THE PRINCE OF WALES

THE FUTURE KING OF ENGLAND AS A SOCIETY LEADER.

A Universal Desire to Conform to the Pattern Approved By Albert Edward—Innovations Adopted Because Sanctioned by Royalty.

[London World.]

The prince of Wales is as supreme in the whole realm of social jurisdiction as her majesty is politically sovereign. Th national attachment to the prince of Wales shows itself in a universal desire to adopt, as well as gratify his tastes, to conform society to the pattern which he is understood to approve; to mimic him in the trivial details of existence. The theatre did not attain its present popularity and "doing a play" did not become an institution without the prince of Wa' taking the stage under his patronage. Th was never a regular winter season in Lo till the prince of Wales discovered that capital had its charms when the year w rapidly waning, and that the country might be intolerably monotonous. Cigarettes were first introduced into England after the Crimean war, but it was not till somewhere about 1868, when the heir apparent gave them his approval, that they became formidable rivals to cigars, and the very diminutive dandy thought it necessary to carry an electro plate case containing them in his pocket.

What are called lemon smash —a beverage which seems pre-eminently adapted to the parched palate of this unheroic age—had never been sipped by British lips till Albert Edward, prince of Wales, had pronounced them to be very good. Smoking concerts were unheard of before the same august and benevolent despot of English society suggested a combination of the attractions of music and tobacco. Sunday dinner parties were confined to what may be called the professional classes, till the prince of Wales sanctioned and stimulated the rite. The Sunday parade at the Zoological gardens was almost the creation of his royal highness, and since he has ceased to visit Regent's park upon the first day of the week the institution has entered upon its decadence. Of the thousands or tens of thousands who crowd Hyde park at certain hours on the week days and Sundays during the season, for no other reason than that royalty has taught them it is the right thing to be en evidence then and there, how many are there who have any kind of acquaintance with their future sovereign?

Some years ago the attempt was made to revolutionize the evening dress of English gentlemen, and a few greatly daring spirits in country houses actually presented themselves in the drawing-room arrayed in velvet knickerbockers and red silk stockings. But neither at Marlborough house nor at Sandringham was the innovation viewed with favor, and the only relief which royalty would allow to the customary suit of solemn black was a white waistcoat, the idea of which entirely originated with the prince.

There is no need to adduce other illustrations. The list might be made to extend indefinitely, and we will defy any one to bring forward a single negative instance to mention a single case in which a social fashion or change introduced or encouraged by the prince of Wales has not been generally adopted, first and immediately by those about him, secondly and gradually by the general mass of his future subjects. This may argue an unworthy servility, sycophancy, or what you will, inherent in the British breast. But the tendency is as irresistible as the law of gravitation.

The social influence of Marlborough house, of the prince and princess of Wales is as far reaching, as penetrating, and as subtle as the principle of loyalty to the sovereign. There is every reason to suppose that as time goes on this state of things will be confirmed and ities we see that the more democratic we become the more liable we are to be dominated by a single individual. As society grows more democratic, more unwieldy, less coherent, more unmanageable, the disposition will increase to look to the prince and princess of Wales as the centers and depositories of social authority. Hosts and hostesses in London, and in the multitude of provincial towns which ape the airs of London, will not know how to entertain, how to organize their festivities, unless they are supplied with a standard of propriety by Marlborough house. The prince of Wales was absent from London for weeks together last summer. The consequence was that the season was a failure, and that the entire social system was dislocated. Society, in fact, went to pieces. Nobody knew what to be at or what to do, because the Marlborough house ideal was not visible in their midst. The prince of Wales may sway English society with the lightness of a constitutional king, but those who live under his sovereignty insist that he shall exercise a social despotism.

Howells, the Author.

[New York Letter.]

So much depends for effect on the surroundings. W. D. Howells went past. He was rather stout and ordinary in appearance, with nothing to particularize. Among the throngs on Broadway, he was not deemed worth looking at, until the spectator was told that he was the noted novelist. I recalled having once called on him in Boston, when he was editor of The Atlantic magazine. He then sat behind a desk of immense size and solidity. In various ways he had the aspect of an autocrat. A number of authors were in an ante room waiting to get an audience. His slightest word of encouragement delighted the fresh aspirant, and his faintest expression of a disapproval had a correspondingly depressing effect. It seemed as though the success or failure of them all depended on his nod. I recounted this to my companion when Howells walked by.

"Well, now," was the reply, "I can give a contrasting view. Did you notice the small package under his arm! That contains the manuscript of a comic opera. He is now in just exactly the same position which you have described to me as that of the writers who were submitting their work to him as an editor. He is engaged in going a round of the theatres, trying to get some manager to accept and produce a piece which he has written."

A Cold Wave.

[Chicago Tribune.]

He had just gone down and purchased two tickets for the opera, and grasping the two halves of his week's salary he hastened to the house and was ushered into her presence. "Ah, Miss De Smith, a very cold day, is it not? Will you not allow me the pleasure of being your escort to the opera to-night?" "O, thank you so much, but Mr. Brown has asked me, and I am afraid I shall have to refuse you; I am so sorry. Yes, indeed, it is a very, very cold day."

Henry Labouchere.

[Kenward Philp's Letter.]

The third of the English triumvirate of journalism is Henry Labouchere. Third in age and journalistic experience, but unquestionably first in influence. I cannot conceive a happier lot in life than has fallen to this singular man. He comes of an ancient and wealthy family, has traveled the world over, has been an attache of one British legation after another, including that at Washington; is still young, active and handsome, owns the controlling interest in a daily newspaper, and the entire stock of a powerful and established weekly paper, and is happily married. Withal he is a thoroughly independent member of parliament, a caustic speaker and a philosophic radical in political belief.

Rich enough to be (according to tradition) a Conservative, he has always been found on the side of popular rights. In parliament and in his papers he has been for the extension of the suffrage, against religious oaths, a friend of the just demands of Ireland, a champion of the workingman. In his especial paper, Truth, he has sown himself the keenest dramatic critic London possesses. In the smoking-room of the house of commons and at his club he is always the center of an intelligent circle. When sued by Levy-Lawson, of The Telegraph, for libel, he won his case by a cross-examination in person that threw the celebrated performance of Sir John Duke Coleridge in the Tichborne case into the shade.

Mr. Labouchere lives at Pope's villa—the rural residence of the poet—Twickenham, on the banks of the Thames. He has a steam yacht and lots of other things that only rich men with taste can have.

THEM YEARLIN'S.

[Bill Simmons, the Cracker Poet.]

Hits forty years ago sence me
An' Hitty Ann was hitch't,
No pearter nor a hansomer
Than her the boys bewitch't,
She brung ter me a willow hand,
Cu'd plow, an' pick, an' sow,
Was fond of hog an' hominy,
An' allus on the go.
But ter my mind, 'bove all the rest,
Was what I sorter liked the best,
She brung me two fine yearlin's.

Hit seems ter me I see 'em now,
Friskin' an' trompin' round,
Now chawin' grass, now bellerin'
Now pawin' up the ground.
One sorter brindle-like, an' fat
As good new grass cu'd make,
The other, kinder nigger black;
Both purty, sleep or wake.
I ainter 'shamed ter own hit now,
More an' my wife, or shouts, or sow,
I fairly loved them yearlin's.

One day I had ter go away—
Her health was gittin low—
An' comin' back right late that night
I seed a fiery glow,
I knowed at once the Injin sign,
An' hid till airly dawn—
Lord bless me, boy, my wife was dead,
My house an' fixin's gone,
But what I hated wust of all—
I low hit made my spirits fall—
The Injuns tu'k them yearlin's!

LUCKY PALMER ON BLAINE'S LUCK.

What the Senator from Michigan Has to Say on the Subject.

[Washington Cor. New York World.]

Senator Palmer, of Michigan, is a millionaire and a philosopher. He rarely, if ever, loses his temper. He has never had a piece of bad luck in his career. He has never consciously exerted himself in his life. Why should he when good fortune has run after him all his easy, soft-cushioned existence. He has had such luck all his life that Palmer's luck has become one of the proverbs of Michigan. He is himself a thorough believer in luck. In talking with him last night I asked him if he thought that Mr. Blaine would ever again be the candidate of his party.

"I think not," said he. "I would not be in favor of it myself, although I am one of his most ardent admirers. I think he is a great natural leader, and made a better fight against the odds we had to encounter than any other Republican could. But he has no luck. Why ten days before the election he was sure of victory. Then bad luck, pure and simple, beat him. The Belshazzar feast might have been provided against, but who could foresee or provide against the jack-in-the-box preacher who shot into view from the invisible unknown with the death-cry of 'Rum, Romanism and Rebellion' upon his destroying lips. What was that but the hand of God, the finger of fate, or plain, cussed bad luck, just as you are pleased to call it? Then, when election day came it rained, and that was a simple continuation of the inevitable misfortune.

"I tell you," continued the senator, "the longer I live the more convinced I am of the powerlessness of man to control or even direct in a moderate degree their personal fortunes. Think how often the efforts of the best and ablest of men are completely upset by the most trivial of causes. Why, the Rothschild bankers will have nothing to do with any man who has ever had any financial bad luck. I have a number of friends who are much abler men than I, and in every way, according to the books, much more deserving of success. Yet everything they touch caves into ruin. I have set up a number of them in business more than once, but it was worse than useless to try to contend against their luck. Finally I said to them, 'You had better stop and let me make the money for you, for if you are allowed to go on you will simply end by ruining me.' So I pensioned them. I said: 'Here I have made good nests for you all, and don't you ever get out of them. If an angle-worm comes along in front of you, open your mouth and grab, but for God's sake never

The Pacers Out-Pacing the Trotters.

[Turf, Field and Farm.]

Whether the pace or the trot is the faster gait, has long been a source for argument, but as the years go by and more attention is paid to the development of the side-wheeler the opinion has gained ground that the latter movement is the more rapid. This seems to be borne out by the performances of Minnie R. and Jewett, the former with a trotting record of 2:19, and the latter with one of 2:23¾. When converted from a trotting to a pacing gait the former paces in 2:16 and the latter 2:14¾, both in the first year of their conversion. Taking the six fastest pacing and trotting records, we find the following:

Pacers.		Trotters.	
Johnston	2:06¾	2:09¾	Maud S.
Little Brown Jug	2:11¾	2:10	Jay-Eye-See
Sleepy Tom	2:12¾	2:11¾	St. Julien
Buffalo Girl	2:12¾	2:18¾	Rarus
Richball	2:12¾	2:18¾	Maxey Cobb
Mattie Hunter	2:12¾	2:13¾	Phallas
Aggregate	13:07¾	13:10¾	

On a general summing up it is shown that the pacers are three seconds ahead. If the tables were carried a little further it would be found that they were still more in advance, for, while the six trotters mentioned are all that have ever beaten 2:14, Flora Belle, Gem, Fuller, Rowdy Boy, and Westmont have all beaten those figures, making eleven pacers to six trotters that have gone their miles better than 2:14. When it is considered that there are so few pacers, in comparison with trotters, the conclusion is natural that the pacing gait is faster than the trotting gait.

The Unreliable Hat.

[Texas Siftings.]

Col. Yerger, meeting Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter on Austin avenue, asked him:

"How is your congregation coming on?"

"We am goin' right ahead, sah. Since we has quit passin' de hat we has taken in lots ob money. De kerleeshuns has increased wonderfully, sah, wonderfully."

"I don't understand how you can take up collections if you don't pass the hat."

"We passes de plate, now."

"Well, that's the same thing as passing the hat, isn't it?"

"No, sah, hit ain't de same thing. Deacon Webster passed de hat for moah den a year, and de kerleeshuns was mighty small; but now I passes de plate myse'f, and de money just rolls in. De plate am much more reliable den de hat."

"How is that?"

"Deacon Webster put tar in de top ob his hat."

The Key of the Situation.

[Lilian Whiting's Letter.]

Now to hold one's self susceptible to impressions; to keep one's self en rapport with select and sympathetic currents, to be responsive to the finer and subtler influences, is to hold the key of the situation. It is often the book we do not read, the entertainment at which we do not assist, the individual we do not see, that does the most real good. Life becomes deteriorated and miscellaneous if it is not subjected to the severe scrutiny of selection. A matter of which it is easier to preach than to practice. Over-possession is the fatal endowment of modern life.

Too Inharmonious.

[Chicago Tribune.

Lady (in a book store)—Haven't you a copy of Shakespeare bound in red, instead of blue?

Clerk—No, madam; we have them only in blue.

Lady (laying the volume down regretfully) I am sorry. I want it to lay on an ebony centre-table, but a blue book and a black table would be too inharmonious in color, I think.

Yet To Be Found.

[Rochester Union and Advertiser.]

A narcotic without a sting is yet to be found. Probably tobacco is the most harmless of them all, and yet very bad things are said of that. Many of them, vastly beneficial in sickness and when given by a doctor, are perfectly unfit for habitual use, or to be administered by the patient to himself.

[Chicago Times.]

Among the most novel features of the Maine show at the New Orleans exposition will be the collection of lumbermen's boats and toggery. There will be five of these boats. The longest will be a batteau that stretches thirty-four feet. There will be a fancy Bar Harbor row-boat, built from eleven kinds of Maine wood; a Rangeley lake boat, built of cedar, with a complete set of fishing tackle; a canvas canoe, such as is used at Moosehead lake, and, finally, a birch canoe made at Olitown, with moccasins, bead-work, and other specimens of the red man's handicraft.

THE AWFUL TORPEDO.

WHAT THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT OF THE FUTURE MAY BE.

Description of a Battle Between an Iron-Clad and a Torpedo Boat—An Uncertain Fight of One Against a Hundred.

[Times-Democrat Translation from Figaro.]

The role of the torpedo-boat is terrible; and those who direct its movements are exposed to the greatest dangers. A single heavy shot may shatter it to atoms; and when it approaches the enemy a hail of balls from the mitrailleuses and rifles will do terrible execution on board. Therefore the mere fact of embarking on a torpedo-boat is a guarantee of bravery. Figure to yourself the situation of the officer in command of such a torpedo-boat who is ordered to sink a ship of the enemy's squadron. All his surroundings constitute one vast danger. The very sea that hides and protects him during the first part of his expedition may in another moment toss his corpse hither and thither upon its waves. His adversary will seek to riddle the boat with a rain of steel, cast-iron and lead. The torpedo itself, which carries such terror with it, might be touched by a missile, and explode, bursting the torpedo-boat into atoms.

The combat commences. The vessels of the fleet have opened fire. Shells rain in all directions. One of our cruisers, cannonaded heavily on the starboard side by a fort mounting twelve Krupp cannon, is simultaneously attacked on the larboard side by one of the enemy's iron-clads. She has already suffered severely, and her position becomes critical. A mast-signal from the admiral's ship is given; and a torpedo-boat starts. The watchful enemy has observed the signal. He knows the danger; and at once concentrates all his fire upon the little gray speck which is shooting rapidly toward him. Three miles separate them; and the torpedo-boat must make that three miles in ten minutes. If it is not sunk before it has traversed that distance, the iron-clad is lost. Therefore the cannoneers point their guns with the most scrupulous care. The first shells pass wide of the mark; but the aim is rectified; and soon the shells fall so near the torpedo-boat that they throw the water over it. Now one has fallen right at its prow. A geyser jet of water thirty feet high conceals the torpedo-boat; the enemy believes it has been sunk, and utter a tremendous cheer. But the projectile has only ricochetted, and passed over it. The water falls back in rain, and the brave little vessel reappears all streaming with brine as though it had emerged from the sea-deeps, and rushing on at full steam in the face of death.

There are only nine men on the little vessel, and they are going to attack a sort of leviathan carrying an immense crew. It is not the fight of one against ten, but of one against a hundred.

Not a single word is uttered byond the necessary orders. Those men whom death already touches with his finger are silent and grave. And do not suppose for a moment that they do not think of the danger. On the contrary, they think of nothing else. But it is not of their own danger they are thinking, but of the danger of failure. It is not a question of their lives, but of the success of the enterprise. It is essential that the torpedo-boat shall reach the enemy's flank, and rescue our cruiser. After that, if the torpedo-boat sinks, so much the worse!

Every nerve is strained, every eye is directed toward the object in view. Now the boat is only 500 yards away from the iron-clad. The fire of the mitrailleuses mingles with the shower of shells, and sweeps the deck; everything wooden is splintered to atoms with grape-shot. An incessant fire of repeating rifles from the mast-tops of the iron-clad plays over the torpedo-boat; and the balls, entering through the few openings in the decks have already disabled three men. They lie in a corner to which there is no time now to attend to them. They may be thought of in two minutes more—after the fate of all shall have been decided.

The torpedo-boat has almost reached its enemy. The success of the expedition is now assured; for the shell-batteries are powerless to harm the torpedo-boat at such short range. The rifle-fire, terrible as it is, cannot sink her; it can only kill some of her crew—but that is of no great consequence! Now is the time when the captain needs all his surety of eye and coolness of will; now is the time that his men must execute orders with the rapidity of lightning: for if the torpedo be fired a second too soon it will fail to do its terrible duty; and yet if there be a delay of a moment, the torpedo-boat must dash itself to pieces against the sides of its mighty adversary.

Now the boat seems almost ready to touch the enemy's vessel. Hand-grenades flung upon her deck, rebound and burst, one man is killed; the captain has received a terrible wound in the face; but summoning all his strength, he supports himself erect against the iron wall by a sublime effort of will. Livid, drenched with blood, but terrible in his calm resolve and bravery, he keeps his eye still upon the enemy.

"Ready! Let her go!"

The awful missile is launched. An enormous surge appears in the water; and a frightful, cracking noise is heard, followed by a terrible cry of distress. The pigmy has conquered the giant.

"Hard a starboard!"

And the little vessel, suddenly wheeling around, steams away at full speed while the enemy's iron-clad sinks to the bottom.

Ten minutes afterward the torpedo-boat has returned to its post beside the admiral's vessel—the admiral sends for the captain in order to congratulate him. He is carried to him upon a bier. Meanwhile the fight goes on. A new expedition may prove necessary. A provisory captain is at once appointed, and four men to complete the decimated crew; and the torpedo-boat is ready to fulfill another mission; it has another band of heroes to direct it.

Daniel Manning.

["Gath."]

Mr. Manning, of Albany, is a strong instance of the success of an editor. He was of plain family; for some years he was the legislative reporter of The Argus, and in time he became president of a bank, and now his son, while the father is in his second honeymoon, is the business conductor of The Argus. The father has accomplished a very remarkable result in politics, securing a Democratic president at the end of twenty-four years. Mr. Manning's labor was to impress this candidate upon the Democracy and the rest of the nation, and notwithstanding serious opposition he accomplished that work and then the candidate was elected. This unquestionably puts Mr. Manning in the galaxy of Albany editorial managers, by the side of Weed, Croswell, Watson and Cassidy. It is said in Albany that the widow of Mr. Cassidy controls The Argus, but it is also believed that Mr. Manning, since Cleveland's election to the presidency, has obtained a firmer control of its editorial policy. S[illegible] of the Albany people affirm that M[illegible] does not want office under Cleve[illegible]

[illegible] Washington City.

[W. A. Croffut.]

[illegible]ity now has more that ninety [illegible]m pavement laid on streets [illegible] ranging from 80 to 160 feet [illegible] than 54 per cent. of the entire [illegible]ty is allotted to streets and [illegible] the same portion of Paris and Berlin [illegible] only 30 per cent. There are more than 100 parks, circles and other public greens spots in our national capital, and one can drive further than from New York to Hartford without going off of streets that are paved like glass.

"Rum, Romanism and Rebellion."

[Washington Letter.]

A distinguished ex-confederate officer, now a resident of Washington, used to drink a great deal in his wild and gilded youth. He reformed and is now a sober business man. He married the other day a prominent society lady who is a devoted Roman Catholic. The groom in speaking of his marriage said to one of his club friends: "I have tried Rum and Rebellion. I am now going in for a Romanism."

A Philadelphia doctor is treating thirteen cases of spinal disease, which he says have been brought on by bicycle riding.

Texas Sifting: The Canadians are making a desperate effort to turn the tide of emigration in their direction. They are selling whisky at 17½ cents per gallon.

LIKE HIS MOTHER USED TO MAKE.

[James Whitcomb Riley.]

"I was born in Indiany," says a stranger, lank and slim,
As us fellers in the restarunt was kind o' gnayin' him,
And Uncle Jake was slidin' him another pun'kin pie
And a' extra cup o' coffee, with a twinkle in his eye—
"I was born in Indiany—more'n forty years ago—
And I hain't been back in twenty—and I'm workin' back'ards slow;
But I've et in every restarunt 'twixt here and Santy Fee,
And I want to state this coffee tastes like gittin' home to me!

"Pour out another, daddy," says the feller, warmin' up,
A-spenkin' 'er at a saucerful, as uncle tuck his cup—
"When I seed your sign out yonder," he went on, to Uncle Jake—
"Come in and git some coffee like your mother used to make"—
I thought of my old mother and the Posey county farm,
And me a little kid agin, a-hangin' on her arm,
As she set the pot a-bilin'—broke the eggs an' poured 'em in"—
And the feller kind o' halted, with a trimble in his chin.

And Uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee back, and stood
As solemn, for a minute, as a' undertaker would;
Then he sort o' turned and tiptoed ta'rds the kitchen door—and next
Here comes his old wife out with him, a rubbin' of her specs—
And she rushes for the stranger, and she hollers out "It's him!
Thank God we've met him comin'! Don't you know your mother, Jim?"
And the feller, as he grabbed her, says: "You bet I hain't forgot—"
But, wipin' of his eyes, says he: "Your coffee's mighty hot!"

AFTER THE AUCTION SALE.

Going Home with a Wagon Load of All Sorts of Bargains.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Did you ever see a woman taking her purchases home from a special sale? If you have not, make up your mind that you have missed a sight which a month's travel in Europe or anywhere else can not replace for genuine interest and whole-souled delight. She may float gayly out of the scene with a coal-scuttle full of miscellanies on one arm and a multiplicity of packages on the other. If she does, kindly note the serene picture of self satisfaction with which the blood from her bounding heart fills her face. Every article in the collection represents a bargain, and a bargain to a woman's soul, whether it embodies a thing of beauty or an object of superlative ugliness, is a joy forever. Even the crooked poker in the outfit is an achievement in the line of small prices that fills her brain with a wilder glow of glory than the First Napoleon must have felt when the day was won at Austerlitz.

But take take the woman who has a wagon load of such achievements to carry home. She gathers her acquisitions as swiftly as she knows how and begins to worry the carman who is unfortunate enough to fall under her eye, even before the sale is over. When she has glutted her appetite for truck, which usually means that she has gone to the bottom of her pocket-book, she bosses that carman as ruthlessly almost as a second mate on the river bosses a gang of roustabouts. He has to handle everything gently, from the odd stove-lid to the decrepit three-legged stool, and no matter what the size of his wagon, everything must go in one load. There is a queer admixture of dressing cases and kettles, bedding and dishes, hardware and mirrors in her accumulations, and must all be neatly stowed to avoid breakage and economize space.

Woe betide the carman who breaks or loses anything belonging to her! When the wagon is full she takes her place on the seat beside the driver and rides away with a smile on her face as wide as the street. Her progress toward home is one of triumph, [illegible] the procession playing "The Conquering Hero." In music of that composition beats in her breast and is rattled in her ears by the wheels and paving stones and horse's hoofs as she goes. Mrs. Toodles' joy was no more supreme. Mrs. Toodles could not have felt any happier.

Food First and Piety Afterward.

[Chicago Herald.]

The top step of the flight leading up to the city hall in New York is a pulpit from which many preachers expatiate on Sunday. There is a small park in front of the edifice, and unless the weather is too inclement there are nearly always a good many wanderers near at hand who will listen if somebody will sing and preach. One recent Sunday an Episcopalian, a Baptist, and a Methodist exorter held forth, one after the other, and the loungers were about to separate, when a brisk old man mounted the steps and, with a loud voice, exclaimed: "I preach the gospel of bread. People who are hungry can get something to eat here every Wednesday and Thursday afternoons at 3 o'clock."

That was a good while to wait if a man was really hungry, but the speaker went on to explain that while his particular mission was a Christian one it held to the principle that no man could be thoroughly good and at the same time desperately hungry. He wanted everybody who was hungry to come and be fed, and he would talk of salvation afterward. This seemed to suit the sentiments of his auditors, for they applauded him vigorously and agreed to come and see him. In discussing the matter afterward the old man said his mission had distributed this year fifty nine barrels of flour, 650 pounds of coffee, 960 loaves of bread, twelve chests of tea, 9,900 pounds of meal, 5,000 pounds of hominy, 425 pounds of potatoes, 30,000 pounds of beans, and 25,000 pounds of fresh fish. He was very enthusiastic in his work, and declared that he was making more converts than all the high-priced clergymen in the city put together.

Plans for "Paradise Hall."

[Lime-Kiln Club.]

The committee on ways and means submitted a report showing that four different plans had been received during the past month for a new Paradise hall. They were reported as follows:

1. Plans for building eleven stories high and 600 feet long, with twenty-one yankee notion stories on the first floor. Cost not to exceed $1,000,000.

2. Plans for a six-story marble front, the first five stories to be leased for a circus, and the sixth to contain hall, museum, library, etc. Cost not to exceed $500,000.

3. Plans for a one story building covering half an acre of ground, to have a gravel roof and a dirt floor. Cost not to exceed $200,000.

4. Plans for a red granite building 240 feet long and five stories high, with the lower story devoted to a colored co-operative grocery which shall give credit. The other four stories to be occupied with art studios and Paradise hall. Cost estimated at $500,000.

Victor Hugo: Misery is sometimes a mother; misfortune is a good breast for great souls. It is with misery as with everything else. It gradually becomes endurable.

There is in fact eternity in the night.

Dr. Lyman Beecher's Absent-Mindedness.

[Christian Union.]

Dr. Beecher was sometimes absent-minded and forgetful. Mrs. Beecher once received a sum of money, and it was the occasion of great rejoicing that it would enable them to pay a bill for a carpet, so she committed the money to her husband, charging him to attend to the matter immediately.

In the evening the doctor returned from the city in high spirits. He described to a missionary meeting he had attended "Doctor," said Mrs. Beecher, "did you pay for that carpet to-day?" "Carpet! What carpet?" responded the doctor. "Why, the one I gave you the money to pay for this morning." "There!" said the doctor, "that accounts for it. At the missionary meeting they took a contribution. When they came to me I said I had no money to give them—wished I had—at the same time feeling in pocket, where, to my surprise, I found a roll of bills; so I pulled it out and put it in the box, wondering where it had come from, but thinking the Lord had somehow provided."

Whitehall Times: If we were somebody else we would try to govern that somebody else, more than we govern ourselves now.

Pretzel's Weekly: The spanked child soon finds out who has the upper hand in the domestic government.

The motto of the chiropodist: "I came, I saw, I corn-cured."

AFTER GETTYSBURG.

A REPORTER'S ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF WAR NEWS.

Telegraphing Under Difficulties—The Strange Signal "K. I."—A Hasty Dispatch—What Lincoln Told Gen. Meade a Few Days Later.

[Croffut's New York Letter.]

"Now it's your turn to tell a story," I said to a gentleman who had hitched up from the other end of the car and listened. The newcomer was A. H. Byington, editor of The Norwalk, Conn., Gazette, who has been an attache of congress for the last thirty years. During three years of the war he served The New York Tribune as Washington and field correspondent, and I often left the quartermasters' accounts to look out for themselves and lent him a hand.

"Lincoln is always in order," I suggested.

"I know what he thought about the battle of Gettysburg," said Byington. "But it wouldn't do to print it. Though, having a newspaper of my own that is always hungry for gossip, I have never ventured to air it. As preliminary to what Lincoln said perhaps, I had better recall the beat I got on the other newspapers in reporting the battle of Gettysburg."

We agreed, and he sailed ahead. "It was the latter part of June, 1863, that I got a dispatch from Culpepper court house, to hurry out there, for our army was on the move. I went at once, but the army had already started north at a rapid pace, trying to keep between the rebel army and Washington. Hooker was in command. I went to the headquarters of Meade, who was stationed at Goose creek. He told me there was going to be a battle, but my best way was to go back to Washington and hurry up to Harper's Ferry, and there I would head off the army and find the Seventeenth Connecticut, whose quartermaster had one of my horses.

"When I got to Harper's Ferry I found Hooker in a fume. I soon learned that he had demanded to have the 10,000 inactive men on Bolivar heights attached to his own army for the battle with Lee, and that Halleck had refused. Hooker resigned that afternoon, and Lincoln commissioned Meade to command the army of the Potomac. The Seventeenth Connecticut was still ahead of me. Gen. Bob Tyler of the Connecticut brigade was there, and he took my map and marked a red ring around on it on the Pennsylvania line, and said, 'Within a few days there would be within that circle one of the biggest fights the world ever saw. Go around to Baltimore and head it off at York, Pa.'

"Again I followed directions. I tried Baltimore, but news came there that the rebels had burnt the bridges and torn up the track. I finally went to Philadelphia and got to York by way of Lancaster, determined to be the first reporter on the ground. The track was torn up, but I got a minister to carry me twelve miles in his wagon. J. E. B. Stuart's rebel cavalry had been to York, gutted the provision stores and taken $30,000 from the bank. Occasionally I heard a gun go off in the southwest. I hired a buggy, telling the owner to charge it to The Tribune if I never came back, and drove in the direction of the cannonading.

"I drove away twelve miles, encountering some rebel cavalry on the way, and got to Hanover. There had been a severe cavalry fight there. The town had a disorderly appearance; people stayed close in their houses, and the debris of arms and accoutrements lay along the roads. The wounded were gathered in the church. Telegraph wires were broken and strewn around.

"I stopped at the hotel and asked the landlord if there was no telegraph operator there. 'Yes, there he is,' said he, pointing out a little hunchback named Tone. I asked him where his battery was. 'At home under the bed,' he said. 'The wires are all cut, and there is no use trying to telegraph.' After [illegible] some men to go out on a hand-car and fix the wires, I paying the men and making myself responsible for the value of the car. Then the battery was brought out and we got Baltimore, the operator promising an absolute monopoly of the wire for two days.

"Then I hurried to the battle-field, some five miles off. Before reaching there I met Gen. Howard, and he told me of the first day's fight, of Reynold's death, and many other things; I found J. R. Sypher, whom I had engaged at Lancaster to follow me, and we sent off by our private telegraph wire an account of the fight of the first two days. It was a magnificent feat. No other accounts got through that night, and between 9:30 and midnight The Tribune sold 65,000 copies on the streets of the city.

"Tone kept getting the strange signal 'K.I.,' 'K. I.' 'What the dickens does 'K. I.' mean?' he asked. 'I'm afraid the rebs have tapped our wire. Finally he found out that it was the war department at Washington. 'We have got Byington's first despatch,' said Stanton, 'and it is our first news. Send along more. We are listening.' For two days I sent exclusive dispatches over my wire, giving all particulars of the great battle, while The Herald was running relays of horses. I telegraphed that the railroad was whole from Baltimore to Hanover, and the government sent out trains for our wounded. The surgeon told me that that railroad saved Gen. Sickles' life.

"After the battle I got a horse and hurried on after the rebels, wondering that Meade did not pursue. They were all broken up and demoralized, the roadside strewn with sick men, with dead horses and abandoned weapons. Next day I came up with Lee's main army. It was huddled together in a horseshoe-shaped bend of the Potomac—in a valley surrounded by hills on one side and by the swollen and rushing river on the other. It would have been easy to flag them all. Their flight was fatally interrupted. The pontoons they had crossed on were swept away, and they had no means to recross. By a friend who had accompanied me I sent back to President Lincoln and The Tribune the somewhat too previous dispatch: 'We've got Lee's army tight. It cannot escape.'

"After waiting there a while I turned back to meet Meade's army, which I supposed must be rapidly approaching up the road. In vain I looked and waited. It did not heave in sight. Well, you know the rest.

"I was at Washington when Meade came to report after the battle of Gettysburg. I asked Gid Welles, secretary of the navy, about the interview. 'I was present in the cabinet,' he said, 'when Gen. Meade came to tell about the battle, and take counsel about the situation. 'Do you know, general,' Mr. Lincoln suddenly broke out, with a laugh, 'what your attitude toward Lee for a week after the battle of Gettysburg reminded me of? 'No, Mr. President, what is it?' asked Meade. 'I'll be hanged if I could think of anything else,' said Lincoln, 'than an old woman trying to shoo her geese across the creek!' After that Meade never quite recovered confidence."

Unfair Photography.

[Chronicle "Undertones."]

I think a bill ought to be passed limiting the applications of science. The fact is that all our most cherished ideas are purely imaginative, and hard facts in every department of life are either annoying or dangerous. Here's photography going it now. This instantaneous picture business is unjust, unfair and entirely destructive of everything that is pure and good and self-satisfying. The other day a rising young amateur photographer nearly broke up the Lawn Tennis club by a kindly concession to the vanity of the members. He went out and took an instantaneous picture of the club as it was engaged in the game. What has been the result? I believe that everybody except the court itself is heartily ashamed of his or her attitude.

A very popular artist is simply ruined by the picture. The machine caught him on the fly, so to speak, and he is now a fixed figure in a position. Fancy an artist, too—with one leg bent in a sharp pointed angle, his pointed toe a quarter of an inch from the ground, his back elongated, his neck drawn out, his head craning upward, a look far from heavenly on his face and bearing the meaningless suggestion of impossibility. Surreptitious efforts have been made to destroy the plate. The very existence of the club is threatened. The members who were not in the scene are jubilant and full of jeer at the others, and now when they meet to play a game in the afternoon they search the courts in every nook and corner to make sure that that miserable young photographer is not on the premises with his cursed machine.

THE WISDOM OF THE DEAD.

[Hattie Tyng Griswold.]

My love has been dead for an hour;
Oh! she has been true to me,
She had loved me in passion and pain,
She had followed over land and sea.

And I had been true to her,
Or as true as a man may be;
He does not love like a girl,
And follow over land and sea.

But I loved her the best of all,
Though I may have had other friends,
And if ever she doubted me,
She made me divine amends.

But an hour before she died,
My beautiful worshiper said,
If I could swear I had always been true,
Then she should be happy dead.

So I swore with a steady voice,
With my hand upon her head,
That I had always been true,
That she might be happy dead.

Ah! I wonder how much they know,
These dead with their strange new powers,
And I wonder can they be hurt
By folly and fault of ours.

Oh! the very thought appalls,
And I think with sudden dread,
That although she loved me so
She may not be happy dead!

THE GIGANTIC REDWOODS

Along the Pacific Coast—The Redwood "Belt"—Grain of the Wood.

[Mendocino Cor. N. O. Times-Democrat.]

All tourists in California must, either per force or per fashion, visit the big trees of Calaveras, but these gigantic redwoods give but a faint and imperfect idea of the forests of California. There are several different varieties, all of which thrive under different conditions. The "Big Trees" have flourished above the chiefs of their congeners in other sections of the state, although the sea-fogs never reach them, and they stand far above the sea level.

Along the coast and notably in Mendocino county those thrive best which grow nearest the sea level, and above all, those which in the dense Pacific fogs receive a daily fog-bath for at least nine months of the year. This is due not alone to the vivifying influence of the moisture upon the foliage, but also to the fact that their leaves possess a peculiar power of condensing the vapor which, dripping from them to the ground, answers every purpose of irrigation. Indeed, these trees are called self-irrigators. These trees do not grow to any great height above the sea level at any place. Passing up the coast from the lower line of Sonoma county (a point about sixty miles north of San Francisco), the traveler comes suddenly and unannounced upon the redwood belt.

Strange to say, there are no straggling trees standing like sentries in advance of the main army, but they present at once a solid phalanx. The first ranks stand just at the brow of the hill, and while the south side is as barren as those we have just passed, on the north side the forest is as heavy as it is in the very heart of the belt. It ceases in a like abrupt manner, in the valley of Smith's river, a few miles south of the boundary line between California and Oregon, though a few clumps are found over the Oregon line.

When the redwood grows in swamps and other moist places, there sometimes forms on its outside a remarkable excrescence, called "redwood fungus." This appears in the shape of a huge knot or wart on the tree, and is a growth of the bark, not having any distinct grain. When cut into slabs this knot shows a mottled, deep red color, filled with little "bird's eyes," remarkably beautiful, and bearing a high polish. In the northern redwoods, one frequently sees bunches of ferns and trailing plants growing on these knots, the fallen leaves lodging on the protuberance having in time created a soil. These little air gardens are very beautiful. Sometimes a redwood tree will take a twist or curl when young, which increases with its growth, and in in due time forms "curly redwood." exhibiting, when sawed, a succession of spiral [illegible] Redwood is very desirable in the ground, but does not endure atmospheric exposure nearly so well as some other varieties of wood. It will not bear a heavy strain, being quite brittle, hence is not adapted to ship-building or other purposes where lightness and strength is desired. This feature is quite a potent factor in the rapid exhaustion of the redwood supply, as these trees tower to such an immense height and have so large a diameter that when one is felled it not only frequently crushes others in its fall, but large portions of its own bulk are shivered into waste wood.

Two Jeffersons.

[Washington Post.]

Not many years ago an old man of this city, poor at the time, but previously prosperous, and even wealthy, yet through all vicissitudes of fortune universally respected, sat one winter evening by the light of a tallow candle in a small and somewhat cheerless room, examining and arranging the papers contained in his antique desk. A young friend kept him company. The old gentleman's dog was also present, somnolently extended on the hearth before the low wood fire. Paper after paper was drawn forth from the dusty pigeon-holes and quaint recesses of the desk, generally with some brief remark concerning each, and now and then some pleasant or pathetic little story. That night the old man was living his past life over again, all its animation and color seeming to be restored by the magical notes and letters.

"Here's one from Joseph Jefferson! Dear old Joe! the best friend I ever had! Let me see"—taking up the candle to help his sight, and readjusting his spectacles—"yes—the money I lent him once, in his theatrical trouble—"

"Is that the actor of whom I have heard you speak?"

"The same."

"And the man equally famous in our day, bearing a like name—"

"Grandson of Old Joe."

"I have seen his Rip Van Winkle; it is wonderful. Will you give me that letter?"

"Certainly. It is interesting and valuable as the writing of so great a genius—noble, too, and just, as well as great. His debt to me—I