "and in the meantime (laying a strong accent on the word), I take back the lie. I appeal to Duncan." "Indeed, ye need to appeal to nebbody," said Robin. "Ye're a fair better judge that any Maclavet in Balquidder; for it's a God's truth that you're a very creditable piper for a Stewart. Hand me the pipes."

Alan did as he asked; and Robin proceeded to imitate and correct some part of Alan's variations, which it seemed that he remembered perfectly. "Aye, ye have music!" said Alan, gloomily. "And now be the judge yourself, Mr. Stewart," said Robin; and taking up the variations from the beginning, he worked them throughout to no new a purpose, with such ingenuity and sentiment, and with such a fancy and so quick a knack in the grace-notes that I was amazed to hear him. As for Alan, his face grew dark and hot, and he sat and gnawed at his fingers like a man under some deep affront. "Enough," he replied, "ye can blow the pipes—make the most of that!" And he made as he meant to rise. But Robin only held out his hand as if to ask for silence, and struck into the slow music of a pibroch. It was a fine piece of music in itself, and nobly played; but it seems besides it was a piece peculiar to the Appin Stewarts and a chief favorite with Alan. The first notes were scarce out before there came a change in his face; when the time quickened he seemed to grow restless in his seat, and long before the piece was at an end the last signs of his anger died from him, and he had no thought but for the music. "Robin Oig!" he said, when it was done, "ye are a great piper. I'm not fit to blow in the same kingdom with ye. Body of me! ye have more music in your sporran than I have in my head." And though it still sticks in my mind that I could maybe show ye another of it with the cold steel, I want ye before hand—it'll no be fair. It would go against my heart to baffle a man that can blow the pipes as you can." Thereupon this quarrel was made up; all night long the brose was going and the pipes changing hands, and the day had come very bright, and the three men were none the better for what they had been taking before Robin as much as thought upon the road.

Asiatic Tricks.

Asiatics are adepts at disguise for all purposes of deception. Many a rebel prince or dethroned sovereign has escaped from his enemies in the guise of a woman or a fakir. It is not an uncommon incident in social life in India for a native servant who has been discharged by his European master to reappear next day in quite a different dress, with artistic rearrangement of hair, eyebrows, beard, and whiskers, and in that guise to apply for the vacant situation, with a bundle of spick-and-span new testimonials to character and qualifications just purchased of some educated native dealer in a neighboring bazaar. An ordinary Englishman might be taken in, but not an English lady who has lived some little time in the East. The experienced mistress of an Anglo-Indian household is not to be easily deceived. The fellow-servants of the impostor, who had aided and abetted their unfortunate comrade, may solemnly swear that the new-comer is another man, but the lady is obdurate. The detected offender moves uneasily away, while the lookers-on, who have been guilty of enormous lying, will only smile at the cleverness of their mistress, and return to their avocations without the slightest idea that they have done or said anything wrong. They have simply tried to help a fellow-servant, and failed.

A curious story of the same character was told by the late Sir Mark Cubbon, erstwhile Commissioner of Mysore. Sir Mark's experience of natives was almost without a precedent. He landed at Madras in 1800, and lived sixty years in Southern India, engaged in military or civil duties, which kept him constantly surrounded by Hindoos and Mahommedans, and throughout this protracted period he had never once returned to Europe. During the rebellion against the late Rajah of Mysore, a daring leader of a band of Dacoits gave a vast amount of trouble. Sir Mark knew the man well, and did his utmost to arrest him, employed his best detectives, and offered high rewards for his apprehension; but all to no purpose. Time passed away; no trace could be found of the rascal, and the matter was well-nigh forgotten. One day Sir Mark's attention was caught by the expression of a horsekeeper who had been in his service several years. He almost shouted with surprise. The rebel and the horsekeeper were one and the same man.

AGE AND GREATNESS.

Years Not an Unvarying Criterion of Capacity.

The London *Standard* in a recent issue says: It would seem as if the work of the world were sometimes destined to be done by a band of young men, and sometimes by a group of old ones. At the beginning of the present century, for instance, most of the heroes of peace and war were young. Napoleon was not much over thirty in the days of Austerlitz and Marengo; few of his marshals were older. Wellington passed his fortieth year in the Peninsula campaign. Pitt, after 20 years in the Premiership, died at forty-seven. Nelson was just the same age at Trafalgar. Our poets—Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge—were young; Sir Walter Scott was looked upon as quite a patriarch of letters at fifty-five. At present we are in the cycle of the seniors. We have Mr. Gladstone and M. Grevy, Prince Bismarck, and the German Emperor, all of whom, if they belong very actively and vividly to the present, would have left a good record of notable work behind them if they had joined the majority before M. Benedetti altered the map of Europe by forgetting his manners on the promenade at Ems on a certain critical day. And the strange thing is that when these veterans disappear from the stage they seem likely to leave no successors. No doubt Providence has not forgotten posterity, and the next generation will be duly provided with its proper proportion of great men. But it must be admitted that they are slow in making their appearance. Who is to succeed Prince Bismarck in Germany? Who has taken up the mantle of Victor Hugo, in France? Who are to be the successors of Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning? As for politics, we do not forget Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain in this country, or Count Kalnoky, M. Tisza, and M. de Freycinet abroad, when we say the nineteenth century—the century of statesmen, shows at present but faint prospect of closing with such a galaxy of great men as that which shed lustre over its infancy and its middle age. Let us hope that destiny, in one of its freaks, is only waiting till the old heroes are cleared off the board to startle us with a constellation of young geniuses in peace and war, in letters and in arts. In the meantime we have old men, and may be thankful for them.

Personal.

Rosa Bonheur has received a wild mustang as the latest addition to her Fontainebleau menagerie.

Mr. Robert Browning is having a great deal of litigation over his lately-purchased but not-yet-possessed palace in Venice.

Major R. A. Burke, of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, has been presented with a gold mine by President Bogran, of Spanish Honduras.

Potter Palmer said lately to a friend: "I liked Mr. Vanderbilt because he was generous to himself. Most rich men are stingy to themselves."

Professor W. J. Seelye, of Amherst, son of President Seelye, has gone to Athens to enter the American school there. His wife accompanies him.

A belief sonata inscribed upon a little kite made by Gounod himself was that composer's recent gift to a little friend whom he met in Normandy during the summer.

It is really too bad for the *Pall-Mall Gazette* to call Mr. Gladstone "the great *macaire* in the art of political egg-catching." Had a Tory sheet said that the *Gazette* would have taken it to task for maligning the grand old man.

The late Duke Decazes was always a strong opponent of the Second Empire. Napoleon often tried to win him over, and said to General Fleury: "He is just the man to be our minister." "The Emperor is a good judge," remarked the Duke, hearing of this; but he yielded not.

August Belmont, the banker, is a short man with a withered right leg. His favorite position when speaking to friends is to stand on his left foot, stroking his right thigh as if it pained him. Mr. Belmont has a square-cut, florid, heavy face, and English-cut side-whiskers, well sprinkled with gray.

J. J. Case, the Wisconsin millionaire, who was chiefly famous as the owner of Jay-Eye-See, is estimated to be worth at least $5,000,000. The reconciliation between himself and son, who was recently married without his father's consent, is a reconciliation that reconciles, and the young man will inherit his entire share of the estate.

Mrs. Revere, a New York widow, whose husband lies buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, found on visiting that spot lately that another had planted some shrubs there, and promptly pulled them up by the roots. She subsequently published a notice in a morning paper threatening prosecution if the offence was ever repeated. The grave has no shrubs growing on it now.

An exchange says: The story that all the campaign speeches of "Bob" and "Alf." Taylor, the fraternal rivals in the Tennessee Gubernatorial race, are written for them by a third brother, "Jim," is probably sheer fiction. "Bob" used to go to school at Pennington, N. J., and there are hundreds who knew him at the seminary there who will vouch for his ability to make a speech, play the fiddle, or worry the life out of a professor.

John D. Rockefeller, the founder of the Standard Oil Company, moves in and out of Wall street so quietly that few people suspect his identity, and are surprised when he is pointed out by his friends. He is below medium height, dresses modestly, but with excellent taste, and his only two hobbies are fine paintings and Sunday schools. His brother William, who was a bookkeeper twenty years ago, is now worth many millions, some portion of which he annually squanders on fast horses and a fine private residence at Greenwich, Conn.

On the door of Prince Bismarck's study at Friedrichsruhe are notches indicating the height of all the members of the family. They are as follows: Prince Bismarck, 6 feet 2 inches; Count Herbert, 6 feet 1½ inches; Count William, 6 feet ½ inch; Count Rantzau (Bismarck's son-in-law), 5 feet 10½ inches; Princess Bismarck, 5 feet 8½ inches, and Countess Mary von Rantzau, the Prince's daughter, 5 feet 8 inches. This gives an average height of 5 feet 11 inches for the whole family. Opposite the name of Princess Bismarck is a note scrawled with a pencil saying that when she was measured she stood on her tiptoes.

Here and There.

President Grevy, of France, contradicts the report recently circulated concerning his health. He says that the "fainting spells" attributed to him are pure inventions. He goes around his farm at Mont-sous-Vaudrey every day and talks with the laborers, while Government messengers are compelled to wait for his convenience. When his day's work is over he sits by the fire with exasperating *bonhomie*, while the crowd is waiting for him outside.

In Fulda, Germany, regular institutions are established to teach bullfinches to sing. Young birds are placed in classes of six to ten each, and kept in the dark. As they are fed a little hand-organ is played. Soon the birds learn to associate the music with the feeding, and, when hungry, they commence to sing a few notes of the tune they hear daily. Those which do this are placed in a more cheerful room, where light is admitted. This encourages and makes them more lively. Then they like to sing, and are taught more.

The Duke of Buccleuch, father of young Lord Dalkeith, who accidently shot himself while deer-stalking in Scotland a short time since, said to the corporation of the city of London this week the celebrated piece of ground known as Richmond Hill for $75,000. The painter Turner immortalized it by making it the subject of one of his great landscape paintings, and it has long been one of the most popular Sunday resorts about London.

Two of the Queen's sons, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught, are not expected to be much in England for the next two or three years. The Duke of Connaught will be in India till 1888, and the Duke of Edinburgh has taken the palace in the island of Malta for a term of three years. The Duchess of Edinburgh will be conveyed thither next week in the royal yacht Osborne, which will meet her at Marseilles. The Queen is expected to leave Balmoral towards the end of the month, and will return with the Battenbergs and all the other members of the household to Windsor, where extensive changes have been made in her private apartments. The Prince and Princess of Wales will probably return to Marlboro' House about the same time, and then the London season will open.

A French correspondent has just paid a visit to the home of Voltaire at Ferney. The *chateau* now belongs to a sculptor, who has preserved the philosopher's bedroom in exactly the same state as it was in 1778. The bed was not tempting, being flat and hard. The rest of the furniture consists of a table and a few arm-chairs. There are two portraits on the walls, one of the Empress Catherine, and the other of Voltaire at forty years of age. His wig on the bed remains untouched, but somebody has stolen his walking-stick. The writer was struck with the oblivion into which the great Frenchman's memory has fallen in the neighborhood, and say that not a photograph or any memento of him is to be found there. "How unlike Shakespeare!" he exclaimed. "Whereas Stratford is full of the British bard, at Ferney the name of Voltaire appears almost forgotten."

There is a new gem in the market, the *violane de cap*, manufactured in Paris. It seems rather odd that a gem should be manufactured, though imitations are familiar enough, and though modern alchemists have experimented from time to time with carbon and other materials in the hope of making diamonds; but this, albeit an artificial product, is not an imitation. It is unique. Possibly, somewhere in the elements that compose it, silica, aluminum, iron, and certain other matters, may exist in the same proportions and in crystalline form, in which case art will have been but a copyist. Its natural counterpart, if it exists, has not been discovered, however. An Eastern jeweller showed one the other day of perhaps ten carats. It was clear and lustrous, and of a deep purple color, stronger than the amethyst, but in a room lighted only by gas its hue was that of carbuncle, a deep and vivid red. In hardness it is seven in the scale that registers the sapphire at nine and the diamond at ten. Its discovery may lead to other experiments in chemical combinations and the development of other gems of equal beauty.

Around the World on a Bicycle.

[Outing.]

I am conducted into a large apartment, which appears to be set apart for the hospitable accommodation of travellers. The apartment is found already occupied by three travellers, who from their outward appearance might well be taken for citizens of the worse description. And the villagers swarming in, I am soon surrounded by the total-turned, fire-bitten contingent. There are various arms and warlike accoutrements hanging on the wall, enough of one kind or other to arm a small company. They all belong to the three travellers, however. We modest little newsboy seems really nothing compared with the warlike display of swords, daggers, pistols, and guns hanging around. The place looks like a small armory. The first question—as is usual of late—"Rose of Dutchess?" Some of the younger and less experienced men seem to doubt my word, and on their own supposition that I am Rowlat begin to take unwarrantable liberties with my person; one of them steals my helmet and commences playing a tattoo on my helmet with two sticks of wood, in way of bravado and showing his contempt for a singlet of the Czar. Turning round, I take one of the sticks away and chastise him with it until he howls for Allah to protect him, and then, without attempting any sort of explanation to the others, resume my seat; one of the travellers then solemnly places his forefingers together and announces himself as Jordonk (my brother), at the same time pointing significantly to his elbow accoutrement of ancient weapons. I shake hands with him and remind him that I am somewhat hungry, whereupon he orders a villager to forthwith contribute six eggs, another butter to fry them in, and a third bread; a wood fire is already burning, and with his own hands he fries the eggs, and makes me ragged audience stand at a respectful distance while I eat. If I were to ask him he would probably clear the room of them instantly. About 10 o'clock my impromptu friend and his companion order their horses and buckle their arms and accoutrements about them to depart; our "brother" stands before me and loads up his flint-lock rifle—it is a fearful and wonderful process; it takes him at least two minutes; he doesn't seem to know in which particular part of his wonderful paraphernalia to find the shot, the powder, or the patching, and he finishes by tearing a piece of rag off a bystanding villager to place over the powder in the pan. While he is doing all this, and especially when ramming home the bullet, he looks at me as though expecting me to come and put him approvingly on the shoulder. When they are gone the third traveller, who is going to remain over night, edges up beside me, and pointing to his own imposing armory, likewise announces himself as my brother; thus do I unexpectedly acquire two brothers within the brief space of an evening. The villagers scatter to their respective quarters; quilts are provided for me, and a cheerly light is maintained by means of a cup of grease and a twisted rag. In one corner of the room is a paunchy youngster of ten or twelve summers, whom I noticed during the evening as being without a single garment to cover his nakedness. He has partly inserted himself into a large, coarse, noesbag, and lies curled up in that ridiculous position, probably imagining himself in quite comfortable quarters. "Oh, wretched youth!" I mentally exclaim, "what will you do when that noesbag has petered out?" and soon afterward I fall asleep, in happy consciousness of perfect security beneath the protecting shadow of brother number two and his formidable armament of ancient weapons.

The monument at Vienna in honor of Admiral Tegethoff is described as a particularly fine piece of work. It is a Doulilian column bearing on its summit a colossal statue of the great sailor which is an excellent likeness of him.

Recently-erected tablets in Paris are in honor of Bernardin de Saint Pierre, author of "Paul and Virginia," on the house No. 15 Rue de Bellechasse, and of François Mignet, the historian, on the house No. 2 Rue d'Aumale.

FALL OF A TOWER.

A Column of Water 227 Feet High Spills It Open.

A New York telegram says: A lighthouse, 250 feet high, or five feet higher than the tall tower at Long Island, and nearly as tall as the statue of Liberty, fell yesterday in an open field, half a mile north of the Sheepshead Bay race-course. A man was standing within five feet of the tower when it crashed down, but he escaped uninjured.

Workmen had been busy for half a year putting up the big tower and had driven hollow rivets in it. It was built for the Kings County Water Company of Bath, Gravesend, New Utrecht, and Coney Island. The tower could be seen for out at sea, and was sixteen feet in diameter at the base and eight feet at the top. It was built of fifty courses of steel plates furnished by the Pittsburgh mills. It was put together by the Robinson Boiler-Works of Boston.

The plates of the lower courses were an inch thick, and those higher up were of the thickness of seven eighths and of three quarters of an inch, while the plates at the top were three eighths of an inch thick. Edward Robinson, a young man, the nephew of the builder, came on from Boston to test his uncle's work. He loaded the tower up with water till the column of water it held was 227 feet high.

The large iron structure seemed strong enough to stand anything, and Mr. Robinson was walking around it regarding it with admiration, when he heard an ominous sound like the sudden crack of thunder. A steel plate burst in two near the base and a column of water shot out a hundred feet. The next moment a section of steel plates thirty feet long and ten feet wide, weighing at least five tons, was torn from the base and hurled through the air a hundred feet.

The large tower split and broke asunder in at least a dozen pieces and toppled to the ground. It fell with a crash that was heard ten miles away at Coney Island. The inhabitants of the village at Sheepshead Bay rushed out of doors, thinking that an earthquake had come. The tower flattened out on the ground till a part of it was almost as flat and thin as a pie-tin.

Mr. Robinson, who stood near enough to the tower to have toppled it when it was falling, escaped unharmed. Derrick he was detained by the escaping water. About half a million gallons of water were thrown in the field and turned it into a little lake.

Mrs. Finn's ducks, which left the trout pool on foot to hunch in the water-tower field, swam home, having been overtaken by the advancing flood. Workmen two hundred yards from the tower who saw it fall said it struck the ground with report like a deafening peal of thunder, and that the air was so fulled dust for a few minutes as to obscure everything.

When the dust cleared away Mr. Robinson, whom they supposed to have been killed, was standing by the fallen tower unhurt, and the stubble field had been transformed into a lake. Farmer John Grigsby, who was ploughing in the next field with a blind mule, saw the tower fall, but does not remember any more, as the mule ran away, throwing him over the plow-handles and leaving him dazed in a furrow.

The loss will be about $25,000, and will fall on the builder and the steel-plate makers, as the newer had not yet been accepted.

SHOT DEAD IN COLD BLOOD.

A Young Man Killed by His Sister's Lover.

A Buffalo (N. Y.) telegram says: Castile, a little town in Wyoming county, was quiet-crested this morning by the shooting of a young man in cold blood by Robert E. Van Brunt, a tailor. The scene of the tragedy was the residence of Simon Roe, and it was his son, Will E. Roe, aged twenty years, who was the victim. Van Brunt is a Canadian by birth, and boarded with the Roes. He was suitor for the hand of Miss Eva Roe, a sister of Will. On Wednesday evening the lovers—Will, Robert, and Eva—of chatting until nine o'clock, when Van Brunt said a pleasant good-night to Will and Eva, and went up-stairs to bed. As the gas-stand for her bedroom for brother called for look with, "Set out with me a while, as I am going on the midnight train and want to talk with you." The two then passed from the dining-room to the family sitting-room. Simon Roe, the father, and a small child are asleep on a lounge in the room. Sitting down the two conversed for a long time.

The story of the murder, as told by Eva at the examination, is: "After we passed into the sitting-room I heard Robert moving about up-stairs. About 1 o'clock he came into the room where Will and I sat. Will was at one side of the sewing-machine and I sat at the end. Van Brunt came in and walked up to me, looking angry and pale. He said: 'I thought your mother told you to go to bed.' I said: 'so she did, but Will asked me to sit up with him, as he was going off on a midnight train.' With that I leaned over to whisper to Will, when Robert placed a revolver within half an inch of my brother's head and fired. Will threw up his hands to his head and fell to the floor."

Van Brunt was arrested and placed in the lock-up, which this morning was surrounded by an angry and excited crowd of citizens eager to wreak the avenging. When comment however prevailed. Robert Van Brunt has been identified with the Salvation Army, and when