

DEATH OF PROF. SEQUITA

BY FREDERICK BOYLE

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HE published accounts of that terrible event in the Mull of Cantyre are very inaccurate, but I should have led the m pass under ordinary circumstances. My poor friend Prof. Quintus...

Quite, cared nothing for popular opinion. Indeed, he never looked at a newspaper while living, and it seems unlikely he would adopt the practice now. But I observe that the scientific journals quite misapprehend the story of his life...

Even the motive of his retirement to the Mull of Cantyre is misunderstood. It has been hinted in society, I hear, that an impatient scorn of his contemporaries drove that great soul to make his dwelling in a barren spot...

"It is quite true that I have built a little house at Ratholin; you shall come and see it for yourself if all goes well—about this time next year, so far as I can calculate. It is true also that I have built it secretly—that is, Scot, my lawyer made all the arrangements without naming me. But the statement that I have paid many visits to assure myself that the laboratory, etc., is properly constructed, that I mean to live there, and all the other gossip which you retail, are grotesquely incorrect. There is no laboratory, I have never seen the house till last week, and I have not thought of living in it except for a day or two at rare intervals. It is five years since I perceived that a time would come, if my researches led me to the result which they seemed to indicate, when it would be advisable to have a 'pied a terre' in some unpeopled neighborhood. I consulted Scot, in the strictest confidence, who advised Ratholin. He has carried out my wishes admirably. The little house is comfortable enough for me, and for you, too, I hope. As for the main point, there is but one human dwelling within five miles, and the occupants of that, a shepherd's family, are more than willing to turn out for the day upon pay-

"I CONSULTED SCOT." ment of a sovereign. If you wish to know more, come to me at Epsom as soon as you please, on condition that you stop a week. I have some very curious novelties to show you." Clearly there was no "accident" in this case. If my poor friend did not know what would happen, he foresaw at least grave danger. In truth, the circumstances published prove so much to anyone who considers them thoughtfully. It would have been an accident indeed, and a strange one, if a man of Prof. Sequita's character and habits had been left alone in the house, unless by his express desire. Of course, he did not send away that admirable woman to whom servants all over the world are offering respectful sympathy. Nor should he have permitted the servants, walking and talking with him, to attend the festivities at Ratholin. With the same patient integrity which led him to such marvelous inventions—we need to call it cunning in the domestic sphere—he contrived that Mrs. Sequita should go on a visit two days before, and that the butler should call, in his tax cart, upon the way to Ratholin, thus tempting the servants. It appears even that he sent out upon his pony in the direction of Epsom, but the shepherd of whom he wrote the "Don'ts" had received it, with the intention of sending that family to Ratholin also, with a cow to spend; but they had already left. And then—assured that he was himself would suffer, by the

consequences that they might—Prof. Sequita, the glory of English science, the dear friend of so many among his conferees, undertook that last operation which should crown, and, as it were, sum up all the labors of the human intellect, in all ages.

"What was that operation? I cannot tell precisely. Mrs. Sequita has found very little in the assistant's report, the study at Epsom, and of his papers at Ratholin not the tiniest fragment remains. It would be quite consistent with the professor's other arrangements to destroy every hint of his purpose before leaving home. For if the operation succeeded, he designed, I know, to make a public announcement instantly; but if it failed, he would be anxious to prevent others following the same deadly course of experiment. Therefore, it is scarcely to be hoped that detailed memoranda survive.

But although unable to give any exact information, I can furnish some hints. Prof. Sequita chatted to me—a friend from boyhood, ignorant of technical science—more freely, perhaps, than to his brother savants, upon the final purpose of his investigations. There is no harm, I think, in sketching the general idea which those conversations left on my mind. Everyone knows that the higher prop-erty of electricity were his special study of late years. After inventing all those wondrous applications of the power which have made his name immortal and gained him such wealth, he sought, in his own words, the First Cause. Of his conclusions upon that matter, up to a very recent date, there is no record—they will be published shortly. But this inquiry led him, by a parallel course, to speculate on the mechanics of electricity. That it is the only force of nature, as we say, the

professor had demonstrated long ago. That it is life, not only the principle of life, and that men possess intelligence in proportion to the volume or the activity of electric matter within them will show in the work upon the mind. From these conditions it follows that if electricity could be stored in the human body, every mental or physical capacity would be strengthened to a degree only limited by the amount which could hold. "Visions of glory crowd the aching sight," exclaimed my poor friend many a time as in broken, thoughtful phrases he hinted rather than spoke to me of the theme that absorbed him. The feeblest mind would soar to the heights of genius; would rise to the level of angels. Air and water would be as familiar to man as earth. No limits would bound his forces or his enterprise. And he could live unchanged for ever.

But how to charge the body with this electric fluid, and how to retain it? Such were the problems which held Prof. Sequita enthralled daily and nightly for ten years past. He never confided the result of his labors to me, and if any were dropped, I had not knowledge enough to grasp them. Gradually, however, came to perceive that his thought was growing plainer. He thought at least that he had a clew. It must have been about that time Mr. Scot received instructions to build a little house in some unpeopled spot.

I am reluctant to name the idea that formed itself in my mind, because it may do the professor an injustice; but your readers will understand that it is entirely my own. I fancied then that he had the project of reducing electricity to a form which might be inhaled, or by some such means taken into the system, and, as at present, by a series of shocks which must kill before any great quantity has been absorbed. How it was to be retained, I have no suspicion. Once, however, I touched upon that point, and he answered laughingly: "The genie doesn't tear me to pieces, I will force it into the bottle—and trust me to keep it there!"

This was the operation, I make no doubt, which shocked the universe by its terrible result. Everyone has heard how the merrymakers of Arbroath were tossed headlong on a sudden in heaps, how the farm buildings were unroofed, and a tidal wave swept the coast. To speak of an "explosion" is singularly inaccurate. All agree that no sound was heard, no wind felt, no movement of the sea. Prof. Sequita was torn to pieces by the genie he had raised. Of his cottage, and all in it, not a trace remains; but the soil beneath is undisturbed, the foundation walls are shaved off, as it were, at the level of the ground. I have visited the spot—how sadly unlike the visit to which I had looked forward—and in truth superstitious persons might think that some Divine vengeance had fallen on it! Had Prof. Sequita's design succeeded, men would have been as gods—immortal. In these points, with the dread powers stand armed to arrest the triumphal march of science? Did our lost friend, suspecting only material dangers, touch that point? Sometimes I think so.

—In 1866 the states of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Kansas killed but seven of the number of divorces granted in France, Ohio, Texas, Pennsylvania, New York and Wisconsin, jointly equaled Germany; Austria had three more than Kentucky; Italy had two more than Connecticut; Belgium had twenty-nine more than Georgia.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A TERRIBLE BURDEN.

Four Roads are the Heaviest Loads Farmers Have to Carry.

There is considerable talk in a quiet way among farmers concerning the roads and the question of bettering them. They are beginning to realize that the one-time good roads are good in the summer when they are most engaged with their farm work, or by a chance freeze up in winter. The times when they need them the most they are the worst. In the city where people drive or measure the roads are always good. The first and most liberal improvements are put upon the highways. An investment of this nature not only serves for pleasure, but commercial profit. No business man would allow for a moment a mud hole or rut



A SOFT ROAD AND A HARD PULL.

Scene on road between Rochester, Fairport and Pittsford, N. Y., from photograph taken in August, 1893. The road is a very good one, the average valuation in Monroe county would build and maintain a system of arterial county roads, running through the center of all times of the year, and connecting Rochester with all the principal villages and towns within the county limits.

MR. FUNNYMAN'S IDEA.

A Farmer Humorist Tells How to Have Good Roads.

I can inform your readers of the very best way that roads can be improved and how to have them. The first thing to do is to have a good drainage system. Take the road tax from every farmer who is willing or able to build up and care for a limited length of road. Divide the county roads up into small chunks. Give a premium of a new kind of pig or a new strain of cockerel for the best improved chunk of road in the care of any single farmer.

Get the ladies interested by offering them prizes of sweetmeats or chocolate drops, if they will use their influence with their husbands, father and sweethearts, to keep up their share of the road. Have a dining table which will interest the boys, they will do any sort of work for a kiss. This will start up a big excitement throughout the county.

Offer to give all the stone, gravel or sand necessary to make a permanent road. When there is no stone there is plenty of gravel, and when there is no gravel there is sand. Mix sand with clay—mix gravel with clay—mix stone broken as small as hen's eggs with clay. Let the pig or cockerel and farmers who do not help to make the roads.

Then when everything begins to work smoothly offer a reward for the poorest worked piece of road. The reward may be a pair of mule's ears cut from the head of a defunct mule, well preserved and dried. There is nothing like rewards offered to start the farmer into good actions. I feel confident if the above is put into practice we will have the best roads that the world ever saw. And we will have plenty of fun as well as good roads. Stir 'em up.—Cor. Rural World.

Fungus Spores in Seeds. Some fungous diseases of fruits and vegetables live over winter in the seeds. This is especially true of the watermelon rot. The fungus spores in the seeds may be killed by soaking for an hour in a solution of three ounces of copper carbonate in one quart of ammonia and diluted with four and a half gallons of water. This is somewhat similar to the treatment of oats and wheat preparatory to sowing, found so efficient at many of the experiment stations and in actual practice on hundreds of farms.

PLANTING PEAR TREES.

The Kinds Which are Most Profitable for the Average Grower.

Never plant pear trees on wet soil. Do not be afraid to manure them, for you cannot produce large and luscious pears on starved trees. Do not let them run too near the sky, but prune back some every year. If this is done in June and July it will induce fruitfulness in trees that are tardy bearers. Of all the early kinds Tyson is my favorite. It is almost free from blight and for beauty and delicate flavor is scarcely equaled. Seckel is also nearly blight proof and behaves well either as a dwarf or standard. It bears well and for sugary richness and high flavor is equal to the best. Howell is another favorite and is a dependable bearer, but the fruit is too soft for market. Sheldon should not be forgotten, as it is one of the best of the fall varieties. Bartlett is too well known to be described and should be planted either home or market use. Jonathan is about the best of the winter kinds, except it be Lawrence. All these are well tested and of high qualities almost every way. Those who want to make money regardless of giving offense to those who really know what good pears are should plant the following: They will pay in almost any market, and when cooked with sugar is quite good. Le Conte is almost tasteless, but in the south it pays for market.—Prof. L. H. Van Deman.

NOTES ABOUT MILKING.

What to Do and What Not to Do—Practical Suggestions.

It is a blessed sight easier to keep the dirt and ill flavor out of the milk than to take it out of the butter. Any delay in setting the milk lessens the quantity of cream obtained. To secure the best results in cream raising let the milk be strained and put at rest at once it is drawn from the cow. To test this, strain one-half the cow's milk into a pan as soon as you get up from the milk stool, and strain the other half into another pan half an hour later and note the difference in results.

The old-time method of covering the milk pail with a strainer cloth, laying a clean clam shell in the depression when the milk is poured in, is not one which modern dairymen should laugh at. The practice is excellent. It allows straining the milk instantly, and does not permit the streams to force filth through the strainer, as their force is expended upon the hard and smooth clam shell, or other like substance.

In milking a cow with sore teats always wet them first, also place the hand so the sore will come in the palm of the hand.

TEMPORARY MENDING.

How to Repair a Break in Greenhouse or Elsewhere.

I find two large metal buttons and a bit of copper wire, and I have temporarily mending a break in greenhouse or elsewhere, provided that none of the pieces has fallen out. Where the two or more cracks meet, remove the pointed piece and carefully break off a small bit of the point, replace the piece, lay one button face down on the outside of the ends of the wire down through opposite holes, and both ends through the opening in the glass; put the other button on the wire face up; twist the wire until the buttons press the glass firmly, and the pieces will be held securely.—Elder's Wife, in American Gardening.

HEALTH IN LONDON.

Fluctuations of the Death Rate in the Eighteenth Century.

From 1700 to 1750 the death rate in London was so high that the population stagnated. In the former year, the inhabitants numbered 665,296 and in the latter year 658,900. During this period the deaths were in the ratio of about one per thirty persons living. By 1801 the population had crept up to 977,000, and the deaths had fallen to one in forty-one persons living. This great improvement in the state of public health in London was not, except to a trifling extent, the result of sanitary legislation. People were becoming more enlightened on many matters affecting their health, notably owing to a more general knowledge of chemistry, physiology, and other sciences relating to man and his surroundings.

The Poultry Business.

The raising of poultry on the farms of the country is not as general as it used to be, nor is the subject ever given a thought, as a rule, when figuring on the most profitable or productive crops to cultivate. It is no secret that the staple products furnish the smallest profits for the investment of money, and labor involved. The raising of turkeys, chickens, geese and ducks brings more money to the farmer or farmer's wife on the investment, than anything else that can be named. Rarely a failure except through gross neglect, they are always marketable at a profit either alive or dressed; apart from the fact that the eggs alone bring in quite a revenue. The favorable conditions essential to success in raising other crops are not demanded, and no good excuse can be offered for not raising more or less in every state in the union. They are raised on every table so there is always a local as well as outside demand for poultry and eggs, and hence the elements of risk do not figure to the extent visible in other enterprises.

Growth of Raspberries.

The Prairie Farmer gives in substance the following directions in the management and growth of raspberries: Raspberries grow from young canes that spring up in gardens annually. The old ones die out when they receive a severe frost. All the pruning then required is to cut out the dead or old wood and shorten the young canes. This is often done in the summer, and the canes shortened until they are about three or four feet high. When grown as a bush no stakes are required, and in this form they cannot well be protected if of a tender kind, by laying down. When grown the old-fashioned way, the tender kinds are laid down, covered with soil, and thus secured from frost. The preceding gives in few words what is often required to occupy a column. The can varieties require different treatment.

THE BUTTER INDUSTRY.

History of One of the Staple Commodities of Modern Commerce.

Mention is several times made of the word butter in the English translation of the Old Testament, but most scholars understand the Hebrew word for butter to refer to some kind of preparation of milk or cream. The oldest distinct allusion to butter is by the Greek historian, Herodotus, with an occasional reference by other contemporaneous writers who lived about five hundred years before Christ. The Thracians and the Greeks were the earliest nations to adopt it as food, for it served as an ointment before it came to be eaten. It subsequently came into use among European nations.

It is related by Plutarch that while a Spartan lady was visiting the wife of a distinguished nobleman of an adjacent principality, the former smelled so strongly of sweet ointment, and the latter so strongly of butter, that a mutual repulsion was the consequence, which finally ended in war. A distinguished physician, who lived about the time of Christ mentions that butter was made by agitating the fattest milk, as that of sheep.

Another writer treats of the comparative qualities of that made from the different kinds of butter. He mentions its being used even at this period, except by the Thracians and ancient Germans. It was between the third and fourth centuries that butter came into general use. It is supposed that the general custom of eating of butter was introduced into northern Italy by the merchantmen of Genoa and Venice, and from these cities the custom gradually spread over Europe as the good qualities of it became known. American butter is a native product, and though immense quantities are consumed at home, many thousand pounds are exported every year, and the business is steadily growing, and the quality becomes better.—Baltimore American.

WITHOUT WATER.

The Ultimate Condition of Our Earth as Deduced From Anatomy.

A volume might be written on the vast and awful desolation of the lunar surface; but unquestionably this tremendous metamorphosis was wrought when the oceans, whose dry bed we now designate as mars, retreated to the interior and literally rent the planet with explosions of natural gas and steam. If we calculate the coolest crust of our earth at fifty miles in thickness, and this is perhaps a fairer figure, more than there really is, then the molten interior at an approximate estimate still has a diameter of seven thousand nine hundred miles. We can imagine what an effect this would have on the earth's contour, or rather on the character of its periphery, if any of the oceans should in a colossal way come in direct contact with this internal fire. We can turn our large telescopes to the moon and see, on a smaller scale, what has occurred, and which, if we may deduce conclusions from analogy, will be the ultimate fate of the earth.

Yet, without the water there could not be a single form of life, for in both vegetable and animal formations this is the all-important vehicle in production and development. Beyond any question it is to the water that all life forms must primarily refer their origin, and there is not a single known form that can maintain life without it. The principle of life can not be operative except in the presence of moisture. Neither brain, nerves nor capillary tubes are capable of manifesting the vital principle in a dry condition. Hence a waterless world is necessarily a dead world. It is the water that is the animating vehicle, sustains its life, and also sends it in the throes of dissolution.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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When those entrusted with the conduct of public affairs became aware how much the health of the people was affected by bad water, by emanations, and even cesspools, and by the great density of population, they began to secure supplies of pure water, to construct proper house drains and street sewers, to remove systematically the refuse from houses, and to widen streets. The promulgation of the laws of health preceded the enactment of laws of health by the state. Jenner's discovery of propyloxia in smallpox laid for its corollary the vaccination law. The chemical analysis of water was the basis of acts of parliament relating to water and rivers. Charles Cameron, at Sanitary Congress.

Clearing Himself.

Wife—John, you never stand at the window and kiss me when anyone is looking. Husband—Of course not. I don't want people to take my darling wife for a hired girl.—Truth.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

Cookies: Three eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of soft cream, two-thirds butter, one teaspoon soda, flavor to taste. This makes from seventy-five to one hundred good-sized cookies.—Ohio Farmer.

Chocolate Walnuts: Dip halves of English walnuts in melted chocolate, let them harden, and then dip again. Chocolate cream cakes have half of a walnut dropped on the chocolate as soon as dipped so the walnut will show. Filberts and pecan nuts can be dipped in the chocolate twice, and are very nice.—Good Housekeeping.

Indian Pudding: Let a quart of milk come to a boil. Stir in meal slowly until you have a batter as thick as gruel. When smooth take it off the stove and stir in salt and molasses to taste. Let cool and add two eggs well beaten. Pour over it one pint of cold milk and bake until brown. Bake in one hour and a half in a Farm, Field and Fireside.

Pickled Sweet Apples: For pickling, they may be pared, quartered and cored, as for canning, or pared and the core removed with a slim, sharp knife, leaving the apple in its original shape, minus the core, or they may be cut in comparative quarters of that made from the different kinds of butter. He mentions its being used even at this period, except by the Thracians and ancient Germans.

How to Pop Corn: Place a quart of corn in a large iron pot, and heat until thoroughly dry on one side. Place a teaspoonful of the shelled popcorn into the hot salt, stir constantly, and when it begins to pop, keep it moving with a large iron spoon until it ceases to pop. Then dip the corn off with a ladle and use as you wish. Again, indeed it can be used several times, putting away where it will keep dry each time. The philosophy of this method is that the hot, dry salt absorbs all the moisture in the corn, thus enabling it to pop clear and brittle. This is much better than the old-fashioned method, as so much more corn can be popped at one time.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Boiled Salads: Perhaps it never occurred to some housekeepers that the remains of an old-fashioned boiled dinner could be converted into a very pretty and delicious salad. Equal parts of cold boiled potatoes, carrots, string beans, and in the center a little mound of the cold meat. Parsley and turnip tops (the young sprouts which grow in the winter) may be used for decoration. The best dressing is the one which is made of one part of vinegar, one part of oil, one part of salt and pepper. Melted butter, cream or sweet bacon drippings can be substituted for the oil, but should not be mingled and poured over until the salad is about to be eaten.—American Agriculturist.

FASHIONS IN 'KERCIEFS.

Lace or Silk Gauze for Evening Use, China Silk for Ordinary Times.

The handkerchiefs in vogue for evening use are fancy bits of lace or silk gauze, those of real point, or tulle, with center of finest linen lace or retaining the favorites for a bride, or to put the finishing touch to an elaborate toilet, especially when the latter has a garniture of similar lace. A prettier one can be found for one dollar and a quarter, with a narrow border of duchesse lace, and a similar piece let in at the four corners; while for twenty-five dollars an exquisitely fine specimen, almost entirely composed of point, can be procured. The handkerchief of silk gauze is usually pure white or of a creamy hue, but the delicate tints of pink, yellow, corn and heliotrope are favored. The edge is embroidered in white or colored floss-silks, and one variety displayed has a row of the silk embroidered just above it. A Parisian novelty in silk gauze shows a square of pale yellow with an edging of black lace set on the lace broadening or narrowing to meet the irregular outline of the gauze center-piece. Another impoled sate or one of a faint shade of pink crepe with wide border of colored embroidery.

The fancy white or tinted China and Japanese handkerchief for ordinary use can be purchased for almost any price from nineteen cents upwards, and may be plain, or with an initial, or with embroidered finish, white or colored silks. However, it is not so much liked as a similar article of linen, and it is sure to lose its whiteness or original tint when laundered. The shops are constantly offering some special lot of this both useful and ornamental article of the wardrobe at a reduction in price, and if one is on the lookout for opportunities the purchase can be effected at much lower rates than ordinarily.

For general use or dressy occasions the fine linen or linen-lawn handkerchief with dainty border of colored broidery is preferable. One seen on the counter of a Broadway shop was of linen lawn as fine as gossamer; its narrow hemstitched border was decorated in delicate hand embroidery, and a vine of the same material it just above the hem; this article was marked seven dollars and a half, and was noticeably chaste and refined in effect. A second was composed of linen most choice in quality, and its embellishment was of narrow Valenciennes, both the edging and a band of insertion which were let in above the border being of this lace. White is always recommended as in good taste, but the delicate tints are permissible when desired to match some particular shade of dress or ribbon. The same material which was let in above the border being of this lace. White is always recommended as in good taste, but the delicate tints are permissible when desired to match some particular shade of dress or ribbon. The same material which was let in above the border being of this lace.

The Earl of Derby, while walking on his own land, once met a collier. His lordship inquired if the collier knew he was walking on his land. "Thy land? Well, I've got no land myself," was the reply. "And I'm here to walk on somebody's." Where did that get it fro? "Oh," explained his lordship, "I got it from my ancestors." "An' wheer did they get it fro?" queried the collier. "They got it from their ancestors," was the reply. "And wheer did they get their ancestors fro?" "They fought for it," said the collier, squaring up to the noble earl. "I'll fight thee for it!"

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

"Authors are always foolish to strive to secure popularity, writes Edgar Faucher. 'It is like the wind that bloweth. The great secret of contentment on the part of a writer is to assure himself that he has got out of his pen the best work it can perform.'"

—Besides her recent volume of short stories Miss Olive Schreiner has written a longer story, the title of which probably will be "From Man to Man." It is described as a study in the comparative ethics of men's treatment of men and their treatment of women.

—John D. Rockefeller, the Standard oil millionaire, got along in business very well as plain John Rockefeller until he began to own his own. He appropriated the letter D as a middle initial. Nobody knows what this letter D stands for, and nobody ever will.

—Thoray Lafore, a negro, whose will was recently probated in New Orleans, owned an estate worth nearly, if not quite, \$30,000, and as only heir a bed-ridden sister. He devised enough to her to keep her comfortable and left the rest to individuals and charitable institutions.

—Francis Parkman, the historian, left an estate valued at \$195,950. This did not include a sum of \$100,000 at Newcastle, N. H., copyrights and stock, type plates and contracts, these being of uncertain value. The real estate is valued at \$85,000 and the personal property at \$140,950.

—In 1885 the Austrian press censor refused to sanction the publication of two books, one of which was "Principles of Trigonometry," which he said, discussed the Trinity, a forbidden subject. The other was a scientific treatise on the destruction of insects, which he imagined made a concealed attack on the church.

—Father Kenelm Vaughan, of England, a Catholic priest, who spent three years in a missionary journey through South America, from Panama to Patagonia, addressed the students of Johns Hopkins university the other day on the English field work. The journey was made on a schooner on the backs of Indians, in canoes, in hammocks and on foot.

—Princess Helen of Orleans is golden haired, blue eyed, tall and very lovely. She is a magnificent equestrienne, and is a familiar figure on the English turf. Her favorite horse is Chocolate. She swims, and shoots with unerring aim, and is most skillful with the scull and foil—all this without sacrificing any of her dainty femininity or Parisian elegance.

—William Lane Booker, the British consul-general, who has just been knighted, remains thoroughly British in outward aspect after nearly forty years' residence in this country. He is above the medium height, neither stout or spare, ruddy, grizzled, blue-eyed, with a slightly bent at the shoulders. He walks rapidly, and pays little attention to persons and things upon the street. It used to be said that one of his duties was to receive the rents from Queen Victoria's real estate in New York.

HUMOROUS.

"How many foreign languages can your wife speak?" "Three—French, German and the one she talks to the baby."—Tit-Bits.

"Are you certain that Hale is going to marry Miss Frost, of Boston?" "Yes; he's having steam heat and stoves both in his new house."—Inter-Ocean.

"There's a peculiar thing about Mrs. Frett." "What is it?" "She has been in a pickle all her life, and yet she doesn't look well preserved."—N. Y. Press.

—Benedict—"Why won't she marry you? Is there another man in the case?" Singleton—"I'm afraid there is." "That so? Do you know who it is?" "Yes—her father."—Boston Traveller.

"She—"Do you really and truly love me, Harry?" He—"Love you? Why I even have a fondness for that nuisance of a brother of yours." She—"Oh, Harry! You have made me so happy!"—Boston Transcript.

"Do you think," said Willie Washington, that it actually hurts a man to be hit slightly bent at the shoulders?" "No," replied Belle Pepperton; "as a rule he merely becomes senseless for a time."—Washington Star.

—The Emperor Francis I. of Austria was once present while two of his sons were quarreling violently. At last one of them said: "You are the greatest man in Bohemy," and the other said: "You forget that I am here."—To-Day.

—Fogg—"There's an example of the bottle working a man's ruin." Fygg—"Humph! Whisky?" Fogg—"Nop; ink. Jury awarded the girl fifty thousand dollars damages in a breach of promise suit on the strength of the letters he wrote, and it took every cent he had to pay it."—Buffalo Courier.

—Irish viceroys are stripped of their sovereign attributes as soon as they reach English waters. The following story is told of Lord Houghton and a lady who had been long acquainted. They both found themselves on board the Holyhead packet. During the voyage from Ireland the lady treated the viceroys with ceremonies respect. So soon, however, as the packet entered Holyhead harbor she said to him: "Now, Bobby, you've no longer a viceroys, so take my bag and make yourself useful."—London Truth.

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