

It is literally true that John L. Sullivan is at present the most striking figure in England.

An Atlanta woman has been kept in jail fourteen months over her sentence through a clerk's blunder.

The London dunes place themselves on their ability to converse with Buffalo Bill in his native language.

The Goddess of Liberty on the top of the Capitol at Washington is to be turned around to face the west.

Sam Jones has left evangelism for the lecture platform for the present. At \$250 a talk the new business pays fairly well.

Wm. Waller, aged sixty, died at Brighton, Mich., from the effects of a bite received from the teeth of an insane man.

Ex-Gov. Curtiss, of Pennsylvania has recovered the gold watch which was stolen from him during the constitutional celebration Philadelphia.

The sultan of Morocco has been torned by a revolt in his harem, and forty of his majesty's ladies have been distributed among the officers of his guard.

A runaway couple seated on the back of a small mule rode up to the Court-house at Milton, Fla., the other day, and were married by the County Judge.

Miss Fannie Stevens, a Boston actress, has been used here for breach of promise of marriage by E. J. Levy, a New York broker, who lays his damages at \$10,000.

At Moore's Hill, Ind., a quarrelsome Jersey cow and a Poland-China hog had a fight in which the hog struck the cow in the abdomen with his tusks and killed her.

Miss Olivia Foot, of New Haven, Conn., left two wills—one dated in 1879 and the other in 1885. The claim is made that in 1885 she was not competent to make a will.

Edward Atkinson thinks the provinces are worth \$50,000,000, and Citizen Trust values them at \$1,000,000. The Boston Globe thinks we will get them for nothing some day.

A Memphis paper says that an Arkansas planter has succeeded, after thirty years' experimenting, in raising a breed of dogs that will dive after fish and bring them ashore.

It is curious, says The Philadelphia Times, how notorious attracts women. Even so unclean and repulsive an object as Herr Most has the warmest sort of admirers among the gentler sex.

Mrs. James Brown Potter's hands are described as being "knuckly, almost rawboned, and reddish-brown in color." They are not large enough, however, to hold all the greenbacks that are being thrown at her.

Dr. Noah Porter denies that he is at work on a revision of Webster's Dictionary. The word "dud" is, therefore, here to drift about in crossed trousers and a silk hat for some time to come without official recognition in the great American lexicon.

Manuel Garcia, the illustrious teacher of singing, is about to celebrate his eighty-third birthday. He says that Jenny Lind was one of his most satisfactory pupils because he never had to tell her a thing twice.

Dr. Rev. J. C. Kimball, pastor of the Unity church, Hartford, Conn., who has caused such a storm by his recent sermon in defense of Anarchy, is a warm advocate of the Darwinian theory. He does not seem to see, however, that in the consistent progress of evolution every dynamite should eventually lose his head.

Mrs. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, made his fortune, which is a big one, selling good whisky, and he has employed his riches of late years largely in the purchase of paintings, statuary, and works of art. He bought the much-famous at once by the price he was said to have paid for it.

Dr. Morrell Mackenzie, English physician to the Crown Prince, of Germany, has a benevolent rather handsome face. His forehead is high, his features regular and his mouth smiling. He wears small English side whiskers, but no moustache or beard. He somewhat resembles Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York city.

Messieurs is obliged to lay aside his palette and brush. The other day, when working at a picture, his thumb began to tingle as though becoming numb, and remained in this state notwithstanding hard rubbing. A doctor was sent for. He spoke as encouraging as possible, but told the artist he was having the first warning of paralysis, and had no chance but in a long rest.

Mrs. A. J. Casart has the reputation of being the finest horsewoman in Philadelphia. She is just now at Pau, in France, where she frequently enjoys a run with the hounds. Mrs. Casart is very fond of all out-door sports and swims and rows as well as she rides. The Misses Drexel, daughters of the late F. A. Drexel, are also fine riders, and may be seen any morning by the early risers at Terredale, Pa., where they have their country home, taking a spin across the country before breakfast.

Gov. Waller will finish his term as consul general a comparatively wealthy man, and he took the office a comparatively poor one. It is said to be \$100,000 better off than when he entered it. It is the slowest plan the president has to give, but the work is very hard and exacting. Waller's fees, next last year are understood to have been over \$25,000. Then in four years he will accumulate more than he could have possibly made in ten years' practice of law in New London.

IN CHORUS.

She's the dearest little lady, And her eyes are deep and shady As she kneels, And her look of pure emotion Shows how true is the devotion That she feels.

She is plump, and oh, so pretty With her hair in the city, Her eyes are deep and shady As she kneels, And her look of pure emotion Shows how true is the devotion That she feels.

I could read a page of Latin Boomer than describe the satin Of her gown, Of its shade there's no dividing, So I watch its silken shining Looking down.

Oh, she's such a dainty treasure I could never, never measure Her eyes are deep and shady As she kneels, And her look of pure emotion Shows how true is the devotion That she feels.

On the spones' speedy ending, All the heroes are now depending On my life, My excuse, if you'll believe me, Full consolation will relieve me, She's my wife.

What are you thinking about, Maude? You have not spoken a word for five minutes. I can't say that you are remarkably entertaining this evening.

"Am I not? And do you really wish to know my thoughts?" "Certainly I do."

"Very well, then. No woman is satisfied with a man's devotion, even if she knows it to be genuine, if he appears to slight her in the presence of others; and I think, my dear George, that I occupied the position of a slighted woman last evening, when you devoted yourself so openly to Clara Vaughan."

By no means delighted with this turn of affairs. "I don't expect you to see how charming he is," Clara flippantly answered; "it would scarcely be natural under the circumstances. But Maude and I think differently. And oh! he's put his name on my card for three dances!" And she flourished the bit of pasteboard in triumph.

George stretched out his hand for it. "Is there room for my name there, Miss Clara?" He asked rather stiffly, not relishing her enthusiasm, and inclined to think that, after all, the "sweet girl" had considerable "coquetry" about her.

"I believe there are one or two dances left," she answered with an indifference which made Maude smile, remembering how different her reception of George's attentions had been on a former occasion.

"You had better take what dances you wish before my card is filled," she said quietly, when her lover had returned Clara's card.

"Oh, I'll attend to that after the first dance," he answered in another moment when he had taken their places upon the floor.

Maude said nothing; but her quiet smile meant volumes. George spoke little while dancing; he was nettled by the marked change in Clara's manner. He did not know what to do for the girl, but his vanity was wounded. He furiously watched her as she danced with Stephen Black—a singularly handsome man, heacknow, edged to himself—and observed all her little airs and graces—the very arts which she had employed to please him not long ago.

The moment the dance was over, he turned to her, and, with a look of some of her friends and rushed off to take Clara, determined to divert her attention from this interloper. Clara, on the other hand, was bent on retaining Mr. Black by her side, and her chagrin could not be concealed when she, glad of the pretext afforded by George's approach bowed himself away and walked across the room to Maude.

Ten minutes after, when George, mercifully snubbed by Clara, disconsolately sought his betrothed, his smarting vanity needing the balm of her unvarying love, he found her talking gaily with Mr. Black, who made no effort to conceal his appreciation of her society. With easy grace she introduced the two gentlemen to each other, and, when they returned her conversation, which consisted of old reminiscences in which George had no share, therefore he could take no part in their talk.

right to forbid me to do anything," was the lofty response. George ground his teeth together in impatient rage. He felt that it would not do to take too high a hand with the girl in her present mood.

"I think," added Maude, as he remained silent, "that you have forgotten our agreement of last night. If you remember nothing except that I was a fool, Maude!" burst out George, seizing her hand and holding it tight.

"My darling, I have suffered so much to-night that I can understand how unfairly I treated you when I flirted with that artful little coquet."

"My dear George," said Maude, solemnly, "I am surprised to see that you are so angry with me. I have done nothing to offend you, and I don't deserve forgiveness; but you'll not be cruel to me, will you dear?"

"For answer, Maude extended to him her other hand. "Yes, George, I forgive you," she said, meeting his ardent gaze with her frank, truthful eyes. "But you must let me accept Stephen's invitation for to-morrow."

"No, no, Maude—I cannot consent to that."

"Not if I tell you that he is my cousin's husband and has been for the last two years, you dear, jealous simpleton? Oh, George, I've only been giving you a lesson that you needed, and Stephen helped me with it. Don't you think we succeeded?"

And George, now radiantly happy again, admitted that he had. From that time there was not a more devoted lover in the world than George Campbell.

HIS ESCAPE.

Geoffrey Weston had eloped with a millionaire's daughter, one fine morning, and the father of the girl had disinherited her and cast her off forever. Then Geoffrey had held his wife in his arms and sworn, by everything he held most sacred, that the girl who had sacrificed so much for him should not want for anything.

"Never," he declared, "while I have ten fingers and all my senses and can work, beg, steal or murder to get it."

"Oh, hush," cried the little wife, with both hands before her mouth, "don't say wicked things." But she did not think Geoffrey was really as much in earnest as he was; she only thought he meant to do his best for her.

The young man was deep in his employer's confidence. He handled quantities of money every day, and had keys to the great safe and control of the account books; but Geoffrey had only a good salary, and had no right to furnish his little home as luxuriously as he did. The girl knew nothing of the ways and means.

When in the course of a year her father—a widower—married a school-mate of her own, and she began to meet this girl occasionally, she also began to vie with her in costume, and bills came to Geoffrey from milliner and jeweler, as well as from grocer and butcher. He could not pay them all. He did what he could, paying a little here and a little there; staying off this one, satisfying that. It was a hard task, but he never told his wife a word about it.

One day when the money was so low that he was obliged to evade the consequence any longer, and desperate thoughts of what he might do, if he were forced to, came into his mind, he happened to see one night to find his wife in tears. She held a little note in her hand, which she thrust into her pocket, but her strength of mind was so sufficient that she kept it there. At a question, out it came.

"It's from Madame Flourette," she said. "I wanted her to make me a new costume for Mrs. Ashforth's lawn party on Friday. In this mood he went home one night to find his wife in tears. She held a little note in her hand, which she thrust into her pocket, but her strength of mind was so sufficient that she kept it there. At a question, out it came.

"Are you sure it can be done?" she asked anxiously, as she reckoned up the long column of figures. "Can we do it for two?" "I thought his landlady," "I won't work, but it's none of my affairs."

BETH DAKIN'S 'FIGGERIN'.

After all his work the Balance Re-After all his work the Balance Re-After all his work the Balance Re-

He was not a mathematician, but from his youth up he had been "figgerin'" as he pronounced it, a form of expression common to most honest business men, and some women, not a Bostonian in elegance, but very popular with "the masses."

He done some figgerin', when he made up his mind to marry sweet, pretty Nellie Marlow who taught in the primary department of the public school, and had known him since she was a we toddler, and he was a gawky, freckle-faced school-boy.

"I've been figgerin'," he said to his landlady, as he sat one night with pencil and paper before him. She had called to collect his board bill, a shabby, worn, and was due, to protect herself.

"I've figured it out that it's as cheap for two to live as one. I mean that if I take care of my own board, get married and take care of a wife that it does to live single. You see, I've figgered it all out. The same five dollars for both, and I won't have to pay out for mending, and there's a lot of ways a young man spends money with his friends that he can save if he has some one to look after him. I've got it all down here, and I added up, and there is a balance in favor of my plan on the credit side."

"He's figgerin'" on the rule that said ain't enough for one a plenty and figure for two," thought his landlady, "I won't work, but it's none of my affairs."

Beth Dakin married the little school mistress for a bride year ago. She boarded with his former landlady in such a pinched and subdued style that they were comfortably stretched the most of the time, and had it not been for the fact that she existed between them, could never have survived their domestic hardships. At the end of the year Beth did some "figgerin'."

This time he figured himself into a house and lot, on some installment plan, and it looked so feasible that Nellie clapped her hands with enthusiastic approval. "White hands they were too."

DUPIED DECADENCE.

In ancient days, when all was young, And Love and Love were rich, Dan Cupid fled on rustic lara, And lived a country life.

He rose bedridden at break of day, And round the country harried, Upstirring hearts that were unweid, And soothing down the married.

But then, on wider mischief bent, He hid his head in the city, Seeking means to suit his taste He staved off some more of the priv.

Men built him there a golden house, Bedight with golden stars, They leashed him on golden grain, And lived in golden jars.

They trapped his pretty nakedness In a golden cage, And set him up in business, Where Love was bought and sold.

And thus he led a city life, Forgetting his rustic life, Blushing hearts that were unweid, From Cupid to cupid.

New York Independent. A great while ago there once lived a very beautiful and very rich little princess. So beautiful and rich was she, that suitors from all parts of the world came flocking in shoals to her palace, wearing out pantaloons by the million in protracted and agonizing kneeling at her tiny feet.

Notwithstanding the glory of it, however, the little princess did not much enjoy this sort of thing; for whereas other young ladies could spend their time in making delightful slippers and comfortable for their friends, this poor little thing had to employ all hers in knitting everlasting mittens (which are very awkward, disagreeable things to make, so that many a time did she wish she might only have been married, and thus she had been spared this continual worry and vexation.

STORY OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

And pray, friend, is that your wedding party? "She whom I will look to the heart rather than to the raiment," answered he, as unashamed and gravely as before, and the Princess fast re-looked and bit her sweet lips.

"Yet you bring no gift in your hands," she said. "How dare you ask ought of me?" He looked at her and smiled, and she saw that his smile was sweet.

"Lady, I claim but gift for gift. I bring you my heart. Give me therefore yours, and you shall have mine."

"You do not kneel in the asking," she said. "How may I listen to such a prayer?" "Lady," he answered—and he looked tall and noble standing upright alone, amid the sea of bowed heads around—"I do not kneel, because I come neither to beg nor to pray, but to demand my right."

"How dare you?" cried the princess, frightened at language so strangely unsoftened to meet her delicate royal ears. "How dare you?" "I have no love," answered he, and smiled still.

"I have sworn that I will wed none save him, who is in all my superior," said the princess, and looked at him with curious eyes. "Do you call yourself my superior? Are you so vain?" And she drew up her exquisite head, and laughed a low, gurgling laugh.

"No, I humbled the crowd of suitors behind, 'No! No! No! To the death with him who affirms it! No! No! No!'" said the young man who stood before her; and though he spoke so low, she heard him above all the rest, and hung her lovely head.

"At last," she said, "how can you employ all hers in knitting everlasting mittens (which are very awkward, disagreeable things to make, so that many a time did she wish she might only have been married, and thus she had been spared this continual worry and vexation.

FAMOUS SHREWS.

Women Who Have Solved Their Way Into History. Louisville Courier-Journal.

Some of the shrews have had as enviable a record in history as have some of the beauties, though owing their fame to a very opposite quality. England and France supply the most prominent specimens.

Royalty first, however. Matilda, Empress and claimant against King Stephen for the crown of England, has left a fair claim to a masterful temperament. Queen Elizabeth, great as she was, exhibits herself in some of her letters and actions, as when she seized Essex's ears, as right royal as she could be.

Now for a French one little known to English readers in general. She was Mme. de Verbins, who in the seventeenth century was a French noblewoman of the name of Verbins, who was a French noblewoman of the name of Verbins, who was a French noblewoman of the name of Verbins.

Returning to England, our gallery of not so much noted, but no less famous, first Duchess of Marlborough, whose violent temper made her generally dreaded. She had the good quality of loving her husband, the famous general, and she was a devoted mother.

Harper's Bazar. This tale is being told by the bits in town, who are jealous less it get in print. The scene is laid in the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri, whether a Government commission has been sent to investigate the causes and nature of the amazing petrifications found in that region. A cow-boy, employed as a guide, is whetting the appetites of the party on the road to fortune.

"Hold up hold up!" cried the natives; "remember the laws of nature. A buffalo could not hang suspended in the air. You have forgotten the laws of nature."

Painstaking.

"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is an excellent motto for every young person to follow. Not only does practicing this adage establish habits of carefulness, speed and accuracy, but it lays a good foundation for success in life. A young man, who had been a student in a school, wished to have a rough fence built and sent for a carpenter.

"I want this fence mended," said he, "to keep out the cattle. There are some upland boards—use them. It is out of sight from the house, so you need not take time to make it a neat job. I will only pay you \$1.00."

However, afterwards, the Judge coming to look at the fence, and seeing that the boards were planned and finished with exceeding neatness. Supposing the young man had done it in order to make a costly job of it, he said angrily: