

TWO JOURNEYS.
"I go on a journey to-day."
"He said—and he stooped and kissed me then—
"Over the ocean for many a day."
"Good-bye," and he kissed me once again.
But when again months had fled,
When again I heard my husband's kiss;
"I could not tarry away," he said;
"There is never a land so fair as this."
Again I stood by my husband's side,
"I go on a journey to-day," he said;
"Over the river the boatmen glide—
"Good-bye; I shall linger long away,"
"He will come back soon, I know,"
"I said, as I stooped for his parting kiss;
"He cannot tarry he told me so,
"There is never a land so fair as this."

But many a month and many a year
Have down since my darling went away,
Will he never come back to meet me here,
Has he found the region of perfect day?
Over the ocean he went and came;
Over the river, and lingers there!
Oh, pallid boatman, tell me true,
Shall he the region wondrous fair.

—The Argosy.

THE MINER'S DEATH-BED.

The following story is substantially true, and was related by me to Bret Harte with a view to his making it public in his own inimitable style as of "Mark Twain" and delinquent of the rough men who gave to California its peculiar history. Mr. Harte has won the highest praise for the study of these men, and his genius found ample field in developing the history of their lives, and the romantic, almost pathetic side of their character. Living away from the restraints of civilization, without teachers, books, or female associates, they were the only law of the camp, and only courts a jury of their own selection, settling all private disputes with the pistol and bowie-knife, drinking and furious dissipation, there grew up among these wild and almost untutored savages, a courage that knew no fear, a sense of honor that scorned violating fair play, a simplicity and gentleness of heart the most chivalrous nature might envy and an ignorance of right and wrong marvelous as it was incomprehensible. Bound by no social ties, reckless of consequences, taking human life after their own fashion as freely as they risked their own, violating daily every obligation that modern society regards essential to the respectability, these men were capable of unmatched self-sacrifice, devoted affection, and fidelity to their standard of justice, which as seldom paralleled in the history of better educated communities. Living at times in the coarsest luxury, lavishing gold with a prodigality that knew no stint, and a wantonness of generosity that took no thought of the morrow, often plunged into poverty that forbade the means of existence, they accepted their lot with profound philosophy, and their success or fortune as a mere question of luck, and died as they lived, indifferent to the future and defiant of fate.

Some thirty or more years ago there was a student at Yale College named Edward Billings. He was of good family, a fair student, usual beauty of person, of great strength, and in stature about six feet in height. Becoming acquainted with the stories of wealth secured in California, he left college and made his way overland to that state. He was months upon his toilsome journey, oftentimes near starvation, sleeping in camp, with fire arms ready for action, escaping massacre by the savages almost by miracle, he lived for months the rude life of an emigrant, and by the time he reached San Francisco was a model of robust manhood, with the wealth of muscle and power of endurance the strongest miner might have envied. He became a prominent man in his adopted state, Sheriff of his county, a State Senator, and in time the partner of one of the most eminent lawyers in the Union. During his early life at the mines, where he shared the common hardships and struggles of the camp, he became the friend and companion of the men around him, and when the time came was unanimously chosen Alcalde of the settlement. His judgment was implicitly obeyed and his great strength, personal courage, unflinching good nature, indomitable firmness and superior education gave him a commanding influence over the rough people he ruled. After a while, while serving as Sheriff, and duty called him to arrest some lawless and notorious character in camp, he rode fearlessly into the midst of a crowd that cared nothing for law, and less for its officers, coolly picked out his man, ordered him to follow, and risked his own life in so doing, as calmly and quietly as though performing the most ordinary duty. Every man knew that the Sheriff could neither be bribed nor brow-beaten, that if resisted, it would be at the cost of one or more lives, though his own might be sacrificed in the struggle. It is needless to say that such a man, generous, friendly, brave, sincere, one of themselves, won the hearts of the rude men around him. While the camp might readily resist an ordinary officer of the law, everybody knew that the Sheriff Judge would not be resisted, and well he might, for the Sheriff would have no qualms about a hundred strong arms to his defense. "Ned," they said, "never had no airs, could eat plain grub and whisky, was always ready to help a fellow that is down, and would not cheat a baby." The best sentiment of the camp was in his favor, and he came and went unumbrated with all its excellencies failed to satisfy our friend, and he returned to his native state to marry the girl who for a long time had held the first place in his affections. She was the only daughter of a prominent citizen, widely known for his wealth and political influence. The idol of her parents, she was worthy of the homage and admiration she excited. Her face and her form were like attractive, her manners graceful and temper amiable. She had the rare tact to invite the friendship and good-will of all who approached her, and her life was spent largely in promoting objects of benevolence and humanity. Returning with her new-made husband to California, she found herself the center of universal homage. A woman so rich in the early history of San Francisco. She often accompanied her husband to the camps, and became deeply interested in the miners and their successes. Wherever she went her path was made a royal one. The choicest of flowers, the sweetest of plants, and the finest specimens of ores were lavishly offered her, and there was none who would not have defended her from the slightest insult with his life. She walked fearlessly about the camp, gathered the perfume plants that grew in wild profusion, oftentimes strolled to the gulches, when she would shake hands with the miners, call many of them by name, and say bright and cheering words which were valued far above the sparkling sands they came after her. Often could she be seen wandering alone among the grand old forests, or seated upon the trunk of some fallen tree, making bouquets of wild flowers, or dreaming hours away amid the balsamic odors that made the air sweet with fragrance. Sometimes she would break the silence with a song, sweet and clear as the melody lark in the morning, and the men would vibrate through the still air, the men would far away would stop to listen, and some of them raised their hats in loving reverence until the song ceased. The miners felt her presence as a

benediction, and her artless confidence in their protection and sympathy, made them love her, and added a new dignity to their hospitality. Men who knew and cared nothing for the Bible, to whom the story of Bethlehem was a myth, the plan of salvation an old fable, knew she prayed, that her life was holy, that whatever she did was sacred from criticism, and must be respected accordingly. Three children were born to her, and after a few years of endless happiness she was taken suddenly ill and the community were startled with the news of her death. Dead in the prime of her womanhood, and the ripeness of her beauty. Dead in the midst of her usefulness and loveliness. Dead when her stricken family needed most her gracious care and affection. Dead just at the time when the world around her was most attractive, and its joys most dear. Dead at the moment life was most precious. Her loss nearly deprived her husband of reason, and for years he could not advance, did not things on the square, stood no nonsense, knew when he was well treated, could spot a sneak on sight and allowed no man to play off any airs on him. He loved the mountains and the great trees, was at home where nature was grandest and only the beasts and birds his companions. Yet he had been known to carry a lost child all day on his stalwart shoulders, never resting until he had bestowed it to its parents, soothing its grief with ingenious skill, and bearing its fretfulness with impatience with the tenderness of a woman. In the early history of the camp some adventurers, misled by his quiet ways and inoffensive manners, tricked and cheated him, but they paid the penalty, either with their lives or shattered limbs, and experience had demonstrated that "Goliath Jack" was an awkward man in a row, and that he would pursue his way undisturbed. As a friend of the Alcalde, he had been introduced to his wife, and had she been a white-winged angel direct from Paradise, she could not have been more of a surprise and wonder. On one occasion she shook hands with him and laid her little white hand confidentially in the heavy paw of the giant. It seemed a snow-flake lying for an instant on the black mountain. But Jack trembled all over. After she had gone, he was seen gazing thoughtfully at his hand, and finally he put it slowly and reverently to his lips. As he did so he exclaimed, "Durn my skin if it don't smell exactly like clover blossoms." When he heard his wife was dead he simply remarked, "I allus allowed that woman had no business here; she kinder looked as though she was waitin' to light out for sudden. Her heart had a grab good enough for her. She only lit for a minute and then flew away."

When Ned returned to the camp months afterwards he went to visit the trunk of an old tree which was a favorite resort of his wife, and found it covered with trailing vines and beautiful flowers, growing in rich profusion. Nobody openly alluded to the change, but it was quiet understood that Jack had taken her old seat under his protection, and any allusion made of it would not be received with favor by that gentleman. A few years afterward our friend Ned returned to New York, and bade final adieu to his California life and comrades. In 186-, business called him to Washington, and while there he received a strangely worded telegram calling him to Baltimore, and a hotel at Baltimore, signed by Goliath Jack. He at once obeyed the summons, and going to the room of his old friend, found him stretched at full length in bed, suffering apparently from serious sickness. He evidently had not long been ill, for his giant frame was in the ripeness of manly vigor, and no signs of decay could be seen in his bearded face, his muscular neck and shoulders. His night shirt was unbuttoned at the neck, and his huge breast, furred like that of a bison, was exposed to view. His great hands were moving restlessly about, and the whole air of the man indicated impatience and indignation. His story was soon told. He had started to go home once more, and had had good luck and thought he would take the old folks to San Francisco. Baltimore, was taken sick with what the smooth-faced idiot they called a doctor said was typhus fever, and here he was, just as strong and well as ever, but burning up inside, all owing, he believed, to the nasty stuff that gold-cane-headed, white livered, smiling, black-coated pill-box had given him, because he knew he'd got money. "I'd drilled 'em hole in his carcass before," said Jack, "but I knew they'd send another just like him, and so I sent for you who understand such suckers, to take him away and get me out of this hole where I can't breathe without choking."

Ned soothed his friend with promising to stand by him, quickly removed a pair of pistols and a bowie knife from his bed, and installed himself as nurse beside the sick man. The physician, one of the most in Baltimore, soon arrived, and from him Ned learned that his patient was dangerously ill, and the chances against his recovery. The presence of his old chum seemed to sooth Jack, and he accepted his treatment with the docility of a child. In a day or two it became evident that the giant had met his last enemy, and must succumb in the struggle. After a restless and painful night, the doctor got up at a soothing potion and telling Ned his patient would not live many hours, advised him while Jack was in possession of his faculties to warn him of his condition, and if he had any directions to give about himself or his property, he had better give them at once. It was a bitter thing to do, to break the news to the sick man. He was thoughtful and conscious of danger, and the thought of death had not occurred to him as a possibility. Ned approached the bed-side, and taking up his hand, said quietly but firmly: "Jack the doctor says you are a very sick man, the chances are against you. If you have any directions to give about your property, or anything else, tell me now, and I will honestly carry out your wishes." For a moment the sick man was startled, then a broad smile broke over his face, and taking Ned's hand in both of his own, he said, "Fooled, old man at last; I knew that clawhammer-coated old choker was a fraud from the beginning, but I didn't think he could come it over you—you who had college larin' and know a sucker on sight. Die! Why, I could just whip a hole through any such sneaking critter as this saw-bones in half a minute. Don't be scared, Ned, pay the oss and send him about his business. There's a pile of gold in that trunk. Pay old Calomel and let him go." But Ned still looked grave, and soothing with brotherly tenderness the hand of his friend,

said: "Jack, you are a brave, noble fellow. I can't bear to have you die, so you must die and you are not ready; won't you let me send for a minister to come and talk with you?" This last was a ploy, and for a moment Jack was almost stunned with astonishment. Then, looking up into the face of the speaker with the most injured air, he replied: "Now, Ned, you must be asking can you pray?" "No," he replied; "I believe in prayer—my wife prayed; you remember her?" The sick man moved restlessly on his pillow, and finally said: "Ned, do you think the old gentleman up there will be very hard on me? I always played a square game, never cheated a baby, never killed a man except in a fair fight, and as I know never wronged a human being. Don't you think he'll let me down easy?" To this no reply could be made, and the speaker said, "Ned, I can't die now; I am not fit to go. Say something, old fellow; I can't play this hand alone. There's not a d d trump in the pack."

Moved by the despairing gaze of the dying man, his friend comforted him with words of affection, told him the good Lord was always ready to forgive the penitent sinner if sincerely sorry of his faults, and that perhaps he was already forgiven and might hope for pardon and happiness. Jack slowly relaxed his grip from the watcher's hand and stretched his giant frame on the bed. His massive chest and splendid form never looked more majestic than when he folded his hands across his bosom and settled into calm repose. Death was hovering very near, and gave a new dignity and grandeur to the lion-like and heavily bearded face. So quietly he lay, and so still, that his friend thought the struggle was over, and he would speak no more. All at once with a powerful effort he raised himself upon one arm and said, "Ned, do you think I am good enough to go where your wife is? Answer." This question was the last feather that broke the composure of his hearer. Already worn with watching and overcome with pity at the spectacle before him, the mention of his wife was more than his overtaxed frame could minister, one of those palsying, white-throated, smooth-faced, chattering jaw breakers, a man that don't know a flush from a cold deck! Open the window and give me some air. The very idea suffocated me."

The window was opened, and the dying man looked for a long time over the tops of the adjoining houses and at the blue sky beyond. "Ned, I would like to see the watcher's hand and stretched his giant frame on the bed. His massive chest and splendid form never looked more majestic than when he folded his hands across his bosom and settled into calm repose. Death was hovering very near, and gave a new dignity and grandeur to the lion-like and heavily bearded face. So quietly he lay, and so still, that his friend thought the struggle was over, and he would speak no more. All at once with a powerful effort he raised himself upon one arm and said, "Ned, do you think I am good enough to go where your wife is? Answer." This question was the last feather that broke the composure of his hearer. Already worn with watching and overcome with pity at the spectacle before him, the mention of his wife was more than his overtaxed frame could minister, one of those palsying, white-throated, smooth-faced, chattering jaw breakers, a man that don't know a flush from a cold deck! Open the window and give me some air. The very idea suffocated me."

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Scarcely waiting for the answer, Jack said, "What shall I tell her from you if I see her?" Moved by the extraordinary scene and earnest manner of the speaker, Ned said, "Give her my devoted love; tell her I have never ceased for a moment to remember and love her; that she is dearer to me every hour and every day; that I only knew happiness while she was with me."

For an instant the face of the dying man was radiant with a new light. Softly he said, "Ned, I would like to see the watcher's hand and stretched his giant frame on the bed. His massive chest and splendid form never looked more majestic than when he folded his hands across his bosom and settled into calm repose. Death was hovering very near, and gave a new dignity and grandeur to the lion-like and heavily bearded face. So quietly he lay, and so still, that his friend thought the struggle was over, and he would speak no more. All at once with a powerful effort he raised himself upon one arm and said, "Ned, do you think I am good enough to go where your wife is? Answer." This question was the last feather that broke the composure of his hearer. Already worn with watching and overcome with pity at the spectacle before him, the mention of his wife was more than his overtaxed frame could minister, one of those palsying, white-throated, smooth-faced, chattering jaw breakers, a man that don't know a flush from a cold deck! Open the window and give me some air. The very idea suffocated me."

With the oath warm on his lips, which we trust the recording angel forgot to note, Jack was dead.—Richard C. Parsons, in Cleveland Herald.

Witty Waifs.
"Every cloud has a silver lining. Secretary Blaine has the inflammatory rheumatism."—Roscoe Conkling.
"Bridget, I cannot allow you to receive your lover in the kitchen any longer." "It's very kind of you, ma'am, but he is almost too bashful to come into the parlor."
A Deadwood miner expired last week after a brief illness. He had had an argument in a bar-room, and never rallied from the effects of it. His last words, addressed to his wife, were: "I ain't got nothin' agin no man, so don't you be foolin' around with another party when I'm planted."—Brooklyn Eagle.

When a married man up town was surprised by his wife with his arm round the pretty servant girl, a few evenings since, he rushed out of the house and had his hair shaved close to the skull with a horse-clippers. He wanted to save the roots any how.
She was a young lady fresh from boarding school, and she went into the laundry to learn how to iron, and she said, "Oh, Katy, I shall never be able to get any polish on this bosom." "Sure, miss," was the answer, "you want to put a little elbow grease on it." "Please get some for me right away, Katy," was the innocent response.
A Philadelphia girl, upon being remonstrated with for refusing an honest and industrious young man, his nois is so flat that I'm sure he must snore."
I write in Progress says:—"I wonder if you have heard of the very 'official' pun that the ship that goes in search of the missing Jeannette is named the Mary and Ellen. In discussing the expedition recently an officer remarked that it was a pity that a man-of-war, bent on so important a mission, carried a title so particularly unwelcome. 'Well,' remarked a comrade, 'why not change its name? Call it the Invader, after the two secretaries of the navy, Goff and Hunt (and off and Hunt).'"

And did you late husband die in the hope of a blessed immortality, Sister Wiggett?" inquired the new minister, who was making his first call on a fair widow of his congregation. "Bless you, no!" was the mournful response, "he died in Chicago."
A girl may be both young and fair,
A sweet and winning creature;
She may have hair of golden hue,
And Loveliness of features;
She may be dressed in silk attire—
Of such I write my sonnet—
But to be perfect she must wear
A stylish new spring bonnet.

A Half Million Scattered.
Troy (N. Y.) Times. William H. Taylor, of Albany, died leaving a son, four years old, heir, estimated to be worth at least half a million dollars. In an argument before Judge Westbrook, at Albany, on a motion involving the transfer of the proceeds of real estate sales, it was charged that the income of this once princely fortune is not now sufficient to support the heir and pay taxes and interest charges. Bad management and depreciation of assets and various other causes have, it is said, contributed to this result. Judge Westbrook made an order for the payment of certain taxes and judgements, and will at a future day, take proof relative to charges preferred by Hon. Hamilton Harris against the managers of the estate.
Sir Stafford Northcote will take Disraeli's place as leader of the Conservatives.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.
I have had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
I had a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seemed deserted I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.
Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—
How some they have died and some they have left me,
And some were taken from me; all are departed,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
—Charles Lamb.

THE COST OF A QUEEN.
What England Pays for the Luxury of Royal Family.
New York News.

Kings and queens have long since been conceded to be incurable. Exact view cost by they are few people know. In view of this fact, it is interesting to look into the expense account the English people have to make good for the sustenance of their certainly moderate royalty as compared with those of some of the older European realms. There are, for instance, about one thousand persons attached to the royal household. On million nine hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars is the annual allowance made to the civil list, out of which the pay of this host comes. This is entirely apart from any allowance made to members of the royal family, or any expenditure the queen makes out of her private income. Enormous as this sum seems, even it is almost small by comparison with those of princes reigning in the European states. To be made to William IV., for the same purpose was \$2,550,000; George IV., \$4,225,000, and George III., \$5,500,000.

The income of George IV., was really greater than that of his predecessor; however, for he had in addition to his \$4,225,000, \$1,800,000 from hereditary Irish and Scotch estates and \$1,000,000 from duties and custom duties, since abolished, which ran his total up to \$6,025,000. George III. made things somewhat equal, though, by leaving some 17,500,000 of debts of his son's contraction to be paid for him by parliament. Yet this monarch lived on mutton chops and apple dumplings, and was all together a modest and economical sovereign, who left others to do the spending for him and footed the bills.

HOW QUEEN VICTORIA KEEPS HOUSE.
To return to Queen Victoria. The highest priced servant she requires to do her proper service around the house is a master of the horse, who costs the people \$12,500; a lord steward, lord chamberlain and the keeper of the privy purse, who is in plain English, her majesty's private secretary, at \$10,000 each, and a black rod, who whatever his duties may be, gets the same sum for performing them; \$8,500. The salary of the master of the horse, the captain of the yeomen of the guard, and the captain of the yeoman of the guard is paid \$6,000, which is likewise the salary of the heraldic grand falconer, who is no less a personage than the Duke of St. Albans. The master of the household's wages are \$7,750 and the controller of accounts, secretary of the private seal, of private secretary and the captain of the gentleman-at-arms and clerk marshal come in for \$5,000 a year each.

The host of smaller fry who figure on the same pay roll is beyond enumeration. There is a vice chamberlain, paid \$4,620; a treasurer and comptroller of the land steward's department, paid \$4,520 each; and a groom of the robes and a crown equerry, each at \$385 each; the same number of gentlemen ushers at \$1,000, eight grooms in waiting at \$1,670, three deputy gentlemen ushers at \$750, and some deputies' deputies at four thousand dollars in a lump. Six equerries in ordinary under the master of the horse receive \$3,750 a piece, the master of the tennis court \$600, and the pages of honor, of whom there are five, \$600 a piece. The mistress of the robes has eight ladies of the bed-chamber at \$2,500 and eight bed-chamber women at \$1,500 a piece to keep an eye on. The eight maids of honor receive each \$2,500. The dean of the chapel royal is a thousand-dollar officer and his sub gets \$455. The sergeants-at-arms receive \$500 each, eight of them, which is all the money Tennyson is paid for being poet laureate. The poet laureate, by the way, is nominally a member of the royal household. The salaries and retired allowances of these and other retainers last year amounted to over \$600,000, and it cost nearly \$900,000 to feed them and keep the house going. Among the odd items the people gave the queen money for was \$66,000 for "royal bounty, alms and special services."

THE ROYAL FAMILY AND ITS WAGES.
A colossal item of expenditure is represented, too, by the allowance out of the pension fund to the royal family. The prince of Wales gets two hundred thousand dollars a year, and the princess fifty thousand; the Princess Royal, who married the Crown Prince of Prussia, receives forty thousand dollars. The Duke of Edinburgh gets one hundred twenty-five thousand dollars; Prince Arthur seventy-five thousand; the Princesses Helena of Schleswig and Louise of Lorne, thirty thousand dollars each, and the princess Mary of Teck, twenty-five thousand dollars. The allowance of Prince Leopold is seventy-five thousand dollars; of the Princess Augusta of Mecklenburg Strelitz and the Duchess of Cambridge, each fifteen thousand, and the Duke of Cambridge, sixty thousand dollars in addition to military pay and other emoluments. The whole allowance list is over eight hundred thousand dollars. The recipients do not rely on their allowances for their incomes, of course. His estate brings the Prince of Wales in over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and he has other hereditary revenues. Nevertheless he is constantly in financial difficulties. The Prince of Wales is a sufferer both by the generosity and the meanness of his mother. Early in her reign Victoria turned over to the nation a great portion of those hereditary revenues which he might have had a picking of, and, as is well known, she will part with none of his savings to relieve his distresses. Each member of the royal family has a special household to be provided for. It takes a score of officials with high-sounding titles to attend to the Prince of Wales, and an heir apparent should be attended to, and

a chamberlain, four bed-chamber-women, two extras and a private secretary for the princess. The household of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh includes nearly as many. The Duke of Connaught and his duchess have treasurers, equerries and the like, and so on down. It is safe to say that no exact figures of the costs of all these households, could be arrived at. Somebody calculated them, and somebody or others they are supported. That is about the sum and substance of what the people who actually support them ever learn, though they arrive at a very clear idea of how they are being led extra now and then when the claim for extra allowances come up. Last year the total of regular allowances which had been paid out of the pension fund were \$800,000 for the prince and \$800,000 for the princess of Wales, \$1,225,000 for the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, \$600,000 for Prince Arthur, \$540,000 for the late Princess Alice, \$390,000 for the Princess Helena, \$240,000 for the Marchioness of Teck, \$265,000 for the Princess Mary of Teck, \$375,000 for Prince Leopold, \$540,000 each for the Princess Augusta and Duchess of Cambridge, and \$1,740,000 for the Duke of Cambridge.

HOW STATESMEN ARE PAID.
In the cabinet, Mr. Gladstone, as premier, receives \$25,000, and the first lord of the treasury \$50,000. The chancellor of the exchequer, secretary of the home, foreign, colonial, war and Indian department, \$25,000 each; first lord of the admiralty (ruler of the queen's navy), \$22,500; the chief secretary for Ireland, \$22,125; postmaster general, \$12,500, and the president of the board of trade, local government and a couple of others, \$10,000. We pay our cabinet officers \$8,000 a year, the premier employs in the treasury department under him \$347,035 worth of officials, among whom are two private secretaries at \$2,500 and \$1,500, and assistant secretary at \$500, and the chancellor of the exchequer has a secretary at \$1,500 and four assistants at \$750. There are three junior lords of the treasury, each receiving \$5,000. The permanent secretary has \$12,500 and the financial and patronage secretaries receive \$10,000 each. In the way of council there is a solicitor at \$15,000, and a parliamentary counsel at \$8,500 is also appropriated for fees. The auditor, accountants and registrar are "lumped" at \$21,000. Besides these, the government employs forty-six clerks receiving from \$400 to \$4,800, and twenty-two messengers, paid at \$225 to \$1,000.

The permanent under secretaryship of the home office is worth \$10,000; the same place in the foreign office \$11,500; the same place in the colonial office, \$10,000; the same place in the war office, \$10,000, where, also, the permanent under secretaryship of the admiralty is worth \$10,000; the permanent under secretaryship of the India office, \$10,000 each; the secretaryship of the education office, \$10,000; the undersecretaryship for Ireland, \$10,000; the first commissioner of public works, \$10,000; the comptroller of the exchequer, \$10,000; the chief commissioner of charities \$10,000; the first commissioner of the civil service commission, \$10,000; the chairman of the board of customs and the solicitorship, \$10,000 each; the chairmanship and solicitorship of the board of inland revenue, \$10,000 each, and the secretaryship of the postoffice, \$10,000. There are among law officers the lord chancellor at \$30,000, with \$20,000 additional as speaker of the lords; the Irish lord chancellor at \$10,000; the lord advocate of Scotland has \$11,940 and fees; the judges advocates general, \$10,000; the attorney-general of England, \$35,000, and the attorney-general of Ireland, \$25,000; the solicitor-general, \$30,000. In parliament the chairman of the committees of the house of lords have \$12,500; the clerk of parliament has \$15,000, and the gentleman usher of the black rod, \$10,000. The speaker of the house of commons has \$25,000, the clerk, \$10,000 and the chairman of the committees \$12,500.

The church comes in for some fat morsels, too. The archbishop of Canterbury and York lead at \$75,000 and \$50,000; the bishop of London, \$50,000; the bishop of Durham, \$40,000, and twenty-six other bishops with incomes from \$10,000 to \$32,500; twenty-nine deaneries, bringing their possessors from \$1,000 to \$15,000 a year and so on.

SOME PLACES WORTH HAVING.
We are fond of complaining of the cost of running our government. There were people who thought the president of the United States received too much when he got \$25,000 a year and house rent free; and when that salary was raised to \$50,000 quite a howl of indignation hailed the extravagance. Yet the lord mayor of London gets \$20,000, and under the British government the governor of the wretched colony at the Cape gets \$30,000, and his lieutenant governor \$25,000 a year. The governor-general of Canada receives \$50,000, the governor-in-chief of the Bahamas \$20,000, and he of Jamaica \$30,000. The governors of Malta, Gibraltar, Hong Kong, South Australia, Queensland, Singapore, the Fiji Islands and Demerara receive \$25,000 a year each, and of Trinidad \$20,000.

The salary of the Viceroy of India is \$125,400 and he has \$73,305 allowance for his staff and household, \$55,000 "Dix bar fund," and \$378,925 for the expenses of his annual tour, making in all over \$600,000 annually. Besides him there are in India a lieutenant-governor for the northwest provinces and the Punjab, at \$45,000 each, a governor-general of Madras at \$64,000, a commissioner for the central provinces at \$27,000 and so on. The governor of Bombay receives over \$60,000 salary and the allowances for his salary, staff, etc., is more than \$90,000. It would be of no use to continue the list. It would only arouse envy, and render a great many gentlemen, who are pining over the hope of catching on to his high worth having at Washington, miserable before their time comes.

Pigeon in French.
An amusing story is wafted from the sunny shores of France. A young American, whose knowledge of the French language was confined to his careful study of a conversation book, was being shown through one of the old churches of Paris, the object of interest which it contained being pointed out by an attaché of the buildings. A richly decorated altar attracted the attention of the American, and pointing to the white marble figure of a dove, or pigeon, which adorned the arch over the altar, he inquired in alleged French what one ought to call it in proper French. "That," said the attendant, "est le saint esprit," (the Holy Ghost). Immediately the American drew from his pocket a notebook and pencil, and as was his custom, he proceeded to note down his newly acquired knowledge in this manner: "Pigeon, in French, called saint esprit." Now our American youth had an object in asking the French word for pigeon. He wanted a pigeon for his supper, and now that he knew what to call it in French, what was to hinder him from having one? That night at a restaurant he beckoned to a waiter and said: "Garçon donnez moi, s'il vous plait, deux saint esprit roté, avec pomme de terre, Lorraine." The waiter looked at the French first with astonishment, and then burst into a hearty laughter. "Two Holy Ghosts with Lorraine potatoes" was a dish that even the famous Cafe Anglais had never placed upon its menu.

May's Celestial Phenomena.
From the Providence (R. I.) Journal.
The great feature of the month is the marvelous planetary combination that distinguishes its passage. No such marshaling of planetary orbs has occurred for centuries in the past nor will be witnessed for centuries to come. Five of the eight planets form an almost straight line with the sun and the earth. Starting from the earth on the 3d, our brilliant neighbor, Venus, heads the grand array. The glorious sun comes next in view, while little Mercury on his western side is speeding with rapid steps to join the ranks. The vast orbs of Jupiter and Saturn, a little out of plumb, fill in the ranks slightly to the west, and Neptune closes the show only one day's travel eastward of the line. These huge denizens of space span the inconceivable distance of nearly twenty-eight hundred million miles, stretching from the earth to the system's remotest bounds. Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune and Mercury clustering in the sign Taurus at the same time is a phenomenon to be remembered for a lifetime.

A gentleman in Milwaukee, Wis., who wrote to Senator David Davis indorsing the senator's views regarding the organization of a party opposed to monopolists, has received a reply in which Mr. Davis says: "The monopolists, the farmers and the laborers of this country, have a duty to their hands. They create its wealth in time of peace, and they are its backbone in time of war. Whenever they choose to protect themselves against corporate monopolists and extortion in other forms, they have the power to make the protection effective, and I hope they will exercise it wisely and well."

of birch bark, has been patented by a French inventor, and it is claimed that by this method the durability of the rubber or gutta-percha will be greatly increased—the new mixture not being acted upon by the air or by acids.

Scientific Notes.
The Brush Electric Light Company, which is about to make the experiment of lighting some of the streets of Cincinnati, has asked permission to suspend some of its wires from the poles of the telephone company. The directors of the latter company object, on the ground that accidents have already occurred from the proximity of the telephone electric light wires, and they are unwilling to have their subscribers exposed to the risk of having the electric current diverted through their bodies.

In a recent surgical operation for fistula at University College, London, Dr. Berkley Hill made a novel use of the electric light to illuminate the passage. A fine platinum wire twisted into a knot was enclosed in a small glass chamber, which in turn was surrounded by another glass bulb. A current of water was made to flow through the space between the glasses in order to preserve a low temperature around the light. An continuous galvanic current strong enough to keep the fire at a white heat, enabled the operator to maintain a small light close to the edge or the fissure.

It is interesting to record a triumph of engineering skill and perseverance, says the *Athenaeum*. On Saturday, March 3, at the Ashton Moss colliery, in Lancashire, the main seam of coal was cut at the depth of 2,691 feet. This is the deepest pit in the United Kingdom. Ross & Ridge colliery, which was the deepest previous to this sinking, being only 2,460 feet. The temperature in the Ashton Moss colliery at 860 yards was 78 degrees Fahr.

Prof. Von Tieghem notes that when the soil is very damp, the cells in the roots of an apple tree undergo alcoholic fermentation, causing the tree to present a very sickly appearance.

Farm Notes.
In this springtime of the year, when the renewal of vegetation seems like a new creation, all want to aid in the fresh decoration of the earth. There is a passion for dressing the surface, stirring the soil, and committing to it those mysterious germs which we call "seeds" and "grains" and "cuttings." In this mad rush of the "go to it" to the eye, we seem to be joining in the Creator's own work; and the old religions made the culture and the offering of flowers—as things entirely pure and holy—a part of the ceremonies of temple worship.

Dr. Lyon Playfair, perhaps the greatest living English authority on food, said in the debate in the House of Commons on oleomargarine that, as it contained the same fats as those obtained from the cow—minus the aromatic fats which curiously enough produced rancidity in bad butter—he thought the sooner it supplanted bad butter the better. He believed that it would do that, but he did not think it would supplant good butter.

A writer in an Illinois paper says: The average western farmer toils hard early and late, often depriving himself of needed rest and sleep—for what? To raise corn. For what? To feed hogs. To get money to buy more land. For what? To raise more corn. For what? To buy more land. And what does he want with more land? Why, he wishes to raise more corn—to feed more hogs—to buy more land—to raise more corn—to feed more hogs—and in this circle he moves until the Almighty stops his hoggish proceedings.

We do not know whether the recipient of the following letter felt amused or enraged or crestfallen. It was written by a Buckeye farmer to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligation for introducing a variety of swine: "Respected Sir,—I went yesterday to the fair at A—. I found several pigs of your species. There was a great variety of beasts; and I was greatly astonished at not seeing you there. I would have imagined this to have been written in an off-hand manner, and without much consideration; as also another, by an illiterate farmer, wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, when he wrote as follows to the secretary of the society: "Enter me also for a jackass. I have no doubt whatever of gaining a prize."

A Romantic Life.
Beaconfield's life possesses all the charm of romance, because from first to last, it has been a battle. History affords no parallel to the ambition of this man. A Jew to rule England! Absurd—impossible! It was as if some Indian—some obscure descendant of Montezuma—should aim his hopes at the presidency of this republic. The idea of a Jew in the house of commons seemed revolutionary enough; but Beaconsfield among the Jews, and sitting at the head of the government—simply monstrous! But Beaconsfield not only raised himself by his genius—he elevated the whole Jewish race. Once it was not respectable to be a Jew; and proceeding on this principle, a nobleman in the house of commons had the bad taste to allude sneeringly to Disraeli's origin. The taunt was meant—the reply royal. Springing to his feet, his dark eyes flashing like swords, he exclaimed: "Yes, I am a Jew! When the ancestors of the honorable gentleman who has flung this fact in my face as a taunt and imputation—when the ancestors of that honorable gentleman; I repeat, were brutal savages in an unknown island, mine were priests in the temple. I feel every fibre of my being a Jew, and I feel every tradition of my people."—*Sunday Gazette.*