DEPARTMENTAL LIFE.

A SLEEPING AND WAKING DREAM.

The Alpha and Omega of Official Life—What It Requires to Pull Through—Where the Clerks Come From—Their No Mean Attainments.

Does anybody outside of Washington have an idea of what life in a Government Department is? In the first place there is the scramble for an appointment, the weary waiting, and the hope deferred day after day; the rushing around after influential friends to urge the claim and the peculiar fitness of the applicant for the place desired, and after innumerable visits or letters to the head of the Department the assignment to duty. All this precedes the entrance upon official life, whether in the capacity of copyist, first, second or third-class clerk. Then follows the long, weary days sitting at a desk trying to do something one has never tried to do before. To become an object to be stared at and whispered about and criticized by the older clerks in the office, who are always curious to know what kind of hand he or she writes, what State they hail from, and what roll they are on. The days, weeks, and months pass on, and the new comer, if at all bright and capable, begins to become familiar with the work before him and to feel pretty well acquainted with his fellow-clerks, and here comes the most

TRYING PART OF OFFICIAL LIFE.

No one, except those who have tried it, know what it is to be shut up in a room with the same people seven hours six days every week. People from as many different parts of the country as there are individuals, and with quite as many different opinions. No two of them with the same religious belief; some highly cultured and some without any culture at all. The majority of them so puffed up with their own importance as to imagine that the wheels of the Government would immediately stand still if by chance they should die or resign or be dismissed. Conversation never lags for want of a subject. It is enough to set a sane person insane to hear the various topics introduced and discussed in the course of the day, and also to hear the different hobbies ventilated. Almost every man has a hobby, whatever his position in life, but it does seem as if those of the Government clerk have no equal outside. The financial schemes introduced from time to time are really wonderful. It is

THE SLEEPING AND WAKING DREAM

of the average clerk to become rich, or at least independent enough to resign; and yet he never for moment imagines that this is to be attained by self-denial, economy, or small savings. Oh, no! Some lucky investment in a lottery ticket is to draw the coveted prize, or a good speculation is to surprise him, or a rise in mining stocks is to make him suddenly a millionaire. It is remarkable how the ideas of the clerk change and enlarge after a few years residence in Washington. Away off in his country home one good suit of clothes was made to do service for more than one season, and an interesting book or an agreeable companion was sufficient entertainment for his evenings. But after a sojourn here in Government employ he must have a new suit of clothes for every change of season, a new necktie to match each suit, and gloves to match the necktie, and a cane to match the gloves, and a scarf-pin to match the cane, and a hat to match them all.

EVERY EVENING THERE MUST BE

tickets to the theater or the opera, or a carriage to the ball, or a supper at Harvey's or Welcker, or, if near the end of the month, at some second or third-rate restaurant. If a lady clerk—but the pen must move gently dealing with them, for a majority of the lady clerks are noble, self-sacrificing women, forced to this life through loss of father or husband or the demands of dependent ones, and the outside world has no knowledge of the struggles they make or what many of them pass through in providing for these loved ones. Their salaries are, with a few exceptions, much smaller than those of the male clerks, but they often make it do twice as much service. There are in every office, though, some lady clerks who do not have burdens to bear, and of them it has been observed how the womanly weakness for personal adornment takes possession of them. What dainty costumes they appear in and how they love to display pretty little pieces of jewelry and becoming laces.

ALTHOUGH THE LIFE IS A PLODDING ONE,

and there is far more reality than romance in it—the latter is not altogether absent, for more than one Romeo has there found his Juliet. Youthful couples thrown constantly together frequently become interested in each other, and before they are aware of it the dangerous little god has marked them for his own. What fun it is for the other clerks to watch the progress of the *affaire du cœur*, the interested parties all the while imagining that it is known only to themselves, and after a time, some day at the close of business, the lady quietly bids adieu to those around her, and remarks she is not coming back again. The clerks gathered in the several Departments are far from being ignorant as a class, although some may be entitled to the charge. There are poets, historians, philosophers, lawyers, and theologians to be found of no mean attainments. Various causes have led them to this city, and to the positions they hold. They have drifted here

FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY,

from the bleak and rugged hills of New England from the sunny region of the orange and the palmetto, from the mountains and vales of the Western Territories, and from the golden fields of California. Many of them boast of an ancestry distinguished in this country and the Old World. Many of them at one time possessed both wealth and influence. If the story of some—for many have a history—could be written out it would be more thrilling and interesting than the most sensational of the modern novels. There are also some very peculiar people among them. Life moves on day after day in such a limited circle, that if one is at all inclined to cranky notions it develops more rapidly, and the sharp corners stand out so prominently that it becomes dangerous to come in contact with them. Yet after all the life is a good one for discipline, and two or three years of such employment—but not any longer, for after that time a man is apt to settle down in a rut and remain there—two or three years of such discipline helps to form character and to give a man better command of himself.

Deaths of Kings and Queens in England.

William the Conqueror died from enormous fat, from drink, and from the violence of his passions.

William Rufus died the death of the poor stags which he hunted.

Henry I. died of gluttony.

Henry II. died of a broken heart, occasioned by bad conduct of his children.

Richard Cœur de Leon, like the animal from which his heart was named, died by an arrow from an archer.

John died nobody knows how, but it is said from chagrin, which we suppose is another name for hellebore.

Henry III. is said to have died a "natural death."

Edward I. is said to have died of a "natural sickness"—a sickness which would puzzle all the college physicians to denominate.

Edward II. was barbarously and indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own wife and her paramour.

Edward III. died of dotage, and Richard II. of starvation—the very reverse of George IV.

Henry IV. is said to have died of fits caused by uneasiness, and uneasiness in palaces in those times was a very common complaint.

Henry V. is said to have died of a painful affliction, prematurely. This is a courtly term for getting rid of a king.

Henry VI. died in prison, by means known then only to his jailor, and now only in heaven.

Edward V. was strangled by his uncle, Richard III.

Richard III. was killed in battle.

Henry VII. wasted away, as a miser ought to.

Henry VIII. died of carbuncles and fury.

Edward VI. died of a decline.

Queen Mary is said to have died of a broken heart.

Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy, from having sacrificed Essex to his enemies.

James I. died from drinking and the effects of rice.

Charles I. died on the scaffold.

Charles II. died suddenly—it is said of apoplexy.

William III. died of consumptive habits of body and from the stumbling of his horse.

Queen Anne died from dropsy.

George I. died from drunkenness, which his physicians politely called an apoplectic fit.

George II. died of a rupture of the heart, which the periodicals of that day termed a visitation of God.

George III. died as he had lived—a madman. Throughout life he was, at least, a consistent monarch.

George IV. died of gluttony and drunkenness.

"Our Esteemed Contemporary."

We have nothing more to say of the editor of the Sweetwater *Gazette*. Aside from the fact that he is a squint-eyed, consumptive liar, with a breath like a buzzard and a record like a convict, we don't know anything against him. He means well enough, and if he can evade the penitentiary and the vigilance committee a few more years there is a chance for him to end his life in a natural way. If he don't tell the truth a little more plenty, however, the Green River people will rise as one man and churn him till there won't be anything left of him but a pair of suspenders and a wart.—*Bill Nye's Laramie Boomerang.*

A WARNING TO WOMEN.

Miss Lillian Duer's Marriage—The Lesson It Conveys.

About two years ago, it will be remembered, Miss Lillian Duer, of Maryland, in a strange fit of jealousy, killed her dearest friend, Miss Ella Hearn. Miss Duer was so much in love with Miss Hearn that she not only passionately objected to her marrying a man, but in the trial it was developed that she herself had proposed to marry the murdered girl and live with her as her husband. The memory of this sad tragedy has been revived by the announcement which now comes that Miss Duer has really married, and, after the traditional and orthodox style, has married a man.

WHETHER HER VIEWS

regarding the much-abused sex from which she has taken her husband have undergone a radical change for the better, or whether she has been moved by remorse to join her life to that of one of these odious beings as a self-inflicted penance for the crime which she committed, or indeed, whether either of these considerations influenced her in taking this step, must be only a matter of conjecture. The fact remains that she has married a man, and that, whatever advanced utopian ideas about marrying a woman she may once have entertained, have now been abandoned.

THIS IS AS IT SHOULD BE.

Such hopes, if cherished by woman, will only serve to breed but the greater discontent with her already too uneven lot. That, on account of her sex, the world has placed many unfair barriers in her path is admitted by every unprejudiced mind. Only the other day the Massachusetts Supreme Court decided that she could not be admitted to the bar in that State. These obstacles, however, are being gradually removed by her own efforts and the changing tide of public sentiment. But let her take warning in time; let her be cautious lest she overreach herself. In the struggle for her rights there is a point beyond which she cannot go without incurring the peril of losing all she may have already obtained. That point is her right

TO MARRY ONE OF HER OWN SEX.

Men are inclined to listen to her and grant her anything in reason, but when it comes to her wedding a woman the wagon has got to stop right there. If she wants to ride with us, sitting even on the front seat with us, and taking her turn at cracking the whip and driving the mules, all right; but if she doesn't care to be left behind to trudge along on foot, then let her beware of pressing her claims on this matrimonial question. Men know a good thing when they see it, and the practice of marying women is one of which they propose to keep a monopoly. They don't intend to share it with any interloper. They are called the stronger sex, and they are determined to use that strength in maintaining this last prerogative. It may be selfish, despotic, unjust, but in this case, at least, it should be understood, once for all, that might must make right.

MISS DUER IS NOT THE FIRST

of her sex whose heart has been filled with such desires, but it would be well if she were the last. It may seem a hard fate to woman that, if she marry at all, she must marry a beastly, wicked, horrid man. We are sorry for her, but it cannot be helped. If we permitted her to draw upon the supply from which we get our wives there would not be enough women left to go round, and we know their value too well to be willing to seek elsewhere for substitutes for them. Man has an intuitive knowledge that no other kind of human being would make as good a wife as a woman; that with no other description of mortal could he comfortably and safely swear at the coffee or smash the tableware; that he could deceive no one

BUT A WOMAN ABOUT HIS BUSINESS HOURS

at night; that in no other's presence could he blow the roof off the house when a button is missing; that no one else would afford him as convenient opportunities for the employment of his talents for grumbling and sneering, and, if necessary for practice, as handy a target for the gratification of his desire to hit something. In fact, with any other kind of a wife his many domestic divertisements of such a character would be so curtailed, if not rendered impossible altogether, that the connubial life would be robbed of its chief charms, and matrimony with him soon become a thing of the past. Here it is, therefore, that the women, in their war for their rights, will find him standing at bay, backed by the dogged stubbornness of desperation, and bearing on his shield the warning, "So far and no farther."—*Courier-Journal.*

CHIPCO, THE SEMINOLE CHIEF.

A Savage Who Once Tossed Up a Babe and Caught It on the Point of His Knife.

The news has just reached us of the death of Chipco, the chief of the remnant of a band of Tallahassee Indians, on the 16th of October last. This noted Seminole warrior, as near as can be learned, was a little over one hundred years of age, and had, up to a few months back, been able to engage in the hunts and annual festivities of his tribe, but has at last had to succumb to old age. He fully participated in the long Seminole war, and at the time Billy Bowlegs and his companions were deported to the Indian Territory—in 1856—Chipco and his band managed to elude their pursuers and have since lived here and there in the Kissimmee country, though of late years their main camp has been about twenty-five miles east of here, near the Catfish Lakes. Though not actively engaged in the memorable Dade's massacre in 1835, Chipco was present at many massacres and battles of minor importance. In talking over his past career he always expressed regret for but one deed, which was the killing of a white infant by tossing it up and catching it as it came down on the point of his hunting-knife. The usual formalities peculiar to Indian tribes were gone through with at his death. Six fine horses and many fat hogs were shot and killed at his grave and his rifle and hunting accoutrements, together with cooking utensils, were buried with him, so that he might have the use of them in the "happy hunting grounds." The remnant of Chipco's band now numbers but three warriors, with their women, children, and negroes, and the chieftain's mantle has descended on the shoulders of Chipco's oldest son, who will be known in diplomatic circles as Tustenuggee Tahusky.—*Barton (Fla.) Informant.*

Rev. H. W. Bellows on the Newspapers.

The newspapers—the universal literature of our people—is itself becoming a library of knowledge and art. No man could read habitually even one of our chief newspapers without an immense opening of his horizon of thought, a great quickening of his intellect, and a substantial relation with the thought and feeling of the whole world. The difference between a man who can read well enough to enjoy his newspaper and one who cannot is hardly to be estimated. I suppose our newspaper education is the most influential of all in this country. But it depends for its existence and its improvement on the preparation for its use and enjoyment made in our common schools. It rises in tone, spreads in intellectual breadth, and increases in moral purity as the reading class becomes more numerous and varied. It is a great mistake to speak lightly of newspapers. The press, I think, has a somewhat romantic and exaggerated idea of its supremacy in creating or leading public opinion, but in its general educating influence, its stimulus for thought, it has a certain tendency to create a taste for better reading than it can itself supply. I do not believe it is easy to overate its national importance.

Where's That Lamb.

A sneak thief grabbed the carcass of a lamb that hung on a hook in front of John Evins' meat market, on Prospect street, last night, and finding he was pursued ran into an alley near by, threw his booty behind a pile of boxes and boldly turned back. His pursuers met him at the corner.

"Where's that lamb?" demanded one.

"What lamb?" innocently asked the thief.

"Why, the one you ran around the corner with a minute ago," explained the one who had taken hold of the stranger.

"I'm not the man. You've made a mistake, but I did meet a fellow just now, running like thunder, with a sheep over his shoulder. He turned that corner there just two minutes ago."

"He's our man!" exclaimed both, and off they started, leaving the real thief to disappear hastily down the street. The men found the stolen meat, but did not catch the thief.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Found.

The man who secured the contract for taking down the old brick county jail at Battle Creek, Mich., found in a crevice of the wall two $100 greenbacks, and near by a large amount of gold jewelry, evidently hidden by thieves.

INCOMPLETE.

There's a song that I never could sing,
Though its notes in my memory ring,
And its measures are full of the sweets of the years,
Of voices of children and laughter and tears
And the whirr of the summer bird's wing.

There's a picture I never could paint,
Sweet and fair as some aureoled saint;
Like a dawn on the ocean, where no eye can see,
In wild, fitful splendor it burneth for me,
And I mourn as its colors grow faint.

There's a dream—ah! I never can tell
What my own bosom loveth so well;
Yet how sweetly it comes in the depths of the night;
Like a message it comes, like a message of light
From the land where the sun children dwell.

For I gather the thought and the tone
From the wreck of bright hours that are flown,
And I hold to my heart, in my foolish despair,
A trifle—a nothing much lighter than air—
Lifeless leaves of a love I have known.

—*Edgar M. Baron in Baldwin's Monthly.*

THE DENVER "TRIBUNE" PRIMER.

Little Stories for the Amusement and Improvement of the Nursery Brigade.

Daisy is crying. Poor little Girl, we are Sorry for her. James has Hit her in the eye with a Dornick. Fie on James to Do so, and fie on Daisy not to Hit him back. Will Daisy pray for James to-night? No. She will Pull the Slats from his Bed, so he will Fall and Break His Arm on the Floor. That will be Right, will it not, Children?

Has the Printer tobacco? He has But he will not Tell you So. He carries it in the Leg of his Boot, and when he wants a Chew he Sneaks down in the Back Alley where Nobody can See him. When he Spits tobacco it Sounds like a Duck diving in the Water. The printer is a Queer man. He is a Fickle person. Sometimes he Has ten thousand Ems on the String, but they are Always his Dupes. If you are a Printer Do not Be a Blacksmith or you will get Fired.

This is a Boil. It is on the Man's Neck. Would you like to Feel it? If you Do, the Man will Feel it, too. The Boil is a mean Thing, and it is a Coward. If you Strike it it will Run. But the Man will not Run. He will Dance and make Remarks. Boils may start Way down near a little Boy's waist-band But they always come to a Head at last.

The Stove is Red Hot. Run, Ella, and get the Castor, and put some Red Pepper on the Stove. Then when Mamma comes in She will be Red Hot, too.

The Apple is in the Basket. A Worm is in the Apple. It is a Juicy little white Worm. Suppose you Eat the Apple, where Will the Worm be?

Here we have a Picnic. Is it not Jolly? The children are Running around and Playing Tag. But where is the Custard Pie? A moment ago it was Under the Elm Tree. Can it Be that Mr. Jones is Sitting on the Custard Pie? Alas, it is too True. And Miss Smith is Laughing at him. He looks as Badly Broke up as the Pie, does he Not?

This is a Diamond Pin. The Editor won it at a Church Fair. There were Ten Chances at Ten Cents a Chance. The Editor Mortgaged his Paper and Took one Chance. The Pin is Worth seven hundred Dollars. Editors like Diamonds. Sometimes they Wear them in their Shirts, but Generally in their Mind.

Who Put the Salt in the Sugar-Bowl? Mamma is Anxious to Find Out. Willie is Busy looking Out of the Window. Can you Guess what he is Thinking about? Perhaps he is Wondering what Mamma will Give him before he Goes to Bed without his Supper. If we were Willie we would Feel safer with a Latin Grammar in the Seat of our Pants.

Can you See the Ink-Bottle on the Table? It is Full of Nice, Black Ink. If you Want to you can Pour the Ink out on the Carpet. It makes the Carpet look Black, too, does it Not? Sit down on the Carpet and put both of your Little paddles in the Ink. See, your Fingers are Covered with the Ink! What a Nice picture you can Make on the Wall-Paper now. Make a Picture of a Big Man and a Little Girl. Do you want to Put Some Ink on the Lace-Curtain? Very well. Put it on Carefully, for you Should never Waste the Ink or anything Else. This will be Quite a Surprise to Mamma when she Comes in.

Who is this Ferocious-looking Man? He is Foreman in a Printing Office. He gets Paid for Throwing Men Down Stairs when they Come to Lick the Editor, and for Putting wrong Dates at the Head of the Paper. He can Pi more type in fifteen minutes than Seven Printers can Set up in Two weeks. He loves to ask the Editor for Copy. If it Were not for Him the Paper would Look pretty Well every Morning. Everything would be Fat and none of the Live Ads would be Left out.

The Dramatic critic is Asleep. The play Does not Interest him. He will give it Thunder in the Paper. The Actors will be sorry when they Read the Paper, because it will Say they are not Artists. After the Play the Critic will go to the Variety Show. Will he sleep there? No, he will Not. The lady in the Short Dress and Pink Tights will Buy six Copies of the Paper in the Morning because the critic will Say she is an Artist. It is very Comfortable to be an Artist when there are critics in the Neighborhood.

The Frog is Sitting on the Log. He is Waiting for a Fly to come Along. He has Business with the Fly. While he is Waiting let us Have some Fun with him. Put a Lighted Fire-cracker in his Mouth. Where is the Frog now? Why, there He is in the Water with his Ears blown out. Why does he not Come back to the Log? Perhaps he has Forgotten all about the Fly.

What a Delightful Mud Hole! It is quite deep and Inviting. How Cool and Pleasant it must be in the Mud Hole. Good little Boys and Girls can Play in the Mud Hole and Make Lots of Nice Patty Cakes. Tell the Baby to come, too, and then You can Put Mud in his Ears and he will Splash the pretty Black Water all over Susie's new Frock. *Denver Tribune.*

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

The Leg of To-Day and the Leg of Twenty Years Ago.

A manufacturer of these useful appendages said to a New York reporter: "The leg of to-day is very different from that of twenty years ago. Then it was a heavy, loose-jointed, cumbersome, creaky affair. Every one remembers how easy it was to tell a man with an artificial leg as soon as he came within sight or hearing. The creaking was perhaps the most disagreeable part of the affair. That has been done away with by means of one or two little patented improvements. The principal one of these is a concealed screw at the point of the leg and foot that enables the wearer of the leg to stop the creaking at any time. Once upon a time he would have to send it back to the maker to have the joints tightened, and the cost would have been $10. Now he can do it for himself without a cent of cost. Then there is a contrivance worked by a band passing down from the shoulder strap to throw the leg forward as the wearer moves. This is particularly useful to ladies, as it pushes the skirts with no more effort than the action of the natural limb occasions. But, above all, the support of the body has been transferred to a different part of the leg. Formerly, the stump rested on a cushion in the socket, and the weight fell upon this sensitive point of contact. Now, by means of steel braces, the region of contact is almost entirely at either side of the thigh, where there is, comparatively, no sensitiveness. A man with an artificial leg nowadays can do almost anything that a man with two natural legs can. For instance, in this letter here a man writes that he has traveled horseback and afoot thousands of miles over Wyoming, Colorado, and Mexico on one."

"What provision is there for a person who loses the whole or a part of an arm?" asked the reporter.

The manufacturer stopped to a case of flesh-colored artificial members and took out an arm. The hand was covered with a perfect-fitting glove. There was an arm to be worn by a woman hanging next to the one that he selected, and the small hand was encased in a long many-buttoned white kid glove. He put a loop at the end of a white woolen band attached to the upper part of the arm around his right arm, slipped the band about his shoulders, and then inserted his hand into the socket of the artificial arm. Then he took off and replaced the reporter's hat, the artificial fingers being worked by means of mechanism in the socket. He also raised and held an open book up before him.

"I am not at all expert in the management of these arms," he observed; "but if I had to depend upon one of them for the remainder of my life, I suppose that I would soon learn how to make the best of it." The stump, acting upon the mechanism in the socket, opens and shuts the fingers and makes them hold any article desired. The fingers are composed of a steel skeleton, covered with soft India rubber, well-shaped, and they have a natural feeling to another person. One man writes that he can draw and paint, and that he holds a medal for his drawing from the New Hampshire State Fair. Another says that he can write well, as indeed his letter shows, and can send telegraph messages as an operator.

Irving and Dickens Over a Mint Julep.

While Dickens was in this country the last time he wrote from Washington to Charles Lanman a letter that contains the following interesting paragraph about Washington Irving and "an enormous mint julep wreathed with flowers:" "Your reference to my dear friend, Washington Irving, renews the vivid impression reawakened in my mind at Baltimore the other day. I saw his fine face for the last time in that city. He came there from New York to pass a day or two with me before I went Westward, and they were made among the most memorable of my life by his delightful fancy and genial humor. Some unknown admirer of his books and mine sent to the hotel a most enormous mint julep, wreathed with flowers. We sat one on either side of it, with great solemnity (it filled a respectable-sized pitcher), but the solemnity was of very short duration. It was quite an enchanted julep, and carried us among innumerable people and places that we both knew. The julep held out far into the night, and my memory never saw him afterward otherwise than as bending over it with his straw, with an attempted gravity (after some anecdote involving some wonderfully droll and delicate observation of character), and then, as his eyes caught mine, melting into that captivating laugh of his, which was the brightest and best I have ever seen."

How to Learn It.

"Colonel," said a man who wanted to make out a genealogical tree, "Colonel, how can I become thoroughly acquainted with my family history?" "Simply by running for Congress," answered the Colonel.—*Boston Post.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE DECORATIVE SISTERS. By JOSEPHINE POLLARD. Illustrated by WALTER SAYERLEE. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

This poem of two sisters who were struck with the decorative craze is decidedly amusing, and the illustrations are in perfect harmony with the subject. The result of their æstheticism is thus told:

Dorinda wed an artist—and 'twas not the least surprising
That he used her as a model—for she had a pretty shape;
And so many hours daily was she attitudinizing,
That she wearied of it truly, and would fain have made escape.

The other sister was more practical, for the poem says—

Dorothea wed a farmer, one who long had loved her truly,
And, though not at all æsthetic, thought the maiden "sweetly sweet,"
And having told his passion, like an honest fellow, duly
With decorum laid his fortunes at her decorative feet.

The last stanza moralizes as follows:

As the Decorative Sisters wander arm and arm together,
And their maiden meditations and absurdities review,
A single glance at them, I'm sure will soon convince you, whether
Dorothea or Dorinda is the happier of the two.

SEVERA: A NOVEL FROM THE GERMAN OF F. HARTNER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Washington: William Ballantyne.

This story is one of peculiar interest and will be read with pleasure. The plot is not a new on, but it is very skillfully worked up, and in none of the incidents are the bounds of probability overstepped. The character of Severa is finely drawn and shows a development of the best elements and impulses of a woman's nature standing out in strong contrast with the heartlessness and intrigue of the wealthy widow Ada. No more manly type of a hero than Gerhard von Hellern can be desired. His grief at the deceit of his early love, Severa's mother, is sympathized with, his noble generosity in taking the child from its dying mother and making her his ward is applauded, and one closes the book with satisfaction at the appropriate transfer of his love to the daughter, and in the belief that the eternal fitness of this is preserved. The translator, Mrs. A. L. Wister, has ably performed her task, and has given a work free from any idiomatic taint of a foreign tongue, but of clear and forcible English.

BACHELOR BLUFF; HIS OPINION, SENTIMENTS, AND DISPUTATIONS. By OLIVER BELL BRUCE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Washington: W. H. Morrison.

The synical and satirical sayings of the well peserved Bluff will be read with keen interest by men, and may be read with decided profit by many ladies, both married and unmarried. Many of his criticisms are easily accepted as deserved, and, although his tendency is perhaps to overdraw the scenes, his descriptions and deductions are generally near the truth. The range of subjects touched by the interesting Bachelor covers almost every variety of topic, and his views on domestic bliss, feminine tack and intuition, the privileges of women, and his political notions are set forth with a freedom and originality which are decidedly refreshing.

BALLADS IN BLACK. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The ballads are by F. E. Chase, and the illustrations by J. F. Goodridge, and the book is a series of original shadow pantomimes with silhouette illustrations and full directions for producing shadow pictures with novel effects. The representation of shadow pantomimes is attended with comparatively little labor as to rehearsal and expense as to presentation, and hence will be of great interest in adding to the attractiveness of the home circle during the long winter evenings. Careful directions are given in this book for the proper arrangement of scenery and lights so as to make the shadows effective, and the reading of either of the ballads accompanied by shadow illustrations will furnish most agreeable amusement for the parlor or for school exhibitions. There are six ballads and forty-eight illustrations in the book.

Magazines.

The *Sanitarian* for November is more than usually interesting, presenting the following capital table of contents: "Drainage for Health," Elisha Harris, M. D., Secretary New York State Board of Health; "State Medicine," address delivered at the section of public medicine, International Medical Congress John Simon, C. B., F. R. S., D. C. L., LL D.; "Progress of Sanitary Protection at Newport, R. I.—Filth Diseases, Sewage Ice, the Insignificance of an 'Advisory Board of Health,' &c.," Dr. Horatio R. Storer; "Danger Ahead:" "Sanitary Progress," Edwin Chadwick, C. B., London; "Contagious Diseases, Acts of Great Britian," Albert L. Gihon, M. D., Medical Director United States navy, chairman of section on state medicine, American Medical Association; "Boston's New Sewers," and the usual misc ellaneous notes, suggestions, and reviews.

The December number of the *Eclectic* is just at hand, and has the following varied and interesting table of contents: "Four Centuries of English Letters," by Sir Henry Taylor; "The French and English Police Systems;" "Thrawn Janet," "Notable Assassinations," "The Electric Telegraphs," by Dr. A. H. Japp; "The Latter-Day Saints as They Are," by Edward A. Thomas; "Fiction, Fair and Foul," by John Ruskin; "The Jewish Question," by Goldwin Smith; "The Victim of a Virtue," by James Payn; "Fish as Food and Physic," by J. Mortimer Granville, M. D.; "The Decadence of Frenchwomen," "The Carrying Trade of the World," by M. N. Mulhall; literary notices, foreign literary notes, science and art, and miscellany. Published by E. R. Felton, 25 Bond street, New York. Terms, $5 per year; single copy, 45 cents; trial subscription for three months, $1.

The American reprint of the *Westminster Review* for October comes from G. A. Whittaker, and contains much that is of special interest at this time. Notably so are the opening essays on "The Irish Land Act and the English Land Question" and "The Copyright Question," and "Women's Rights as Preached by Women." The second article on "Political Memoirs" treats of the Goderich and Wellington administrations in an extremely able and critical manner, and the articles on "The Latest Bohemian Literature," "The International Medical Congress and the Progress of Medicine," and "Dean Stanley" will also be read with interest.

Littell's Living Age for November 26 presents a large and varied amount of reading matter carefully culled from the best English magazines. Among the articles of especial interest may be mentioned "Uncle Z," part xxi. of "The Freres," by Mrs. Alexander; "The Drainage of the Roman Campagna," "Lyrical Poetry of Modern Greece," and "A Commercial Traveler in Africa."

The *American Law Review* for November contains as special articles "Challenge to the Defense," by Seymour D. Thompson; "Insanity as a Defence," by Edward B. Hill, and "The Position of the Supreme Court on Reissued Patents," by Rowland Cox. Besides these is the usual review of the month and some interesting notices, recent law publications.

Literary Notes.

The author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" has written a new novel, which will appear in *Harper's Bazar*. It is the story of the cruise of a gentleman's yacht in West Indian seas, and is full of romantic incident and adventure. The name of the yach, The Lady Maud, gives its title to the story.

The next number of *Harper's Weekly* will contain two pages of illustrations of the Guiteau trial. The portrait of Guiteau was made from life, and represents the assassin in his all. He was so well pleased with it that he signed his name across it to show his approval.

An edition of 40,000 copies of the Xmas number of *Harper's Magazine* has been ordered by the English publishers of that periodical.

A Mean Slander.

When the Soldene Burlesque Company were coming out on the Overland the other day a little boy on the train began to cry bitterly on account of the loss of his toy balloon, which had disappeared. Just as his mother was about giving up the search the symmetrical Emily, who was dozing in her berth, suddenly yawned, when the balloon floated out of her mouth, into which it appeared to have been drawn by her breathing. There is something reasonable about this story; in fact, we know it to be true, but there is no use trying to get us to believe that other tough yarn to the effect that on another occasion while "Em" was lying on her berth, fast asleep, a near-sighted traveler came by and stuffed his night-shirt and comb and brush into her mouth under the impression that it was his valise. We don't believe anything of the kind. —*Derrick Dodd.*

Not long ago we happened to be seated at the same table at a hotel with Doc. Palmer, county attorney of Taylor County, Kentucky. Everybody there knows the Dr., who lives in Louisville, Ky., and everybody likes him. We soon introduced a favorite subject in that section, and, as usual, found an instance of the powerful efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. Mr. Palmer said: "I had a bad attack of rheumatism in the left shoulder. I applied St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured. On another occasion I was attacked with neuralgia, and, profiting by my former experience, became doubly indebted to St. Jacobs Oil for a cure of that most excruciating torment. I recommend it to everybody I see suffering with that class of diseases."

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No.	Prize.	No.	Prize.	No.	Prize.
1	$5 00	6915	$5 00	14898	$5 00
27	5 00	6935	5 00	14913	5 00
46	5 00	6939	5 00	14986	5 00
49	5 00	6945	5 00	14988	5 00
59	5 00	6979	5 00		
84	5 00	6995	5 00	15018	5 00
208	20 00	6998	5 00	15051	5 00
221	5 00			15090	5 00
230	5 00	7048	5 00	15092	20 00
260	20 00	7068	5 00	15184	5 00
262	5 00	7102	5 00	15393	5 00
267	5 00	7188	5 00	15324	5 00
303	20 00	7206	5 00	15343	20 00
311	5 00	7273	5 00	15802	5 00
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389	20 00	7344	5 00	15393	5 00
392	5 00	7366	5 00	15408	5 00
398	5 00	7420	5 00	15435	5 00
434	5 00	7428	5 00	15501	5 00
514	5 00	7440	5 00	15594	5 00
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557	5 00	7554	5 00	15714	5 00
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592	5 00	7634	5 00	15721	5 00
614	5 00	7645	5 00	15798	5 00
619	5 00	7709	5 00	15872	5 00
694	5 00	7721	5 00	15918	5 00
732	5 00	7733	5 00	15934	5 00
771	5 00	7735	5 00	15956	5 00
799	5 00	7773	5 00	15961	5 00
820	5 00	7794	20 00		
857	5 00	7804	5 00	16105	5 00
859	20 00	7860	5 00	16113	5 00
881	5 00	7881	20 00	16136	100
921	5 00	7913	5 00	16159	5 00
991	5 00	7916	5 00	16161	5 00
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1018	5 00	7934	5 00	16226	5 00
1021	5 00	7990	20 00	16314	5 00
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1090	5 00	8037	5 00	16432	5 00
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1295	5 00	8310	5 00	16498	5 00
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1408	5 00	8478	5 00	16528	5 00
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1524	5 00	8692	5 00	16659	5 00
1561	5 00	8622	5 00	16699	5 00
1572	20 00	8629	5 00	16770	5 00
1575	5 00	8674	5 00	16784	20 00
1583	5 00	8692	20 00	16886	5 00
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1690	5 00	8755	5 00	16955	5 00
1698	5 00	8805	20 00	16972	5 00
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1724	5 00	8894	5 00	17066	5 00
1763	5 00	8907	5 00	17123	5 00
1886	5 00	8969	5 00	17162	5 00
1957	5 00	8979	5 00	17184	5 00
1995	5 00	8996	5 00	17212	5 00
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2005	5 00	9024	5 00	17317	5 00
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2098	20 00	9109	5 00	17405	20 00
2189	5 00	9114	5 00	17411	20 00
2204	20 00	9140	5 00	17428	5 00
2128	20 00	9146	5 00	17471	5 00
2190	5 00	9152	5 00	17494	5 00
2148	5 00	9225	5 00	17502	5 00
2187	5 00	9252	5 00	17519	5 00
2247	5 00	9264	5 00	17521	5 00
2262	20 00	9296	5 00	17524	5 00
2338	5 00	9303	5 00	17555	5 00
2361	5 00	9352	5 00	17564	5 00
2381	5 00	9367	20 00	17571	5 00
2382	5 00	9424	5 00	17577	5 00
2391	5 00	9479	5 00	17598	5 00
2463	5 00	9498	5 00	17683	5 00
2482	5 00	9576	5 00	17685	20 00
2501	20 00	9583	20 00	17942	5 00
2521	5 00	9722	5 00	17968	5 00
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