

**SECRET SORROW.**  
CALL ME BY NAMES.  
Call me pet names, darling.  
Call me a bear  
Who hugs to distraction  
Maidens ask for  
—Boston Saturday Times.  
Call me pet names, darling.  
Call me "old pard."  
After the Langtry style  
And I'll be your Gebhard.  
—Waterloo Observer.  
Call me pet names, darling.  
Call me "old pard."  
But don't call me "king of the lobby."  
—Cambridge Tribune.  
Call me pet names, darling.  
Call me savage, rude;  
But one thing don't call me—  
Don't call me "king."  
—Richmond Baton.  
Call me pet names, darling—  
A dude if you will;  
But give me of ice-cream,  
Sufficient to fill.  
—Chicago Sun.  
**SECRET SORROW.**  
Why does he wear it?  
Emblem of woe!  
For whom does he wear it?  
Is some one laid low?  
Say, was it a mother  
That crossed the deep sea?  
His doubts this nutmeg him  
In doubtless a nutmeg!  
Or was it a father  
Deceitful and old,  
Or a golden-haired rose-bud  
He laid in the mould?  
Perhaps 'twas a brother!  
In school, may be  
Who frolic'd together,  
His brother and he,  
Or was it his partner  
Who fell by his side?  
Now, none to console him,  
No heart to confide.  
Say, why does he wear  
The black band, or for what?  
He wears it to cover  
The grease on his hat.  
—Texas Sittings.  
**THE CIRCUS.**  
O, come,  
Fear the drum,  
Hear the fife,  
Full of life,  
Hear the band  
Playing grand  
Melodies  
Sung to passion  
In his joy  
Loudly about,  
And jump about,  
Hear the steam  
Whistle  
See the lion  
See the lion  
Then, oh, come, oh, come to-night,  
When the stars are shining bright:  
Come, oh, come in fine array,  
When the band begins to play,  
Laughing with his ancient jokes;  
And the boy in blue arched jacket  
Ladies on the lemonade  
And the people  
Him who'd try to ride the mule  
Be light-hearted, be as gay  
When the circus comes to town.  
—Puck.  
**SPRING HAS SPRUNG.**  
Now the birds in the trees,  
And the blossoms  
Silver in the gentle breeze,  
The conspurative hills lung,  
T. I. de de bangs will not stay bung.  
This reminds us Spring has sprung.  
Now the melancholy tramp,  
Breaks forth from his winter camp,  
And the crowd will come to see,  
And to afflict the home-made beer;  
And now the sister has been stung,  
By the doctor's  
The streets have a muddy hue,  
But what matters that to you,  
As nobody now looks blue?  
No old winter's song is sung,  
And everyone now feels young,  
And we are glad that Spring has sprung.  
—Whimsical Critic.  
**THE TUNEFUL LIAR.**  
Said Mrs. A.  
To Mrs. J.  
In quite a confidential way,  
"It seems to me  
That M. B.  
Takes too much—something in her tea."  
And Mrs. J.  
To Mrs. K.  
That night was overheard to say,  
Upon it much.  
But "Mrs. B. took—such and such"  
And told a friend, that said she  
"I've had to think  
Here came a wink—  
"Monte was the great California game  
in '40," said G. "I have seen many a  
big stake made or lost at it."  
"What was the biggest single bet you  
ever saw made?"  
"Sixteen thousand dollars. There was  
a little gambler in Frisco who used to  
deal it; Sandy Jackson was his name.  
He came, if I am not mistaken, from  
somewhere in New England. George  
Walton, the banker, wandered into his  
place a little full one night, and after  
looking around rather unsteadily for a  
moment laid his hand on Sandy's shoulder  
and said, 'Sandy, how much in the bank  
to-night?'"

with cruel lie,  
Said Mrs. A.  
In some dismay,  
"I no such thing could ever say;  
Said Mrs. J.  
Much stouter grew  
On too much sugar—which you do!"  
**REJECTED.**  
If I must wend my way alone,  
With one more treasure turned to stone,  
And when our love shall soon divide,  
Drift from thee on the ebbing tide—  
If I must be content to see  
Thy heart can ne'er incline to me,  
And never dare aspire to love  
Allegiance from an older love;  
If we have met too late, too late,  
To answer lives in common fate—  
Still let me feel that I have been  
More in thine eyes than other men.  
In such behalf may comfort rest:  
Some happiness—if not the best,  
That these days in my manhood treat,  
Nor deem me slave to lust;  
That thou didst know thyself too dear  
To need of me the slightest fear;  
That thou shouldst look in pity back  
On qualities that others lack,  
Rejoicing that no dark regret  
Shadows the thought that we have met—  
If this be so, I'll ask no more;  
Time will tranquillity restore.  
**OWED TO MY BOARDING HOUSE.**  
All—The Old Oaken Bucket.  
How dear to my nurse 's the boarding-house  
bucket,  
Its sour-mash potato, its roast beef so dry;  
Its dough-put, so hard that a hammer won't  
crack it;  
Its fire-proof, best-number, dried-apple pie,  
Oh, the pie-crust, so cleanly, so greasy, so  
flummy!  
No pen can do justice to boarding-house pie!  
The "red dust," Bohes and chicleo Mocha;  
The fraudulent brand of paper mache;  
The grocery-cracker so freckled and stinky;  
The burglar-proof butter, so brinded and  
gray;  
Oh, the strong, long-haired butter—so utterly  
utter.  
Please call the barber—or take it away!  
I'm taking French leave of my present loca-  
tion;  
But ere I depart—for my hand-ly's sake—  
Assess our pretios, or leaving direction,  
I'll have my boots half-soled with board-  
ing-house brock.  
Oh, the S-B-W-A-Y is rough; but the steak, sure,  
is tough;  
It shall tramp while I live, and then dance  
at my wake.  
**ALL SORTS.**  
There are only 670 members of the  
London Fire Department.  
Four-fifths of the London merchants  
live twenty miles away.  
The popular vote for Garfield was 4,  
448,863 and for Hazcock 442,035.  
A well-known Russian dramatic author  
named Ostrofsky has just received at the  
hands of the Emperor of Russia a pension  
of \$1,500 a year.  
A statue of Apollo, which is said to be  
a fine one, was found recently in Rome  
outside the Porta Leonzo. The  
height is 1 metre and 80 centimetres.  
Sixty-four counties in Texas did not  
vote at the last Presidential election.  
Many of them have since been organ-  
ized, and will be heard from this year.  
The method of a California divorce  
lawyer was to erase the names from old  
decrees and write in those of new clients.  
These fraudulent papers were then regu-  
larly filed in court.  
A Massachusetts paper alleges that a  
North Easton man thought the way the  
Amesges got rich was by riding to and  
from Boston every day and bought a  
season ticket and tried it. He is now in  
the almshouse.  
A village in Cleveland, Ohio, has started  
a dog to steal newspapers from the door-  
steps of houses, where they have been  
left by carriers, and bring them to him.  
The dog is named "The Exasperated Sub-  
scriber" and is whether they shall kill the  
dog or punish the man.  
The cigar factory at Seville is 700 feet  
long and almost 700 feet wide. It em-  
ploys 200 girls to make cigarettes and  
3,000 women to make cigars. Ten thou-  
sand pounds of tobacco are consumed  
each day. The wages are about 50 cents  
a day for 12 hours' work.  
The Mayor of Zacatecas, Mexico, has  
just issued a decree that every house in  
the city shall be painted within a speci-  
fied time, at the owner's expense, and  
also directing that owners of city lots  
shall build houses thereon immediately,  
or forfeit the same to the Government.  
Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says:  
"If we can judge of the civilization of a  
nation by its women, England must  
rank high above all countries. The  
many charming acquaintances I have  
made there inspire me with new hope  
for my sex, and the memory of them  
will enrich the sunset of my life."  
There are forty-eight young ladies who  
are students at the Harvard Annex.  
The Harvard professors state that the  
average rank of classes in the college  
proper, two enthusiastic Texas ladies  
recently sold land and travelled four  
thousand miles to avail themselves of  
the privileges of the Annex, in which  
fifty courses are open to pupils.  
High Betting at Monte in the Flash Days  
of California.  
Philadelphia Call.  
"Monte was the great California game  
in '40," said G. "I have seen many a  
big stake made or lost at it."  
"What was the biggest single bet you  
ever saw made?"  
"Sixteen thousand dollars. There was  
a little gambler in Frisco who used to  
deal it; Sandy Jackson was his name.  
He came, if I am not mistaken, from  
somewhere in New England. George  
Walton, the banker, wandered into his  
place a little full one night, and after  
looking around rather unsteadily for a  
moment laid his hand on Sandy's shoulder  
and said, 'Sandy, how much in the bank  
to-night?'"

The other players turned to look at  
the newcomer's handsome, intelligent,  
but rather dissipated looking face. Sandy  
took stock of his pite. It had been a  
lucky night for him. A thousand  
ounces, he replied (\$16,000).  
"Will you take a tap, Sandy?" asked  
the banker.  
"Sandy seemed to study for a moment.  
He was evidently a little staggered at the  
reckless proposition. The lights shone  
full on his peaked, old-man's features  
(he was barely turned 20), countess  
freckles, sandy hair, and little twinkling  
ferret's eyes. He fixed his gaze on the  
window so intently that his eyes seemed  
to pierce the panes and the darkness be-  
yond to seek some far-away object; his  
hands opened and shut nervously. Sud-  
denly the lines about his mouth tighten-  
ed; he leaned back in his chair, and,  
turning his face to look up at Walton,  
uttered the one word, 'Yes.'"  
The banker seemed a little surprised.  
He evidently did not think his offer  
would be accepted. Still he was too  
proud and too game a man to weaken  
now. So he walked over to a side table,  
and drawing a blank check from his  
pocket-book, filled it for the amount  
named, scribbled his name at the bot-  
tom, and tossed it over to Sandy with the  
remark: "Is that all right?"  
"Sandy glanced at it. 'All right, I  
guess,' he muttered; 'does it go?'"  
The banker nodded. The gamblers  
at the other tables stopped playing and  
clustered around the one to see the re-  
sult. He Monte the first card shown is  
for the dealer, the second for the player.  
Sandy turned up two—the first was a  
queen, the second a nine. Whichever  
came first now would win. Sandy placed  
them next each other a few inches apart.  
The room was still as death.  
"Sandy gave a quick glance around  
the gallery and then began to pull away  
the cards from the bottom one by one.  
He was as white as a ghost, but other-  
wise betrayed no emotion, nor would  
any one have supposed that all he had  
in the world was at stake.  
"The excitement grew intense as card  
after card was removed and not a nine  
nor a face card showed itself. Ten, deuce,  
eight, four, ace, six—Sandy paused; the  
card beneath the one he was pulling had  
a thin layer of color along its edge—it  
must be a face card; but was it a queen,  
or only a jack or a king?  
"Sandy paused, and, taking his hand-  
kerchief from his pocket, pressed it light-  
ly over his face, and then replaced it.  
Again he pressed his fingers against the  
bottom card, and, as it slowly yielded, a  
hoarse voice behind Sandy's chair called  
out: 'A queen by—!'"  
"Sandy's face was the color of ashes,  
but all he said was:  
"I leave for the States in the morn-  
ing."  
Then he picked up the check, and  
folding it up carefully, placed it in an  
enormous red morocco pocket-book.  
"Game's closed for to-night," he remarked  
in answer to a question. "Come boys,  
let's go to the Belle of the West, and I'll  
set up the wine for the crowd."  
"As the boys filed down the creaking  
stairway one very old, white-haired gam-  
bler whispered to another, loud enough  
for me to hear:  
"The slickest I ever seen. Must a  
demon when he wiped his face on that  
thar handkercher!"  
**Forbidden Kisses.**  
Detroit Free Press.  
"Remember," said a Fort street physi-  
cian to his wife, as he was leaving home  
for a few days, "and do not let the chil-  
dren kiss anyone."  
"Is it possible," asked a surprised third  
party who was present, "that you consid-  
er it necessary to give such instruction  
as that? Where is the danger?"  
"The danger is so complicated, and yet  
so certain, that it would take too  
much time to describe it here," said the  
doctor, looking at his watch. "In my  
case, all kinds of people come to my  
house and office to consult me, and they  
often wait hours. If one of my children  
happens to come in they are almost cer-  
tain to talk to it, and you know almost  
the first impulse with people who notice  
children is to kiss them. Bah!—it makes  
me shudder—minded and disses her  
breath, she blows with cancer, foul and  
decayed teeth. You would kill a stanger  
who would wlay your young lady  
daughter and kiss her by force, but the  
helpless, innocent, six-year-old child,  
susceptible as a flower to every breath  
that blows can be saluted by every one  
who chances to think of it. I tell you it  
wasn't Julia alone who betrayed by a  
kiss. Hundreds of lovely, blooming chil-  
dren are kissed into their graves every  
year."  
"But, doctor, how can a mother be so  
ungracious as to refuse to allow people to  
notice her children?"  
"There need be no ungraciousness  
about it, or, if there were, which is the  
most important—the safety, and well-be-  
ing of the child, or the permitting of a  
habit of ill-breeding and doubtful morali-  
ty at best? Let the mother teach her  
child that it is not a kitten or a lay-dog,  
to be picked up and fondled by every  
stranger, and instruct it to resist any at-  
tempt to kiss it. Why, there are agents,  
peddlers of household wares, who make  
it a custom to catch up a prattling child,  
kiss and pet it, and so interest the moth-  
er that she will buy something she does  
not want. I tell you there is death in  
the kiss!"  
"The beloved and lamented Princess  
Alice of Hesse took diphtheria from the  
kiss of her child, and followed it to her  
grave. Diphtheria, malaria, scarlet fe-  
ver, blood poison and dark lurk in these  
kisses. There! I shouldn't wonder if I  
lost this train. Remember, no kisses!"  
and, waving his hand, the doctor drove  
away.  
**Use of Words.**  
Philadelphia Call.  
Jones—"Here is a new expression.  
This sporting paper speaks of James C.  
Daly as the 'physic scientist of Ireland  
and New York city.'"  
Smith—"A very bad expression, I  
should say."  
Jones—"Do you mean that it is incor-  
rect?"  
Smith—"Yes."  
Jones—"Well, I admit that the word  
'physic' might—"  
Smith—"Oh, that word is allowable.  
It is simply a humorous spelling of the  
soil quality phrase 'dick.' I was referring  
to the tautological portion of the title."  
Jones—"Where is the tautology?"  
Smith—"In the expression 'Ireland  
and New York city.'"

**COOKERY COLUMN.**  
Kisses.—Five ounces of sugar, three  
eggs, six ounces of flour, pinch of salt; to  
be dropped and sugar sprinkled on be-  
fore baking.  
Fried Pig Feet.—Make a batter, dip  
the feet into it. Fry in hot fat until  
brown. Make a little drawn butter,  
then add a spoonful of vinegar to serve  
with them.  
Nut Cake.—Two cups of sugar, one cup  
of butter, four eggs, one cup of cold wa-  
ter, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls  
of baking powder, two cups of hickory  
nut meats.  
Lemon Sauce.—Half cup of butter, one  
cup of sugar, one egg, one grated lemon,  
three tablespoonfuls of boiling water,  
put in a tin pail and set in a pan of boil-  
ing water to thicken.  
Fig Cake.—Two cups of sugar, three-  
fourths of a cup of butter, whites of six  
eggs, one cup of milk, one pound of chop-  
ped figs, one cup of corn starch, two  
cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking  
powder.  
Spongy Cake.—Half pound of pow-  
dered sugar, quarter of a pound of flour,  
four eggs, juice of one lemon. Drop from  
a spoon upon buttered paper; if the  
mixture runs add more flour. Bake in a  
quick oven.  
Corn Starch Cake.—One cup of sugar,  
one and one fourth of a cup of butter;  
beat to a cream; add two eggs, one half  
cupful of corn starch, two teaspoonfuls  
of baking powder, a half cupful of milk,  
one cup of flour.  
Graham Muffins.—One quart of Gram-  
ham flour, two teaspoonfuls baking pow-  
der, a piece of butter the size of wal-  
nut, one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar,  
one half teaspoonful of salt, milk enough  
to make a batter as thick as for griddle  
cakes.  
Curried Chicken.—Cut a chicken into  
pieces, season and fry in butter. Slice  
an onion and fry in butter, add a tea-  
spoonful of stock, and a tablespoonful of  
curry powder mixed with a little flour;  
rubbed smooth with a little stock; salt;  
boil five minutes.  
Chicken Stew.—Boil a chicken until  
tender; remove and chop fine; have ready  
a deep dish; put in the pieces of  
chicken with the liver, in layers, with  
salt, pepper and butter; make a gravy  
with the liquor; pour over the chicken  
and cover with a crust of suet.  
Broiled Chicken.—Split the chicken  
open on the back and then flatten with  
a cleaver; lay in a dripping pan with the  
inside of the chicken next the pan; bake  
one hour and baste occasionally; when  
done make a gravy with the giblets and  
a little butter and browned flour.  
Cranberry Pie.—For the pastry take  
one quart of flour, half pound of lard  
half pound of butter, one teaspoon of cold  
water. Wash and pick over the berries.  
Put into a saucupan with a little water,  
and simmer until they become soft. Bake  
with a cross-bar of pastry over the top.  
Cocoanut Cake.—Take an ordinary  
amount of dough; one cup desiccated  
cocoanut, mix thoroughly; bake it three  
layers. Put together with frosting in  
which has been thoroughly mixed one  
tablespoonful cocoanut. Frost the cake;  
sprinkle the top heavily with cocoanut.  
Kohl Slough.—Two head of cabbage  
minced fine, to two hard boiled eggs,  
two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, two ta-  
blespoonfuls of white sugar, one and one  
half teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful  
of pepper and made mustard; one tea-  
spoonful of vinegar; mix all together  
thoroughly.  
Lemon Foam.—Beat well together the  
yolks of six eggs, half pound of powd-  
ered sugar, two grated lemons, half ounce  
of gelatin dissolved in cold water. Sim-  
mer the mixture until quite thick. Beat  
the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add  
them to the mixture, beat together, and  
pour in moulds.  
Chocolate Cake.—Take the whole of  
the dough; half a cup of grated sweet  
chocolate beat together thoroughly; bake  
in three layers. Put together with frost-  
ing in which one tablespoonful of grated  
chocolate has been thoroughly mixed;  
frost the cake; sprinkle chocolate over it  
as heavily as you like, or put chocolate  
creams at regular intervals over it.  
Potatoes a la Creme.—Put into a saucupan  
three-tablespoonfuls of butter, a little  
chopped parsley, salt and pepper, to  
taste. Stir up well until hot, add a  
small teaspoonful of cream, thicken  
with one teaspoonful of flour, stir until  
it boils. Chop some cold boiled potatoes,  
put into the mixture and boil at once.  
Confectionery Cake.—Take one of  
three parts of dough, flavored with lem-  
on; divide this into three parts, bake  
two of these parts in separate layers,  
and to the remaining third add half cup  
molasses, one cup chopped raisins, one  
teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful  
lemon, one teaspoonful ground cloves,  
one cup flour. Beat thoroughly, bake in  
a layer. Put these layers together with  
frosting, the fruit-cake in the centre.  
Frost the top.  
English Plum Bunting.—One half  
pound currants, one pound raisins, one  
half pound beef suet, butter the size of  
an egg, three eggs, one nutmeg, two tea-  
spoonfuls of lemon, three-fourths of a  
pint of milk, a little salt, flour sufficient  
to stiffen, mix well together, put into a  
bowl and bake four hours; cover bowl  
with a cloth. Sauce: Three-tablespoon-  
fuls cornstarch, one half pint milk, one  
half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of  
butter; boil five minutes.  
Baked Apple Dumplings.—Peel and  
chop fine tart apples, make a crust of  
one cup of rich butter-milk, one tea-  
spoonful of soda and flour enough to roll;  
roll half an inch thick, spread with the  
apple, sprinkle well with sugar and cin-  
namon, cut in strips two inches wide,  
roll up like jelly-cake, set up the roll on  
end in a dripping-pan, putting a tea-  
spoonful of butter in each; put in a mod-  
erate oven and bake one hour with the  
juice. Use the juice for the sauce, and  
flavor with brandy if you choose. A  
sauce of milk and butter, sweetened and  
flavored, is mostly preferred.  
**All Doubts Dispelled.**  
Waterloo Observer.  
One of our inquiring students of or-  
nithology asks: "When will the robins  
nest again?" In answer we inform the  
young lady that two young robins are  
now nesting at the jail for house break-  
ing.

To another who desires to know when  
the swallows-homeward fly, our marine  
reporter, the canal being closed, says he  
saw them in the Towler House bar room last  
Saturday evening and saw fifty swallows  
homeward fly inside of thirty minutes,  
at ten cents each.  
To another who says: "Who seeth the  
sparrow's fall?" we would say that on  
the four corner of one fell from a  
tree and a Thomas saw his fall at once  
and in two minutes it was stowed away  
in the place where fiddle strings abound.  
**AN AGREABLE ROYAL PAIR.**  
Concerning a King Who is Nervous and a  
Queen Who is Simply Itself.  
Home Letter in the Cleveland Leader.  
King Humbert is quite nervous in  
manner, and takes off his hat as though  
doubtful whether to toss it to the crowd,  
though it on the floor of the carriage or  
keep it on his head. I think the last  
would suit him best. He smiles, of  
course; that he must do, but such a smile!  
It is the mere turning up of the corners  
of the mouth and seems to say: "Con-  
found the mob! I'm tired, if I am a king,  
and shall not break my neck nodding."  
The Queen is simply itself. Her man-  
ners, however, approach nearer my idea  
of queenliness than I ever expected to  
find. I see her often. She is always  
simply dressed, generally in black silk  
or satin, with staid and sea-  
silk broad-brimmed hat. She makes  
no display of jewelry. So far as dress-  
es, she is just like every other woman  
in comfortable circumstances. Indeed,  
she makes no effort to be different. Her  
manner says plainly: "Circumstances  
have made me a queen, but, after all, I  
am only a woman—no worse nor better  
than you." How different from the good  
and homely Queen of England, who re-  
ally thinks because she, by mere force of  
circumstances, is queen, she is infinitely  
better than any one else, even the mem-  
bers of her family.  
**ALL SORTS.**  
California has about 80,000 tons of  
wheat for export.  
A Texas ranch property has been sold  
in England for \$2,500,000.  
Fulton Market, New York, sells 40,  
000,000 pounds of fish annually.  
Many farmers feed roots without first  
freezing them from dirt. This is an in-  
jurious practice, and harmful to cattle.  
The success of many farmers is owing  
in part at least to the way they have  
of doing little things at the proper time and  
in the right way.  
A correspondent of the American Dairy-  
man asserts that he believes that one  
of the best butter cows is the cross be-  
tween Suffolk Foll and the Jersey.  
Editors in German Poland are learn-  
ing with a vengeance what is meant by  
liberty of the press under Prince Bis-  
marck. One of them has spent five  
months of the past year in prison, and  
has six months more in prospect. An-  
other has been condemned to eleven and  
one-third months' imprisonment. A  
third is now in prison for fifteen months,  
a fourth for three months, and a fifth for  
four months. A total in figures of three  
years and eight and one-third months'  
imprisonment for editors in one year.  
Only two political papers exist in Posen  
with editors not in prison.  
Another name has been added to the  
long list of eminent men who were shoe-  
makers and are now dead—A. H. H. that is  
probably larger than any corresponding  
one that any other trade can show. This  
name is Archibald Nimmo, of Carnwath,  
Scotland. He was widely known at  
home for the extent of his knowledge.  
Mr. Gladstone has expressed indebted-  
ness to him for facts. His father was a  
Quartermaster at Waterloo, and on his  
return from that field had an interview  
with Jean Armour at the grave of Robert  
Burns.  
Mrs. Klingenberg, of New York, sent  
a box-valentine to her friend, Miss Grace  
Russell, of the same village, by the hand  
of a messenger boy. As the boy was on  
his way to Miss Russell, the box was  
snatched from him by William Bruno,  
who ran away with it. Bruno was caught  
by a policeman, who took him to the  
station. The box was opened, and with-  
in was found the body of a dead rat,  
lovely even in death, and reposing upon  
a couch of cotton. When Bruno was  
charged before the Justice, with high-  
way robbery, his counsel interposed the  
defence that Bruno was innocently  
charged, as he had properly come under  
the name of "body-snatching." Bruno  
thereupon discharged! Dark and  
mysterious are the ways of Justice' jus-  
tice.  
**He Wanted a Room on the Religious  
Side of the House.**  
Rochester Democrat.  
A tall, fine-looking gentleman arrived  
at one of the leading hotels yesterday af-  
ternoon. He registered, and as the clerk  
was looking over the room board and the  
gentleman's baggage he addressed the clerk as  
follows:  
"I wish, if you please, that in assign-  
ing me to a room you would use some  
discretion, and place me, if possible, on  
the religious side of the house."  
The clerk stammered a little, looked  
at his diamond pin, and two or three  
bells merrily, coughed, fumbled a bot-  
tom of the desk, and said he did not  
quite understand what the gentleman was  
saying.  
"Well, my dear sir, the last time I  
was here you gave me a room on the  
worldly side of the house. To be frank  
with you, I think I was put between two  
—well, two poker parties, and I heard  
nothing all night but the rattle of poker  
chips. If you have a religious side of  
the house, just give me a cot there. To  
some men poker will take the place of  
sleep. I am not of that kind."  
M. Felix, the Paris costumer, seeks to  
recover 1,000 francs from Mmc. Barn-  
hard's manager, M. Devenburg, for the  
dresses that Sarah refused to receive.  
One of the gowns is a dress of gold and  
silver brocade lined with rose-colored  
satin. Another was a sky-blue "ban-  
goline" that cost \$600. There was a tea-  
gown for \$300 and other trifles.

**BLAINE ON BUCHANAN.**  
The Buchanan of December, 1860, and  
the Buchanan of January, 1861.  
Advance Sheets of Blaine's Book.  
In a final analysis and true estimate of  
Mr. Buchanan's conduct in the first  
stages of the revolt, the condition of the  
popular mind as just described must be  
taken into account. The same influ-  
ences and expectations that wrought  
upon the people were working also upon  
him. There were indeed two Mr. Buchan-  
ans in the closing months of the admin-  
istration. The first Mr. Buchanan  
of November and December, angered by  
the decision of the Presidential election  
and more than willing that the North,  
including his own state, should be dis-  
ciplined by fright to more conservative  
views, and to a stricter observance of  
what he considered solemn obligations  
imposed by the Constitution. If the  
southern threat of resistance to the au-  
thority of the Union had gone no further  
than this, Mr. Buchanan would have  
been readily reconciled to its temporary  
violence and would probably have con-  
sidered it a national blemish in disguise.  
The second was Mr. Buchanan of Janu-  
ary and February, appalled by surround-  
ing and increasing perils, grieved by the  
conduct of Southern men whom he had  
implicitly trusted, overwhelmed by the  
realization of evils which had obviously  
followed his official declarations, hoping  
earnestly for the safety of the Union, and  
yet more disturbed and harrowed in his  
mind than the mass of loyal people who  
did not stand so near the danger as he  
or so accurately measured its alarming  
growth. The President of December  
with Cobb and Floyd and Thompson in  
his Cabinet, and the President of Janu-  
ary with Dix and Stanton and Holt for  
his counselors, were radically different  
men. No true estimate of Mr. Buchan-  
an in the crisis of his public career can  
be reached if this vital distinction be  
overlooked.  
It was Mr. Buchanan's misfortune to  
be called to act in an emergency which  
demanded will, fortitude and moral  
courage. In these qualities he was defec-  
tive. He did not possess the executive  
faculty. His life had been principally  
devoted to the practice of law in the  
most peaceful of communities and to  
service in legislative bodies where he  
was borne along by the force of associa-  
tion. He had not been trained to  
prompt decision; had not been accus-  
tomed to exercise command. He was  
cautious and conservative to the point  
of timidity.  
He possessed ability of a high order  
and though he thought slowly, he could  
master the most difficult subject with  
comprehensive power. His service of  
ten years in the House and an equal  
period in the Senate was marked by a  
conscientious devotion to duty. He did  
not rank with the ablest members of  
either body, but always bore a promi-  
nent part in important discussions and  
maintained himself with credit.  
It is said of Mr. Buchanan that he  
instinctively dreaded to assume respon-  
sibility of any kind. His keenest critic  
remains that in the tentative period of  
political issues assumed by his party,  
Mr. Buchanan could always be found  
two paces to the rear, but in the hour  
of triumph he marched proudly in the  
front rank.  
He was not gifted with independence  
or self-assertion. His bearing toward  
Southern statesmen was derogatory to  
him as a man of spirit. His tone to-  
ward administrations of his own party  
was so deferential as almost to imply a  
lack of self-respect. He was not a leader  
among men. He was always led.  
He was led by Mason and Soule into the  
impudence of signing the Ostend  
manifesto; he was led by the Southern  
members of his Cabinet into the inap-  
propriate and clumsy offhandness of the  
Leecompton inquiry; he was led by dis-  
union senators into the deplorable mis-  
take contained in his last annual mes-  
sage. Fortunately for him he was led a  
month later by Black and Holt and  
Stanton to a radical change of his com-  
promising position.  
If Mr. Buchanan had possessed the  
unconquerable will of Jackson or the  
stubborn courage of Taylor, he could  
have changed the history of the revolt  
against the Union. A great opportunity  
came to him, but he was not equal to it.  
Always an admirable adviser where  
prudence and caution were the virtues  
required, he was fatally wanting in a sit-  
uation which demanded prompt action  
and nerve.  
As representative in Congress, as Sen-  
ator, as Minister abroad, as Secretary of  
State, his career was honorable and suc-  
cessful. His life was singularly free  
from personal fault or short-coming. He  
was honest and pre-eminently. His fame  
would have been more enviable if he  
had never been elevated to the Presi-  
dency.  
**THE "MUGGER'S" ROLE.**  
A Man Who Would Battle the Most Skill-  
ful Physiognomist.  
"Manhattan," Chicago Journal.  
There is a man in one of the Bowery  
shows would be able to better the judg-  
ment of any one holding theories of  
physiognomy. I don't believe he can  
recognize his own face with certainty in  
a mirror, or that his features have any  
normal expression whatever. He is  
what theatrical people call a laugher.  
He used to travel and give entertain-  
ments, composed of a lecture and read-  
ings, illustrated by his comic changes of  
countenance. Without paint or wig he  
could present the visage of a senile  
frowner, and instantly afterward that of  
a robust smiler. But he poured too  
much whisky through his mobile mouth  
and so incapacitated himself for deco-  
rative duty. But when I put my 10-cent  
piece through the cash-hole of the Bow-  
ery show, I at once recognized the face  
of the treasurer as that of the old mug-  
ger. When I went in I encountered  
him as the door tender. He had  
changed his features, and stepped out of  
the office for the purpose of taking up  
the ticket he sold a moment before. A  
little later, with his hair thrown back,  
and his countenance lengthened, he was  
the bland but dignified lecturer on the  
other curiosities of the establishment.  
After he was done with that part of his  
diversified role, I had a talk with him.  
He said that he was not getting the  
men's wages for doing three men's work,  
but he was tolerably satisfied with the  
engagement.  
"You used to have a new story to tell  
every time you came around," said I.  
"What's the latest?"  
"Haven't the heart to keep up a re-  
portory," he replied.  
"I'll bet you haven't lost the ability to  
personate the characters of an anecdote.  
Try it. Have you ever seen Joe How-  
ard, and heard him speak?"  
"Yes, I remember him."  
"And you can wrinkle your face, and  
squeaken your voice, for a fossilized old  
judge?"  
"I guess I haven't forgotten how."  
Then I told him an incident in the  
Malley trial at New Haven. Howard  
went there to write the court scenes for  
The Herald. The presiding judge was  
ancient and conventional. He did not  
like the free pen of Howard, and one  
day scolded him.  
"You have no right to comment on  
the evidence, or to criticize the witness-  
es and lawyers," said his honor in a  
piping tone, that rose high with his in-  
dignation. "Why, sir, you have pub-  
lished most objectionable descriptions of  
me."  
Joe looked the excited old man in the  
eyes, and said: "I wish to heaven I  
could print your voice."  
Likewise, I am sorry that I can't put  
into type the impersonation of Howard  
and the New Haven judge by the mug-  
ger, as he rehearsed the story for me.  
**ARTHUR'S EVERY-DAY LIFE.**  
The Habits of the Present Occupant of the  
Shoes of George Washington.  
Washington Letter in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.  
The President spends most of his time  
when he is not receiving visitors in a  
little room in the northwest corner of  
the second story of the White House,  
where he has a writing-desk and a few  
easy chairs. The room is very small and  
was originally intended as a dressing  
room, being connected with the cham-  
ber he occupies. The President's desk  
stands just before the window, where he  
can look across Pennsylvania avenue in-  
to Lafayette Park, and the vista stretches  
up that broad avenue known as Six-  
teenth street to Meridian Hill. Over the  
desk are usually many official papers and  
a basket of fresh flowers is always before  
him. At one corner of the desk is a slender  
brass standard, upon which hangs,  
like a lamp-screen, a large white card,  
with a legend across the top reading:  
"THE PRESIDENT'S ENGAGEMENTS."  
And under in large letters a list of the  
days of the week, with the engagements  
for each day noted down. When he  
makes an appointment he always records  
it on this card, whether it is a dinner  
party or the reception of a delegation of  
visitors. He is very punctilious about  
keeping his engagements to-day as the  
men work more hours in the day  
than the President. He rises about 9.30  
in the morning, takes a cold bath, shaves,  
drinks a cup of coffee, eats an egg or a  
piece of toast and then goes into the  
executive chamber to receive Congressio-  
nal callers or other people who come to  
him on business. By 12.30 or 1.00 o'clock  
this ordeal is over, when he reads his  
mail, dictates replies to letters, and re-  
quires an immediate answer and disposal  
of whatever papers may have been left  
with him by the callers of the morning,  
referring them to this department or  
that, as their contents may require.  
Then about 2 o'clock he takes his unchou-  
ched with the family, and generally a  
friend or two who may be invited in.  
After luncheon, if he has made ap-  
pointments, he receives tomorrow's  
visitors in the corner, where he lights a  
cigar, writes or dictates letters, reads  
documents that require his attention and  
performs the official duties of the day.  
At 5 o'clock a saddle horse is brought to  
the back door of the Executive mansion  
and he starts off, sometimes alone and  
sometimes with company for a long and  
strenuous ride, generally taking the de-  
scribed west of the White House, through  
Georgetown into the country. On cold  
or disagreeable days he prefers to walk  
or use a carriage. Returning after an  
hour's jaunt he dines at 7 and then gives  
up the evening to social enjoyment and  
at 11 or 12 o'clock retires to his little  
room, where he works two or three hours  
before retiring.  
Most of his messages and other state  
papers have been written after midnight  
and the light in the northwest windows  
of the White House is often seen burn-  
ing as late as 3 or 4 o'clock in the morn-  
ing. The President says he needs only  
six hours of sleep, but generally allows  
himself seven.  
**"The Jimjams."**  
The earliest symptoms of chronic alco-  
holism are muscular tremors, disturbed  
sleep, noises in the ears, dull headache,  
vertigo, and disorders of vision. There  
is also foul breath, jaundiced, watery  
eyes, and flabby features. There is dys-  
pepsia; there may be Bright's disease or  
fatty liver. As the affection advances,  
the insomnia and tremors increase, the  
mind becomes impaired, the will weak-  
ens, the gait staxic. Delirium tremens  
may supervene on a single debauch, but  
it much more frequently affects the  
chronic drinker. It generally comes on  
during the night, but may follow dur-  
ing the day. The first stage is indicated by  
inability to take food, marked anxiety and  
restlessness, tremor of the voluntary  
muscles, fur-d and tremulous tongue,  
cool skin, profuse perspiration, a soft,  
weak pulse. There is sleeplessness and  
terrible dreams. The patient imagines  
he sees horrid scenes, and other ob-  
jects pursuing him, and eluding his at-  
tempts to escape. If sleep does not en-  
ter, and the attack is not checked, the patient  
becomes worse and dies in a delu-  
sion or a prostrated condition.  
Turnips fed to sheep make them  
mutton.

ger. When I went in I encountered  
him as the door tender. He had  
changed his features, and stepped out of  
the office for the purpose of taking up  
the ticket he sold a moment before. A  
little later, with his hair thrown back,  
and his countenance lengthened, he was  
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