THE FIGHTING FRENCH.

They Have Another Opportunity to Exercise Their Martial Spirit and to Acquire Further Possessions in Algiers.

Tunis to Be Taken In By the Grasping Gauls, Who are Now on the War Path—Other Interesting Gossip From Paris.

PARIS, April 20.—The Tunis expedition follows its natural course; the French will march into the bowels of the land, disposing of the Kroumirs en route, and whether the latter lay down their long flint rifles or not for the moment—to be supplied with Martinis and Remingtons in case the French, after an historical precedent, having marched up the hill—the regency will be occupied until indemnities are paid, and material guarantees for amicable relations being continuous established. Now, as the bey is as poor as Job in his worst days, and has no credit to run into debt, the French must resign themselves to the maxim, that where there is nothing the king loses his rights. The logical consequence is that Tunis will be annexed. It is only for the sake of observing all diplomatic etiquette that the French do not commence by dropping in, Paul Pry like, on the bey, hoping they don't intrude. The matter presents no difficulties; no state seriously intends contesting the claims of France to have Tunis as her scientific frontier, to round off her colony later with Morocco, and so command the homogeneity of her possessions up to Senegal.

Italy has lost the results of all her intrigues to oust French influence from Tunis. She has compromised her good relations with France, cooled the sympathy between the Latin sisters, and destroyed the French market for obtaining the contemplated loan, to square her paper currency. It does appear strange that the cause of the acute relations between the bey and France—the Italian consul, Il Maccio, has neither been blamed nor disowned by his government. It was he who blew the coals, organized the fanaticism, checkmated the Gauls, and yet swears by the innocence of Juno's doves that he has never so acted. Credat Judæus.

The military preparations for the Tunisian expedition present this singularity: while impartial and foreign observers find them excellent, certain sections of the French press assert they have been detestable. This section consists of the extreme radical press, who object on principle to every act of every minister of war, so long as this functionary is not a civilian. The other comprises those organs which are discontented, because the party they represent is out in the cold; but were their friends in office they would sing the same air, and perhaps not so well. Formerly the French said: "The eyes of Europe are upon us"—to envy their glory, understand. The eyes of Europe are to-day, more than ever, fixed on France, and in the kindest sense; to observe what progress the country has made in military organization since 1870, and how the young republic will make war. There can be no doubt as to the result of the campaign; if the enemy shows in the open, the fate of arms will be quickly decided; if he remains in his mountain fastnesses, the enterprise will be serious, and, without being very long, will not be exempt from dangers and perils.

To accuse their generals of incapacity and treason appears to have entered into the blood of the French. During the first republic each corps d'armee was followed by a guillotine; so in case a general went wrong, his case was soon disposed of—pour encourager les autres. Not a few writers believe they best defend the country by reflecting on those professionally entrusted with its defence. In the case of the Tunisian expedition the end is to

CHASTISE SEMI-BARBARIAN TRIBES;

a few days more or less before commencing is not important; the grand point to keep in view is, that the first blow will be vigorously delivered, and next, energetically followed up. The war minister had then only to select—an affair for his office of only twenty-four hours—the troops best suited for the climate; the horses naturally could not be shipped as quickly as the men; transports were, however, requisitioned and fitted up within five days. It was not a matter of mobilization of troops, of calling out married men, and stopping all business life to defend heraths and homes. That necessity could only occur in case of continental war, where the power that can concentrate the most men at strategic points within the shortest period may safely count upon winning the first campaign, and perhaps deciding the fate of the war. The minister is not accused of having left Algeria without its normal strength of defense, nor of its arsenals being unprovisioned. There the minister of war would be culpable. As it is, it may be said truly on the present occasion, not a button on the gaiter of a soldier is wanting.

The little war will not only have a beneficial effect on the whole army, but it will also test the organization of the troops, and will help to frame the measures still in suspense. Chamber strategists and journalistic tacticians must be prepared for deceptions in the coming struggle, which will resemble very much the first conquests of the French in Algeria and their latest serious conflicts with the Kabyles. The task for the French is not as easy as opinion concludes. A holy war, like gunpowder, is in the air. The enemy is rapid, unseizable; he will harass the French columns, cut communications, await the approach of the invaders at every defile—and in the Atlas mountains the defiles are numerous: he will avoid serious engagements; driven from one valley, he will re-form in anotner; he has neither towns nor villages to be burned; his habitations are tents; he has need of no roads; he is as much at home on an inaccessible site as in a valley of easy access, on a mountain as in a plain; he knows the remotest corners of his region; will make each the center of a resistance, and will have for allies the soldiers of the bey, prudently lent. Hence, the French troops will require much patience and agility; much will depend on each soldier's resposibility and sang froid, that at any unexpected moment he may be called on to exhibit.

THE MONETARY CONGRESS,

whatever good it may arrive at, will do good by discussing whether the currency of civilized nations ought to have a gold, or a gold and silver standard. England is not in favor of the bi-metal scheme, but those countries which have a large silver and metal currency naturally are. Thus, the United States cannot desire anything better than to have an easy market for the disposal of her silver and the bringing of gold back in exchange; England's non-adhesion to the bi-metal standard would not exactly prevent the measure from being really or platonically sanctioned; but she is too important a factor in the world's commerce to be ignored or remain without influence.

Modern wars have this advantage—they extend the knowledge of geography. Every book shop is full of maps of Tunis, and no journal which respects itself, leaves its constant readers without a plan of the regency. There are even toys suggestive—in name, at least, of the seat of war. During the 1878 exhibition, our acquaintance with Tunis, was confined to some bazars, in charge of Mussulman Jews, selling wood from Mount of Olives, perfumes from Constantinople, and dates from Morocco. The bey sent a collection of photos and cameos; there were also exhibited some precious stones—carved; leathers, and silks. The casino was patronized by amatuers of tam-tam music, and male almees.

THE RACING SEASON,

which now continues all the year round, has formally opened at the Bois, and so induces much display of toilets and liveries. The running of the horses has been excellent on the whole, and the turf in good condition. It is too early for the horses to become fagged. The betting has taken enormous proportions; all that it necessary is to strike a pole into the ground, affix a tablet thereon, mark quotations and adds; shout vociferously as if on change, the winning horses; purchase a ticket on every kind of system imaginable; have a protected female to act as clerk or cashier, and then wait till the race be over for settling. Occasionally some of these gentry "fold up their tents like the Arabs, and as quietly steal away;" others appear to realize the Irishman's standard of being honest—"when well watched," as in the case of sweepstakes a few of the holders of tickets remain alongside the nomadic cashier till the race be finished.

Quite a rage has set in for 5 o'clock teas which bid fair to supersede matinees; they often commence at 2 o'clock; several are devoted to conversation on chiffons and gossip in general; others deal seriously with literature, flanked by sandwiches, caviare, sweet biscuit, chocolate and Malaga. The only thing difficult to obtain, as a rule, is a cup of tea.

GOOD FRIDAY HAD EVEN SOME PLEASANTRIES. The extreme politicians and communists seized the occasion to protest against religion in general and fasting in particular; hence their banquets, where tripe, veal and sausages—from Munich too, which was not patriotic—figured. On terminating, the guests, as usual, came to blows, and when it was proposed to toast reconciliation and the next merry meeting, the chartered quantity of wine was found to have been all consumed. Each guest wore a red favor at buttonhole of coat. The women were less numerous than usual, and the children next to absent, so there some redeeming features. Outside these eccentricities the day was observed with befitting solemnity; the churches were crowded with worshipers and visitors to see the "tombs," beautifully prepared in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre. On Easter Sunday morning Notre Dame was as usual crowded by men, to partake of the sacrament; on this occasion the nave of the cathedral is wholly set apart for male communicants.

EASTER PRESENTS ITSELF JOYOUSLY. The sugar-bakers' shops are full of eggs; indeed nearly every tradesman seems for the occasion to be more or less an egg-merchant, after his fashion. There are a great many things in an egg, from a collection of toys to a lace toilette, a river of diamonds, bracelets, rings, collars. It is occasionally a Pandora's box, full of the unknown; a present from dawning and a farewell from setting love. The favorite Easter flower is a large ox-eye daisy. It attains in the south of France an enormous circumference, and resembles a cherry or apple tree when in full blossom; so numerous are the flowers, which actually hide the leaves. The flower became fashionable from the reign of Louis XV. The Duc de Noailles, the monarch's favorite, gave a supper at the Trianon in honor of his majesty. The latter on entering the ball room was agreeably surprised to perceive "Long live King Louis the Well-Beloved!" worked in large daises.

The gingerbread fair offers a series of great attractions to young folks, not alone in the sale of that special cake and aperient, but also in all the glories of the penny-gaff class of amusements. The "Kroumir," a hideous-looking, black-faced Arab, cuts out all other celebrities. He is to be met with not only in gingerbread, but in sugar preparations, pipe heads, etc.; he takes the place of the ordinary Turk's head game, so indignant patriots can strike him to their hearts' content. The shows have nothing positively new to induce the youngest man from the country to "walk up," but the visitor not the less enters. The Temptation of St. Anthony is always popular; it contains two striking characters—the famous pig and the devil. The latter when off the stage covers his red dress in a Venetian velvet cape, in the folds of which the tail is concealed. There is a new play—the Captive Balloon; the latter cannot escape; it is first of all in sheet iron and attached by bars to a turning table: the spectator does not ascend, but is whirled around in an imitation car. Of course the spectator has to provide himself with the illusion of being in space.

Those interested in the ever interesting subject of the Bonaparte family will find much that is new in Col. Jung's Memoires of Lucien Bonaparte. The work is much sought after, not only on account of its merits, but owing to the author being the separated husband of the famous Baroness Kaula, who has figured so largely in the misfortunes of Gen. de Cissey.

A cook, upbraided by her mistress for having a lover in the kitchen, replied she was a partisan of the right of asylum.

A husband explained his absence from home one night by the fact that he went into an arcade to purchase a tie, and when he left the shop he found the gates closed.

The daughter of an Arab complained her husband beat her; the father also administered stripes, and told her to say her father avenged the insult on the wife.

A Novel Ready Made.

Truth may not be stranger than fiction, but it is often quite as strange, as witness the following story of real life which, according to the Austrain papers, will soon be told in one of the courts of Buda-Pesth, before which a suit is now pending which involves the large fortune mentioned at the end of this "novel ready made:"

In 185—a merchant had a son whose extravagance giving him great trouble he thought it best to obtain him a commission in the Austrain army. The young man had risen to the rank of lieutenant when the war of 1859 broke out. Being sent against the Piedmontese he thought proper to desert to the enemy, but on the first engagement he was captured by the Austrains, and would at once have been brought before a court-martial had he not fallen dangerously ill of a fever. On the day of the battle of Magenta he lay in the military hospital there. The hospital was hastily evacuated by the Austrains after the battle, the patients who were sufficiently recovered were hurriedly removed, and the rest abandoned to the mercy of the French. There were thus left behind in one room the young S—and a lieutenant colonel of Spanish origin, Count Rodriguez by name. Between the departure of the Austrians and the arrival of the French the latter died, and young S——felt himself strong enough to make such alterations in the arrangements of the room that should indicate that he himself was the Count Dodrigruez. The peace of Villafranca found him restored to health and liberty and in possession of Count Rodriguez's papers, cash and name. With this stock in trade our hero set up as a man of fashion in St. Petersburg, where he gained the heart of the daughter of a Russian Rear Admiral——whom, with her fathers consent, he married. When the young wife was about to become a mother the false count proposed that they should visit his ancestral home. He did not, however, take her any farther than Hamburg, whence he wrote to his father-in-law that the home of his ancesters was, in the French sense of the word, *chateau Espagne*, that his real name was S——, and that he was in urgent want of funds. The Admiral at once started for Hamburg; but on his arrival found his son-in-law had died of the small-pox. From the papers left behind him by the deceased it appeared that he was the son of a merchant at Buda-Pesth—a fact which became more interesting to his father-in-law from his accidentally reading an official advertisement calling upon the long lost S——to appear and claim a long lost inheritance left him by his uncle, and in case of his not appearing it would be distributed among the collateral relatives.

A Fool and His Money.

New York letter to Indianapolis Journal.

Frank Iselin, one of the scions of our city aristocracy and leaders of society said to his sister in the parlor one evening last week, "Fanny, I've spent all of my money." Supposing he meant he needed to go to the bank, she offered to lend him some, when he calmly exclaimed that he was penniless—that he had spent the fortune that he had inherited. He was supposed to be worth $200,0000 or $300,000 at least, and was regarded as the "catch" of the city. He has spent it all in "society." He has no family and no expensive vices—does not gamble or drink—and his money has gone for carriages, polo-ponies, opera and such trifles. Among his unpaid bills is one of $3,000 for "banquets!" Perhaps, now, he will be lucky enough to marry rich—such fellows generally do. But just at present there is consternation in the Iselen family, and the name is not visible in the reports of parties this week.

Miss Edith Longfellow, daughter of the poet, is about twenty years of age. She is the subject of one of her father's best poems. She has been traveling in California with the families of Professor Horsford, of Harvard, and of Mr. Durant, the founder of the Wellesley College for young ladies.

FARM AND HOUSE.

Raising Pigs.

A little extra care goes a long ways in having fine hogs. They respond to kind treatment, and generous food, as quickly as any other animal. A week before a sow furrows she should be placed in a separate floored and well-littered pen. Feed her well, but not with too much corn. Pigs are best weaned when seven or eight weeks old. Pay a good deal of attention to the small porkers. Separate them entirely from the older hogs and let them have a good range of pasture for exercise and change of diet. Brood sows bring in two litters a year, and if care is taken the pigs may be had within a few days of other, so that the yards will eventually contain groups of six months age, of twelve months age, etc. This makes marketing better as an entire drove of uniform size, age and color can be shipped at once.

Profit in Poultry.

The *Poultry Monthly* says that ninety pounds of grain is sufficient to keep a hen in prime condition for one year, If fed as much as ninety-eight pounds, divided as follows, the cost would be about $1: Thirty pounds of corn, 25 cents; thirty-two of oats, 35 cents, and thirty-eight of wheat-screenings, 40 cents. Besides this, if the hen is fed on the debris of the kitchen it will increase the production of eggs, and she will lay about ten dozen, worth not less than $1.50, and will also hatch a brood of chickens. With proper care and attention one hundred hens should be made to produce an annual profit of from $1.50 to $1.75 each.

Asparagus Culture in France.

The system of asparagus culture adopted in France is widely different from the English plan, says a recent English writer. The plants are planted from three feet to four feet apart in trenches, eight inches or nine inches deep, and the same distance apart as the plants; care is taken not to lay the plant down sideways, but to spread the roots out all around so that the crown lies flat, as it is expected to grow; for the first year, sufficient mold is pulled in just to cover the crown, and the alleys are cropped as usual. In the summer when the haulm grows high, a strong stick is inserted near each plant, to which the haulm is tied to prevent the wind waving it about and so damaging the formation of the young crowns for the next season. A little mold is added each year, till the third year, when the asparagus is fit for cutting, and all the mold in the alley is put on the row, generally in little mounds, over each plant to the depth of six inches or seven inches. The cutting is done with smooth-edged knives, care being taken to take the bud out close to the crown, that the old stump may not, as in England, interfere with the growth of the new buds. Every piece of asparagus I saw exemplified the rule of M. Lebeuf, that it wants air, and must be kept entirely free from weeds. It will be seen that in this there is an extensive use of skilled and intelligent hand labor, and it is difficult to see how the system can be carried out with the same perfection in England where large breadths are grown; labor is so expensive, and dependence would have to be placed upon laborers, who seem imbued with the idea that they are paid to do as little as they can with their hands and feet, and nothing with their heads. It is here that the small proprietorship comes in with many advantages to France.

The "Isolation" of Farmers.

From the Country Gentleman.

Those who are good writers seem to take it for granted that they are able to instruct farmers, although they know next to nothing regarding farming. It is very seldom that farmers instruct ministers how to preach, or lawyers how to plead; it is not in their line of business. But all men seem to be born with some kind of intuitive knowledge of farming; it seems to be the natural employment of mankind. Every person is more or less interested in the bread and butter question. The king himself is supplied from the field. All classes feel their strength renewed and their health sustained three times every day by the products of the farm, and those who do not work for their daily bread are often willing to give sound advice to the brave workers who are always willing to bear the burden and heat of the day.

One of the favorite themes of these soft-handed writers is the "isolation of country life." They seem to think that living in a lonely country house on a wet day would be nearly as bad as living in that fearful place that Dante describes with so much poetic power. Cheer up, city gentlemen; the majority of farmers never knew they were suffering in isolation till you told them. Do not let your sympathy for the isolated, lonely farmer depress your spirits or hurt your appetite, or you may have to go into the country next summer for the benefit of your health, where you might see the farmers' boys playing in such boisterious glee on the wet days that they kick the heels out of their stockings faster than their mother can mend them, and leave the industrious woman no time to think about isolation.

And then there is always a bright side even to a dark picture. If farmers are isolated from lectures and big libraries, and the amenities of city life, they are likewise isolated from saloons and grog shops, gambling-houses and dens of iniquity, the haunts of vile men and bad women. And they are somewhat isolated from contagious diseases, dust and din, bad smells and heavy taxes, and from eating their bread by weight and drinking their water by measure.

If some of the farmers' boys, and old farmers, too, were far more isolated than they are now, away from the bar-room and the whisky bottle, and the cigar and tobacco shop, it would cause some mothers' hearts to sing for joy, who never suffered any sorrow from isolation.

Timber Culture in Illinois.

At the latest meeting of the Horticultural society, Mr. Johnson reported his *experience in timber culture* in Illinois since 1844. Sugar maples planted in Adams county in 1842 are now 18 inches in diameter. Just think what a fine orchard the farmer could have had in thirty-nine years by only planting one acre! Where is the old or young man on the western praries that would not like to eat his own sugar and syrup? These trees were large enough for use at twenty-five years old. Soft maple planted on his farm in 1865, are now from 10 to 14 inches in diameter. This year he experimented in order to see the quality of sugar and syrup from this tree. It gave good results. Sap not as rich in sugar as hard maple, but much larger in quantity. What a pity we cannot induce one-half the farmers on the prarie to plant timber both for use and ornament. He says catalpa grows the faster (over one-half inch each layer), lasts the longest, both in the ground and out; is the lightest and receives the finest polish of any tree he is acquainted with; and still we are just beginning to grow it. All hail the day! for what our facilities of consumption we shall finish all the pine in some twenty-five years more at the rate we have used in the past ten.

Senator Logan, in consultation with a party of friends, plainly indicated to them that he should vote against the confirmation of Robertson and Stanley Mathews.

OH! WHY DOES HE TREAT ME SO?

The Question Happily Answered by a Gray-Haired Philosopher.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"Are you the gentleman who answers the questions sent to the *Eagle*?"

The voice was filled with music, and as the bent and gray philosopher who officiates as encylopædia for the institution looked up his eyes were blinded. A flash of golden hair! A bewildering sea of blue eyes! A struggle between the red and white roses!

"I am the man," he said, wondering what such loveliness could want of him.

"May I—ask you—a—question?" inquired the voice, as the beautiful head bowed.

"Certainly, anything. Can I do something for you?"

"It's about Frank," she faltered. "I want to ask you about Frank. Oh! why does he treat me so?" and the sweet face was turned toward the staggered philosopher, wet with tears and imploring consolation.

"Is it—is it a matter of ice cream or oysters, or something of that sort?"

"No, no; oh, no! I have plenty of those. But why does he let me pine?"

"Something about theatres? Concert business? Bouquets? Candy? Bong bong?" asked the philosopher, ending his interrogations with some respectful French.

"Nothing, nothing of that kind," murmured the quivering lips. "Why am I so desolate?"

"Something about presents?" Makes you walk to the park? Won't hire a hack? Another girl? Won't go to church? Plays pool for drinks? Something of that sort?"

"How strangely you mistake him! How cruelly you wrong him!" and the sweet eyes looked reproach. "You don't know Frank, or you wouldn't say so. What I want to ask is—is—oh! why am I so wretched?" and the tears rained down her face.

"Maybe he's growing a beard," said the encyclopædia tenderly. "Perhaps he parts his hair in the middle. Possibly he belongs to a base ball club, or maybe he stands in front of the theatre on matinee afternoons. Is that it?"

"No, he doesn't! If he did I wouldn't care. You shant abuse him. I came here to ask why—why—oh, why am I s utterly hopeless?"

"Possibly he gets drunk," suggested the philosopher. "Or his pants may bag at the knees. Does he brush his plug hat the wrong way? Is his moustache too long on one side?"

"Oh! cruel, cruel!" said the maid, sinking into a chair. "You are unjust to him. You don't know how grand, how manly he is."

"What is the matter with him, then?" said the philosopher. "How has he made you miserable? What has he done? What do you want of me?"

"I want to know—why—he gets up--between every--act and goes--out of the--theatre. I know--he's got--another girl and he goes--to see--her."

"My dear," said the philosopher, solemnly, raising her up and putting his arm around her waist. "My dear, you are mistaken. I have known Frank for years, and he has no love for any one but you. Let me tell you something. Frank has got the malaria, and he goes out to get quinine. Trust me, that is all."

"If I only could believe that," murmured she doubtingly.

"On my honor."

"Then I am happy. If that is all, I am content, but I thought some ugly girl had attracted him."

The red roses had come back, and the sapphire flash to the eyes, aed she went out a grand crush of color, fragrance, and beauty, and the philosopher turned to the question. "What was Eve's maiden name?"

Personal Gossip.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, it is announced by the Whitehall *Review*, is engaged to marry the daughter of the Prince de Furstenberg.

The death of Gen. Joe Lane leaves only two surviving generals of the Mexican war—Gen. Harney, aged 81, and Gen. Robert Patterson, of Philadelphia, now in his 90th year.

General Ord's son, a youth of twenty years, has been appointed a Colonel in the Mexican army by the influence, it is supposed, of his sister, the wife of Gen. Trevino, now living in the Mexican Capital.

Willlam L. Black, on dying at Halifax, a year ago, left his entire estate, worth half a million, to his widow, though it was known that he had at one time intended to cut her off with as little as possible. F. H. Baker claims to have effected the change of mind, and he now sues her for $100,000, the sum which he says she agreed to give him for his services if successful.

John Hinchliff is a wealthy brewer of Paterson, N. J. Sometime ago he became impressed with the charms of Mrs. Julia Sampson, of that place, wooed her, and ended by proposing marriage, which proposal was accepted, too readily perhaps, for the wealthy brewer repented of his wooing and his proposal, and was yesterday mulcted $8,000 for his failure to make good his promise to marry the fair Julia.

In his new lecture, Bob Ingersoll amuses his audience with the following incidents: A gentleman was walking through the streets in Charleston accompanied by a native of that city. It was a beautiful, bright night, and the stranger, pointing upward, said: "Did you ever see any thing so beautiful as that moon?" "Oh, good Lord," said the native, "you ought to have seen that moon before the wah!" [Laughter.] A man and his wife saw the sea for the first time at the moment. She exclaimed, "Was ever anything more beautiful?" He said, "I bet you can dig clams right here."

Fears of Doomsday.

From the Boston Herald.

Professor E. C. Pickering, of Harvard College, was asked recently what he knew about this alleged conjunction of planets which sundry people have thought or said they thought or thought they thought was going to be so disastrous. In answer to the Augusta *Age* he said: "No uneasiness is felt among professional astronomers about the effect on human affairs of any conjunction of planets. There is no reason to suppose that such conjunctions are attended by any peculiar terrestrial phenomena." There are, we are ashamed to say, thousands of people in New England who have got into an awful state of mind about this thing. Reasoning won't convince them; evidence won't affect their opinions, but, perhaps, this plain statement may prevent their swallowing any more nonsense presented to them by astrologers and clairvoyants and the like.

The Gentleman.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The character, indeed, is not one to be supported dramatically; and here is the rock by which pretenders to it most commonly split. They defeat their own purpose by making it too evident that they are anxious to be taken for gentlemen, whereas the genuine gentleman has no anxiety about the matter at all. He knows himself to be a gentleman, and it never occurs to him that there can be any question about his right to the title. So that self assertion in any shape is to him a thing entirely needless. In the case of the other, there is no such supporting conviction, and his own uncertainty about himself makes him suspect doubts in others. Hence he is driven to a perpetual assertion of his quality as a gentleman. One of the commonest ways in which this shows itself is a kind of hypersensitiveness on the point of honor. The true gentleman is never quick to take offense. Not seeing any sufficient reason why any one should want to affront him, he is not prone to detect an intended slight in every place of careless behavior, or a studied insult in every thoughtless expression.

Reminisences of Webster.

Kingston (N. H.) Correspondence of the Boston Journal.

Mr Webster was often reserved and quiet among public men and politicians. But farmers in the vicinity of Marshfield and Franklin have told me that he was the most accessible and companionable of neighbors. I close these little reminiscences of Webster by a brief allusion to a conversation about Daniel Webster that I have just had with a contempory of his, who, as president of an old insurance company of Boston, had long and intimate relations with him. Mr. Webster was for a long series of years retained as a standing counsel for the company. Says this venerable gentleman: If he made his appearance on State street, the word was passed around that Mr. Webster was on 'Change, and all would want to see him, his presence was so grand and entirely unlike that of other men. I can very vividly recall the sensation Mr. Webster's presence used to make on State street in his rare visits there, and just how he appeared. He seemed to move among the crowd as if apart from it, not of it, and as one belonging to some other and more superior order of existence. He passed along with slow and majestic step, his hat drawn low over his broad forehead, and his deep-set cavernous eyes looking out from under his dark, shaggy, eyebrows in a dreamy sort of way, as if their owner found little that was congenial in the moving panorama about him. His commanding form and impresive manner would cause the most indifferent stranger to turn at once to look at him and ask of the nearest person, "Who is he?" I can well understand why it was, as his best biographer has told us, that the coal-heavers of London stopped their work and turned to look at Daniel Webster when he walked the streets of that great city. I have seen Mr. Webster many times, and heard him make many addresses. But as a speaker his efforts at the bar in some of the famous cases in which he was retained made the most lasting impression on my mind. His style before a jury was clear, transparent, direct, simple. He had what a great writer of antiquity termed the greatest accomplishment of the greatest minds—the faculty of saying the wisest things in the language of the common people. The venerable friend to whom I have just made reference says he served on several juries where Webster was pitted against the learned and brilliant Judge Hubbard. And Webster would in these contests grasp two or three of the leading points and put them in such a clear and simple light before the juries that he would carry all before him. As counsel he was a universal favorite with the jurymen.

Blow Your Horn.

Ben Wilde, in Aurora News to his little boy.

My boy, blow your own horn. Rise above the thing mistaken for modesty, which defrauds the world of something good. If you have a musical horn, blow it. If you don't it may not be blown, and the world will lose so much good music.

But make pretty sure that you have something to say before you yell, "Mr. Chairman!" You may get the floor and make a fool of yourself. Don't blow your horn for the mere purpose of making a noise. Music is noise, but noise is not necessarily music.

Don't attract attention to yourself until you have something about you that will bear scrutiny. Don't flash your paste pin before the eyes of a diamond broker. If you have a gem it will do very well to let him examine it.

Don't wear a "loud" necktie with a dirty collar. The necktie will serve only to attract attention to the collar.

Keep in the crowd until you have something in your mind that will make you shine on the platform. Then don't be afraid to step to the front.

Your object should be to do the human family good. If you think you possess an idea that will help your fellows, stand out where they can all hear it and yell it to them.

Little men will say you lack modesty. Great men will say you are doing good. If you prefer the good opinion of the great men, blow your horn whenever you have learned a new and righteous tune.

Nobody respects a miser who hoards his money. Why should respect be due to the scholar who hoards his lore? And what satisfaction can be derived from cramming one's self with knowledge unless it be for the purpose of disseminating it among those who have it not?

It is by communion of ideas that the world is caused to progress. If you learn something that nobody else knows, you will retard the progress of the world's erudition in porportion as you keep your secret.

I rejoice that it is the nature of most men to be glad of opportunity to tell the world something it never knew before. It is proof of an excellent unselfishness.

Dig for knowledge as you would for gold, my boy, and when you get a nugget of either, put it in circulation.

A Bad Beauty.

Late London Letter.

There is a rumor afloat concerning one of the fashionable beauties which has not yet appeared in print for obvious reasons. It is stated that there will be no great divorce case, owing to the "heir" to the "earldom" having been got out of the way, and the scandal condoned by the payment of the lady, on the part of the gay Lothario's parents, of the sum of ten thousand pounds. According to the way in which the report is worded, the absent husband must have been a consenting party. Otherwise no payment to the lady could have kept him quiet. I think it would be safe to predict that the famous beauty will not appear in those coteries of English society in which she once reigned supreme. I predict, also, that her name will be allowed to drop out of the society journals which heretofore made so much of it.

Justice at Last to Bull Run Russell.

The Providence Journal says of the famous war correspondent of the London *Times*, William Howard Russell:

"If any one will look back over the volume of letters in which he described the first aspect of the struggle, and even the description of the famous route of Bull Run, he will find a great deal of truth in them, which we are now calm enough to admit. In fact, except with an allowance for the excited feelings of the time, it is difficult to understand how we became so angry with the chronicler, who put down what he saw with a reporter's instinct for truth. He told us the facts in the case perhaps with some needless harshness and an entire absence of sympathy with the real meaning of the struggle; but not maliciously or partially."

AN IRISH GIANT.

A Pennsylavania Coal-Miner Performs Extraordinary Feats of Strength.

Pottsville Miners' Journal.

The strongest man in Schuylkill County, if not in the State, is James Ryan, of St. Clair. He stands six feet one inch in his socks, tips the beam at 296 pounds, measures fifty-eight inches around the chest, is so well proportioned that his size does not appear remarkable, and is as strait as a rush. Ryan was born in the County of Cork, Ireland, but has lived in this country since boyhood. He is of quiet disposition, fortunately, and possesed of tremendous bodily strength. His biceps measure twenty-one inches, and the rest of his limbs in proportion. He is now over 60 years of age, but is still possessed of extraordinary strength. He has since his youth worked in the mines, and his companions tell wonderful stories of feats of strength performed by him. He goes to his work, winter and summer in his shirt-sleeves. Years ago, before he turned over a new leaf and settled down, he drank five gallons of whisky and one-half barrel of porter every week. This is vouched for by men who have known him for twenty years. This amount of liquor seems large enough to have killed even a stronger man than Ryan, but he survived the strain and to-day, in spite of his years and the ill-treatment his constitution has received, is the strongest man in this part of the state. Some years ago Ryan was in Pottsville with a friend, when their attention was called to a lifting-machine in charge of a travelling showman, who was inviting the passers-by to try their lifting capacity. The capacity of the machine was 1,000 pounds. Ryan was asked by his friend if he could lift that amount. "I can break the machine, man," he replied. The owner of the lift heard the remark, and offered to give $5 to the man who could lift 1,000 pounds or break the machine. Ryan braced himself and lifted for all that was in him. He broke the machine, and, strange to say, he got the $5.

Broad vs. Narrow Wagon Tires.

From the Chicago Tribune.

We have often wondered why people persist in the use of narrow wagon tires in any section of country where the roads are of clay and mud. Common sense should teach men that the narrower the tire the deeper the wheel will sink down in the mud. The prevailing width of road wagon tires is one and three-fourths to two inches, when they should be at least double that. If the tire were four inches wide, the wagon would not sink one-quarter as deep in soft roads, and these terrible ruts seen in wet weather would not exist. Broad tires have the effect of smeothing and improving clay roads. The surface of roads will stand a certain amount of pressure, but the narrow tire of a loaded wagon cuts through it like a knife; whereas a broad tire four or five inches wide would roll over it without sinking. If the wagons in this city were all broad tire it would save the property holders at least half a million a year in the wear of improved streets which are now torn to pieces by narrow tires or heavily laden trucks. We find the following on this subject in the Dowagiac (Mich.) Republican:

"The wide tire wagon is coming into general use in this vicinity. Those who have purchased this style of wagon could not be induced to go back to the old. The philosophy of this is readily observed. The broad tire does not cut through, either in mud or sand, thus making the draught much lighter; besides this the roads are not cut up, but to the contrary, the broad tire presses down the lumps and leaves a smooth track, thus bettering the roads, the advantage of which is easily understood. Many farmers and teamsters are having their wheels fixed over with a broad tire, which is done at a small cost, while hardly a new wagon is made here of the old style. It is hoped that the broad tire will be generally adopted, and that none will purchase a wagon without first considering the benefits arising from using this style. The tire which seems to meet with general favor is three and a half inches wide.

Facetious Things.

It's nope that keeps us up,
It's hope that keeps our memories green;
It's hope that makes our lives sublime,
It's soap that keeps us clean.

Women can keep secrets. A Worcester girl, on a friend's promising solemnly not to tell, told that she was going to have four new dresses, costing $60 each. The friend religiously kept her promise not to tell, and the first mentioned young lady doesn't speak to her now.

The luscious strawberry: "Shut your eyes and open your mouth," he said to her, playfully, and she, with the implicit confidence of love, did as he bade her. Then he carefully selected a plump, "early" strawberry from a basket full of that fruit, which he had purchased at the rate of twenty cents a berry, and dropped it into the rosy hollow of her mouth. She sprang to her feet instantly and, spitting out the berry, said indignantly: "What did you do that for, you nasty thing? you know I hate lemon juice." —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Extract from the Czar's diary: April 28, 11 P. M.—A quieter day than usual. A noise was heard in wainscot about 8 P. M.; turned out the guard—mouse. Czarina fearfully nervous; no wonder, this Boycotting business must stop—I shall go out if it blows me. My eldest son looked at me rather curiously this afternoon; seemed to be examining my points. Can he have joined the Nihilists? Took a pill to-night; had it analyzed; made guard swallow three of them to make sure. Hark, what was that? Nothing, of course, a falling clinker; what foolishness. Shall now take my night-capowhiskeyvich.—*New York Commercial Advertizer.*

CINCHONA RUBRA.

Dr. D'Unger the Victim of Whisky and Bad Women.

Dr. D'Unger, formerly a publisher of a newspaper at Duluth and afterwards a resident of Minneapolis, and later of Chicago, where he coined piles of money by furnishing the victims of drunkenness a sure preventive in the shape of cinchona rubra, has turned out a bad man. The Chicago tribune devotes two columns to an account of a scandalous episode in his career.

It appears that D'Unger became infatuated with an adventuress in that city, who has bled him freely, and while under the influence of liquor—for the Tribune asserts that notwithstanding the doctor's infallible remedy for drunkeneness he is himself addicted to the frequent and injudicious use of the cup that inebriates—he produced the arrest of the woman on charge of blackmail. The Tribune prints a number of letters said to have been written by the doctor to the party complained of, and to other persons, some of which are decidedly piquant. The narrative closes as follows: "His rashness is generally conceded, by those who are acquainted with the circumstances, to be the outgrowth of a fit of desperation caused by a long-continued spree, and for which he will be sorry when he gets sober. It is patent to everybody that the doctor has been played as a victim, by an unscrupulous woman, who is none too good to take even the educated and sensible Dr. D'Unger in tow, pick him of what he possessed, and then drop him. What has, more than anything else, added fuel to the fire of Dr. D'Unger's wrath, is the fact that Eva Painter, to rid herself of her wearisome load of forced affection, sent two of the letters of her amorous friend to the person who, least of all on earth, the doctor cared to have informed of his disgraceful and damaging debaucheries.

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