FOREIGN GOSSIP.

George Peabody's London poor fund has increased from $2,500,000 to $3,500,000.

The Empress of Austria, in addition to her skill as a horsewoman, is said to handle the foils well and gracefully.

Sara Bernhardt has deposited in the London and Westminster Bank $35,000, the proceeds of her visit to London.

The Duke of Westminster has an income of nearly $15,000 a day, most of his wealth being in real estate in London.

A letter in Queen Elizabeth's own handwriting, beautifully clean and clear, has been sold at Leipsic for three hundred marks.

The best looking horses on the Bois at Paris are those of the Countess Mikholska, a Russian lady, who handles the ribbons in reckless Cossack fashion.

A company with a capital of $12,000,000 is to erect in the gardens of the Palais Royal, Paris, a vast establishment in the style of the London Alhambra.

The Empress of Germany seldom appears in anything but black, except on state occasions, it being a tenet of her toilet that after a certain age black is the only wear for ladies.

The London *Graphic* attributes the scream of a woman partly to vulgarity and partly to vanity. It says that no well-bred woman screams, but only those who morbidly wish to attract attention.

At a fruit and flower tent at a fashionable London entertainment one beautiful young married lady sold a buttonhole boquet for $50. One or two gentlemen collected much money by charging five shillings to point out and name the professional beauties.

Mrs. Langtry is no longer called the Jersey Lily; society has given her another pet name—"The Amber Witch." She is said to be lovelier than ever, and is gazed at in public places as if she were a queen or a prima donna. At the Atalanta fete, where she wore a gown of old-gold satin trimmed with shaded poppies, one old lady seated herself opposite the Amber Witch's stall and deliberately taking out her opera glasses stared at the famous beauty for an hour.

Mrs. J. W. Mackey recently gave a breakfast to a select number of American friends at her cottage at Trouville, on the coast of France. On this occasion the costliness of the table service and decorations reminds one of the Arabian Nights. Not only gold, silver, and priceless porcelain were used, but amber, coral, and precious stones were pressed into the service. Ices were served on crystal plates inlaid with uncut gems; wines and liqueurs sparkled in flasks of amber, or were contained in flagons of gold, cloisonne, and enamel; while the tiny cups in which tea and coffee were handed were probably each worth a nugget.

History of the Beard.

In the earliest Pagan times the primitive deities were represented with majestic beards. In France they played a great role from the reign of Pharamond downward. Under Clovis, indeed, the beard of the King was an object of peculiar veneration, and, indeed, every individual was more or less sensitive regarding his beard. It is related that after the great battle of Tolbiac, Clovis sent a deputation to the defeated Alaric requesting him to come and touch the victor's beard as a token of alliance. Far from accepting the invitation in the spirit in which it was offered, the enraged King of the Huns seized the Frankish emissaries by their beards and hauled them out of the room by their revered locks. The unfortunate envoys returned rather crestfallen to Clovis, narrated what had happened, and swore "on their beards" to avenge the affront. In subsequent reigns the beard was the object of numerous enactments, and the fashion of wearing it was changed as frequently. Sometimes it was worn long, sometimes close-clipped, now peaked, now plaited, or even decorated with pearls and gold trinkets.

Even in the sacred atmosphere of Rome itself beards were the object of considerable discussion. Different Popes laid down different rules on the subject. One Pontiff enacted that no beards were to be worn; another as stringently directed that the razor was never to be applied to the chin. Saints Clement of Alexandria, Cyprian, Jerome, and Chrysostom engaged in vehement controversies about the mode of wearing the hair about the face in the fourteenth century. In France the final triumph of beards dates from the Renaissance, when the example set by the great artists, who largely indulged in these appendages, was closely followed by the sovereign and other magnates of the land. Under Henry III shaven chins were the mode, the mustache being worn long and drooping. During Henry IV's reign beards, cut square, came again into fashion, and mustaches were curled; while under Louis XIV beards were again tabooed; and the mustache alone worn, and in the two following reigns the razor was in full use. Under the Republican *regime*, as also under those of the Empire and Restoration, no beards were grown. They came in again, however, with the Revolution of 1830, in company with many other changes of costume, etc., and at the present day no universal rule exists on the matter.—*London Globe.*

Men's Dress.

The New York *Graphic* takes up this line of discussion: "Man's apparel, as well as woman's, is open to improvement. His regular everyday attire is not a free, unfettered working dress. It is too stiff. There is too much starch and pasteboard for comfort or free play of limb. Any dress impeding the working of any part of the body is directly unhealthful. The proof that man's dress is to some extent a shackle is the fact and custom that if there's anything to do demanding muscular exercise, he must pull off not only his coat but his collar, cravat and sometimes shirt. Our pedestrians, our base ball players, our polo players, our yachtsmen on duty, all in order to do their best are obliged to strip themselves of portions of their conventional attire. If this be necessary for the fullest muscular exertion of a few hours, why is it not equally necessary for any hour? How much weakness and disease may be indirectly developed by clogs to physical exertion, by undue pressure and bandaging, by cramped feet and necks, by everything that fetters motion and respiration?"

A large number of black ants being driven from a sugar bowl, soon returned. To try their ingenuity the housekeeper suspended the bowl by a string from the ceiling. The ants tried to reach it by standing on each other's back, but the pyramid fell down as fast as it was raised. Soon afterward she saw them descending the string and dropping down upon the lumps of sugar.

St. Julien, the California Trotting Wonder.

An intimate friend of Mr. Joseph S. Dunning, of Denton, Orange County, N. Y., who raised St. Julien and his full brother, St. Reno, and who sold the former to Mr. James Galway, then of Goshen, for $600, said yesterday:

"St. Julien was a natural-born trotter; he never knew how to strike any other gait. I spent many a day with Mr. Dunning, and I know all about the horse, and Hickok never would have bought him if he was not just what I tell you. Of course, St. Julien is a wonder, and his full brother, St. Reno, now owned, I think, by Dr. H. A. Pooler, owner of the Goshen Driving Park, and being handled by the man, if any one, who made St. Julien a trotter—Billy Sargeant—is likely to be another. Now, if you want the full history of the early life of St. Julien, which has never been published, I can give it to you. Joe Dunning raised both horses on his farm between Denton and Middletown, this county. There is about one year between their ages, and Volunteer is their father. Both horses were driven together in a team for a long time, doing farm work, road driving and marketing. They were then colts, and Joe Dunning had no idea that he had such valuable trotters. Neither was nervous to speak of. Indeed—and especially St. Julien—they were as docile and quiet as colts could possibly be. One of the principal features of the team's daily work was driving milk to the railroad station. This was how St. Julien was broken to harness, and it was about the first work he ever did; in fact, it was, I think, a milk wagon that he first hauled along the road behind him, and, too, when he was but a colt. Many a time I have driven the team to the station with milk myself, and St. Julien never thought of striking any thing but a trot. He never showed the least sign of skittishness, and what is more, never wobbled all over the road like colts generally do. He trotted square and level, and always straight ahead.

"I remember once, when visiting Joe, we started out to go off to see a friend several miles away. We drove St. Julien. The night was frighfully dark, and it was impossible to see the horse in front of us. Now, if there had been any nervousness about him, do you suppose we'd started? We hadn't the least trouble with him. And so it was always with St. Julien until Joe Dunning sold him. The horse was more like an old mare, steady and reliable, than like a frisky, fretful and unmanageable young colt. Nature made St. Julien a level, honest trotter, and if any one is to be credited with developing the speed that was in him, Sargeant is the man. Every horseman who saw him trot the first year he went on the turf knew this.

"Why, his performances that year speak for themselves. Just look at it. It was the first time he was ever in races. He started the big circuit under the guidance of Sargeant, who made for his owner, Mr. Galway, at least $20,000 that year in seven or eight races. I kept track of the horse after his debut at Cleveland until he had trotted six races, and in all of them he took first money. And mind you he won them all in three straight heats and in no race did he make a skip or even a 'hitch.' Don't that stamp him as a natural trotter? Like Goldsmith Maid, some of the best of American trotters have made their records by skipping and 'hitching,' but St. Julien never in his life trotted any other way than like a machine.

"Mr. Galway, who bought St. Julien of Joe Dunning, made a fortune out of him in one year. It said St. Julien is the only horse that sold for the same price, or less, who ever coined so much money for his owner in one year."—*Cor. New York Sun.*

Magnificent Impudence.

Your correspondent (writes the Vienna representative of the London *Globe*) was suddenly called to Pesth for a few hours last week. The affair was pressing, for a friend had been rather severely "winged" in a duel—a sufficiently common event in pugnacious Pesth—and he made for the Staatscahn with all due speed, and took the next train for Hungary. This, as is usual in such cases, was a confirmed "parliamentary," which tore along at twenty miles an hour. The carriage which he entered contained two ferocious looking Magyars—booted, braided and pomatumed. They screwed up their mustaches to a level with their eyes, glared about with a "what-do-you-think-of-that" expression, and with many "Teremtetes" cursed the unpunctuality of departure, the heat, the time, the place—Vienna—every thing; in a word, they were real Magyars and out-and-out "patriots." The other occupants of the compartment were a well dressed, good looking youth—a German—who appeared dreadfully sleepy, and an innocent looking gentleman of, say sixty, the pattern of benign and paternal mildness—a sort of Magyar Mr. Pickwick. A moment later we started. The old gentleman addressed several remarks to the young one, who, however, vouchsafed but scant reply between mighty yawns and signs of fatigue. In a few minutes the youthful German was snoring hard. The old gentleman then turned to us and proved very communicative. Telling us how the youth opposite was his son, deploring at the same time his carelessness in money matters. "There he goes to sleep amongst strangers with a whole pocket full of money; is that not careless?" inquired he, with more candor than flattery. "Just to give him a fright and to teach him a lesson for the future, I shall take it away from him." Mr. "Pickwick" hereupon quietly lifted the flap of the youth's coat and took out a bulky pocket-book, which he placed in his own breast pocket with a knowing smile. Soon after this the train stopped at Presburg. The old gentleman begged us to look after his son, his son's hand luggage and his own overcoat while he was absent. He got out and returned no more; on the contrary, he vanished completely. The train once more started, and we awoke the tired Teuton and informed him how his father had been left behind, and how he had taken the pocket-book with him—a piece of intelligence which produced the most starting results. The sleepy one began to use the most unfilial language, felt frantically for his pocket-book, and uttered a howl of rage. He remained unintelligible for some time, but at last he managed to gasp out that he had no father, and had never in his life seen the old gentleman before that night. "There were 3,000 florins in the pocket-book," shouted he, wildly, "the wretch must have seen me take it out at the station." This is one of the most impudent cases of robbery which has happened here for some time, for it required an amount of deliberation, coolness and daring which would have sufficed a general to win a great battle. Needless to say that the mild old gentleman has not since been heard of.

A sterile farm is a type of bravery; it will die rather than yield.

A Chapter on Babies.

Babies come from the bosom of God, and bring with them the attribute of omnipotence. Absurd and incongruous as may appear the application of the word omnipotent to the baby—as frail and delicate as the daisy or the violet—it is true, nevertheless, that wherever there is civilization there the helpless infant is the most powerful member of the social circle. Ever since the wise men of the East sought out and bowed in humble submission to the Christ-child, mankind have acknowledged the autocracy of the baby in swaddling-clothes. The first faint cry of distress of the new-born infant summons the entire household to the rescue. Every member of the family gives in his or her allegiance and becomes the bond-slave of the new master or mistress. The baby is regarded with as much wonder and admiration as if it were the first revelation of infanthood. All its wishes are commands; all its whims have the force of Royal orders in council. If there is a rustle of clothing in the cradle there is a rush and a patter of big and little feet to its vicinity in hot haste to anticipate the possible wants of its little occupant. If the baby sleeps there is silence in the house; if the baby wakes there is a great hubbub. The baby stares, and coos, and crows, and laughs when it has learned how to laugh, and the whole family stares, and coos, and crows, and laughs in discordant concert. And each member of the pleased circle disputes with all the others the privilege of holding, and kissing, and tickling the infant phenomenon; for every baby is a phenomenon. Every baby, in its own household, is the prettiest, cunningest, brightest, and in all respects the most remarkable infant that was ever born into the world. Hence the autocracy of the baby is logical; it rules by divine right of being the prettiest, cunningest, brightest, and in all respects the most remarkable baby in the land of the living. Nor is it strange that the power of the baby is supreme in its circle, when it is considered what grand achievements are possible to its future.

The baby is a boy. His face is a trifle too red, and gets redder and redder, perhaps, as he flings his arms wildly about in the vain endeavor to seize his toes with the view of inserting them between his toothless gums. He makes abortive passes at his ears, and at last probably succeeds in grasping and giving his own little pug-nose a violent wrench, whereat he screams with infantile rage and bursts into tears. During this interesting episode of pugnacity the subjects of the baby—the family—watch him with absorbing attention, and at the denouement, after soothing his lacerated feelings, they declare confidently that he is an infant Cæsar, or an Alexander. In a word, that he is destined to military renown—to save the Republic, or march over its ruins through seas of blood (the blood of other people). Or the boy-baby succeeds in capturing his pink toes, and instead of putting them in his mouth, fingers them one by one methodically, carefully, as if counting them, and the excited auditory declare that he is destined to excel in mathematics, that he will be an astronomer—another Newton—and advance from counting toes to counting stars. Doubtless when he gets away from his mother's apron strings, and tumbles on a stone sidewalk, or gets knocked over by his big brother, he will see a new constellation of stars. The baby-boy has a habit of running his chubby fingers through the thin locks of hair which adorn but do not cover his half-bald pate, and looks the while wisely out of his big brown or little blue eyes, and his adoring subjects detect the genius of a philosophic mind, and discern in the drooling infant a new Plato, or a Bacon, or a Descartes. There are more warriors in the cradle than on horseback, and more mathematicians, philosophers, statesmen, poets, and painters in long clothes than are dreamed of in the waking or sleeping hours of old maids and old bachelors.

Girl-babies are sweeter than boy-babies. Their faces are not so red; their fingers and toes are of a more delicate pink hue; their feet are smaller; their hands are not so chubby; and their arms are more shapely. Their noses may be a trifle more "puggy," but their eyes are soft and gentle, and possess in persuasiveness what they lack in commanding force. They are more like violets and daisies than boy-babies are. There is infinitely more character in the dimpled face of the girl-baby than in the puffy countenance of the boy-baby. As soon as the eyes of the girl-baby open in wonder upon the world they seem to reflect faint glimpses of that intuitive perceptive faculty which distinguishes the female sex. The big boy-baby "doubles" his fist in a very suggestive but disagreeable way; the girl-baby lies in the cradle with an open palm. The boy-baby scowls; the girl-baby smiles seraphically as if already familiar with the art of fascination. The boy-baby flings his arms about frantically, and kicks off his socks; the movements of the girl-baby are graceful, and if she wails her cry is protesting rather than defiant like that of the boy-baby.

Here is a girl-baby resembling the lily: grace, purity, and high purpose are even now discernible in the round, dimpled face, and she is pronounced a second Saint Cecilia. Another is the counterpart of the tuberose bud; an expression of gentleness mingled with firmness shines in the soft blue eyes, and the little court surrounding the cradle point to the infant as a Laura waiting for her Petrarch. Another has the bearing of a Queen—of a Victoria, or of a Maria Theresa of Austria. Another beams forth rays of compassion from every feature, foreshadowing a career of mercy which shall rival that of Florence Nightingale in the British army hospitals of the Crimea. Another appeals for sympathy with the forecast of a life of devotion and suffering, calling to mind the fate of the Maid of Orleans. And so on through the catalogue of the world's heroines. Then, too, the cradles of the land are doubtless now occupied by infant Elizabeth Cady Stantons, Dr. Mary Walkers, Anna Dickinsons, Susan B. Anthonys, Belva A. Lockwoods, and Matilda Joslyn Gages. It may be difficult to realize that these estimable women were ever babies, and that they gouged their beautiful little soul-lit eyes with their thumbs without intending to, and sucked their fingers, and cried aloud for the nursing-bottle, and crept on all-fours, and howled when they tried to cut their eye-teeth, and drooled all over their little bibs, as the very best-behaved babies do. But they were the prettiest, cunningest, and brightest babies of the time. And their mammas hugged and kissed them, and their papas hugged and kissed them, and so did their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts. Anna Dickinson may dispute this latter proposition; but who cares if she does? It is not insinuated that Anna has been kissed since she arrived at the years of discretion. Nor is she to be censured for declining so long as she retains a vivid recollection of the horrors of babyhood kissing. To be hauled about as every baby is and subjected to an infinitude of kisses is the saddest and cruelest experience of infantile life. Babies ought to be protected from promiscuous and indiscriminate kissing by statute; and pretty girls, too, for that matter. But would pretty girls inform against their persecutors and avail themselves of the privilege of the law? But there are terrible presages in the realm of babyhood. There are babies tumbling and tossing restlessly in their cradles in whose eyes portents of evil are foreshadowed; babies whose innocent, expressionless features, rosy and dimpled, are destined to be distorted with unbridled passion; whose fists will be doubled with brutal intent; whose nerveless hands will become iron and grasp the knife or the pistol with murderous purpose; whose hearts will be convulsed with ungovernable rage; and whose souls, O horror of horrors! will be stained with the blood of their fellow-creatures! And there are babies doomed to pinching poverty which degrades the body and dwarfs the soul; babies destined to be reared in the noxious atmosphere of vice and crime—all the healthy currents of their lives poisoned by a deadly moral malaria. What his been will again be. Not only are the philosophers, statesmen, poets, orators, and humanitarians of the future now sleeping unconsciously in the cradle, or crowing with infantile delight in the arms of fond mothers, but the great and little criminals, the murderers, and the thieves, the traitors and the robbers, the wretched little street waifs who will subsist by petty larceny and the colossal plunderers who will live off the fruits of giant conspiracies and fraud—all these vices of the future are concealed beneath the mask of baby faces.

The cradle is a veritable Pandora's box, whence emanate not only all the ills and mischief which afflict mankind, but all the joys and blessings which make life endurable. The chiefest joy is the spectacle of the mother bending over the sleeping or waking infant. Her face is irradiated with the glow of hope, that inestimable benefaction to mankind found at the bottom of Jove's casket of secret wonders presented to Pandora. Buoyed by this supreme stay of the soul—hope—the mother sees in the baby's face only visions of surpassing peace, unstained virtue, happy content, or world-wide renown.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Doing Her Best.

A party of Detroiters who were fishing for brook trout on the Boyne River, and camping on its banks, ran out of supplies, and an envoy was sent out to beg, buy or borrow something until an order sent to Traverse City could be filled. After a walk of two miles he reached a log house in the woods. A woman, five children, three dogs and a family of tame coons occupied the one single room in the house. The furniture was all home-made, the tableware consisted entirely of tin dishes, and only one bed was visible. The envoy stated his errand, and the woman replied: "Flour! I reckon we run out o' flour yesterday, and we won't have any more till next week."

"Can you spare any coffee?"

"I guess not. The last coffee we had run out on Christmas. If we git any next week I'll spare some."

"How about tea?"

"Well, tea has been purty skeerce with us for the last two months, but Ben said he thought of gittin' some 'long this fall. If you are around here when our tea comes, we'll divide with you."

"You haven't any potatoes to spare, have you?"

"Well, now, you ought to have been here last week for 'taters. I cooked the last Sunday. These 'ere dogs and children sot a heap by cold 'taters, and they go off like hot cakes. Ben is going to git some more 'long about Saturday."

"Haven't you any provisions at all which you can spare?" asked the discouraged envoy.

"Well, now, I don't believe we have, but we are going to stock up 'long in the fall. I was telling Ben only last night that I'd got kinder tired of scroochin' along on Injun and 'lasses."

"I'll buy some of that if you can spare it, for we haven't a bite of any thing in camp."

"No, I can't sell any. Fact is, we had the last for breakfast, and Ben won't get any more till Saturday night."

"I'm sorry," sighed the man, as he turned away.

"Yes, so'm I," she sighed in return. "I seed your party down thar in camp t'other day, and you look like honest folks. I'd be glad to spare you somethin', but I can't. If you men want to move yer camp up here and enjoy our society and use our smudge to drive away skeeters, we'll do our best to make it pleasant; but when you come down to fodder we hain't nowhar'. I was telling Ben only last night that we'd be lucky if we got these dogs and coons through another winter!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Whale's Deadly Foe.

The Daisy Whitelaw surprised the observant city-fronters by coming back bootless from her last chase of whales. In explanation of their bad luck the sailors stated that they had fallen in with a herd of "killers," which had made such havoc among the whales that it was impossible to get a fish. This is the first time that the presence of "thrashers" has been reported so near to this coast. Along the Atlantic coast they are occasionally seen, but on the shores of Europe and in the Middle Atlantic they are oftener observed. The fishermen, with that liveliness of imagination common to most seafarers, tell weird stories of the ferocity of the killers and their implacable enmity to the whale. There is no doubt, however, that the killer or thrasher, or grampus, which is its proper name, is a formidable animal, and it is likely that the stories of his fierce conflicts with the larger cetaceans have a foundation of fact. He is exceedingly voracious and entirely carnivorous, and being swift as well as strong, finds no difficulty in obtaining a choice and plentiful diet of cod, halibut, skates and other toothsome and indolent fish. On a pinch he will make a meal off a seal, and with this liberal bil of fare to select from, any laborious efforts to thrash a whale to death with his tail or gnaw at the huge cetacean's vitals must be regarded as evidence of pure maliciousness. That is the view the staff of the Daisy Whitelaw take of it. Scientifically described, the grampus is a porpoise-like cetacean belonging to the genus *phocæna*. The name grampus is regarded as a corruption of the French *grand poisson* (large fish), to which he is entitled by his size. He attains a length of twenty-five to thirty feet, with a circumference of ten to twelve. The snout is short and rounded, the jaws remarkably powerful, and the teeth, which are forty-two in number, large and hooked. Thus equipped, it is quite within the ability of a herd of grampuses to follow a whale and tear the monster until he yields up his blubber in the ingenious manner fishermen and whalers describe.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

PITH AND POINT.

Potato vines are dangerous nowadays, because they are loaded with slugs.—*Rome Sentinel.*

They say Chicago girls never find it hard to elope. They make rope ladders out of their shoe-strings.—*St. Louis Paper.*

The coming campaign promises to be a hot one. In this city alone thirteen men have already had their noses singed by coal oil torches.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

People who sleep late in the morning miss the sight of a beautiful sunrise. And then, again, those who retire early cheat themselves out of the sight of a beautiful midnight moon.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Walk through some of the dirty scums of the great metropolis and you can realize the force of the words, "The man who enters here leaves soap behind."—*Whitehall Times.*

A man named Onion lives in a neighboring town. There is reason to believe he is a man of sense.—*Rome Sentinel* Wrong. He is continually getting in a stew, and is in bad odor among his fellows.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

An ostrich recently swallowed fifteen stones, seven nails, a necktie, an envelope, thirteen coins, fourteen beads, two keys, a handkerchief, a medal, and a gold cross, and then it died from an effort to look cross-eyed.—*Boston Post.*

People who find it absolutely impossible to stand it at home when the mercury barely reaches the nineties, find it cool and invigorating at summer resorts where it is necessary to put the thermometer in an ice chest to keep it down to a hundred.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

They were not very dressy little girls, these two. They belonged to the barefooted, sun-bonneted class that have good health and dirty faces. But one day the younger appeared with genteel little shoes, embroidered stockings, a suit of bunting and a showy leghorn hat. As she paraded herself before her playmate, she completely captured her. "Why, you look like some rich young ope," was the exclamation of delight; "but you won't play with me any more," and the tears began to wash a clean furrow adown her cheeks. "Oh, yes I will. My mother won't care," said little good heart, and she did play with her. But her mother cared. It took three days and a good whipping to get that new suit clean.—*New Haven Register.*

The Late Miss Neilson.

It is not too much to say that the announcement of Miss Neilson's death shocks the whole English dramatic world. Those who have witnessed her incomparable impersonations will deeply lament an event which renders a repetition of that exquisite pleasure forever impossible. Those who have never enjoyed that pleasure may well lament, even more deeply, what is to them, indeed, an irreparable loss. The finest Shakspearian actress, not only of our age, but of any age, has made her final adieux and gone down to darkness and the worm. The black curtain has fallen upon a long, yet far too short, series of triumphs which, highly as they were appreciated when their heroine was living, will be far more highly appreciated now that she is dead.

The Shakspearian fame of Sarah Siddons rests solely upon her Lady Macbeth. The Shakspearian fame of Adelaide Neilson rests upon broader, if not better, foundations; upon Juliet, Viola, Imogen, Isabella and Rosalind. In this range of characters she never has had, and we believe never will have, a rival near the throne. She is the only woman who has seemed to have an instinctive and thorough knowledge of Shakspeare's noblest women. She did not *act* them; she *was* them. She threw her whole soul into these splendid creations, and it may be said that she re-created them; for certainly until her day they never lived and breathed and burned upon the stage. There have been other Juliets, Violas, Imogens, Isabellas and Rosalinds; but the best of them were poor and weak compared with hers. Mentally and physically she was pre-eminently fitted for her task, and her rare equipment in brain and beauty was supplemented by an indomitable energy worthy of the strongest masculine nature. She always played up to the full extent of her powers; always did all she could do—and was then dissatified because her grandest efforts fell short of her ideal. The threadbare quotation is peculiarly applicable in this case: "Take her for all-in-all, we shall never look upon her like again."

Miss Neilson's sudden death was not entirely unexpected to her friends. To one of them she remarked, on her last visit to St. Louis, that she "was rapidly wearing out through the tremendous strain upon her nervous system, and must leave the stage very soon or risk a complete breakdown." Her physicians had so advised, and her own sensations confirm their opinion. The last season in America taxed her failing strength beyond its limits, and more than once, she said, she "would gladly have given up the profits of a two weeks' engagement for a single night's rest." That such a matchless artist should perish in her prime, leaving no successor, is nothing less than a public calamity.—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

Wanted—An Easy Place.

Rev., Henry Ward Beecher some time since received a letter from a young man, who recommended himself very highly as being honest, and closed with the request, "Get me an easy situation, that honesty may be rewarded." To which Mr. Beecher replied: "Don't be an editor, if you would be 'easy.' Do not try the law. Avoid school keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, shops, and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are easy. O, my honest friend, you are in a very hard world! I know of but one real 'easy' place in it. That is the grave."

—A wealthy farmer living near Davenport, Iowa, bought what he supposed was a tax title to a valuable piece of city property, in 1875, and has since paid the taxes thereon, only to find now that the tax title is worthless, and that he has been paying another man's taxes five years without any legal claim to reimbursement.

While a woman in Farmersville, N. Y., was assisting her son to hold a sheep he was shearing the animal suddenly kicked, struck the shears and drove them into the unfortunate woman's neck, severing the jugular vein, causing speedy death.

Quicksilver may be readily frozen by placing a small quantity of it along with anhydrous ether in the decanter used for freezing water of a Carre's freezing machine, and exhausting in the usual manner.

Our Young Folks.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Ha! now I have caught you, my burglar!
Cosey, what have you got to say?
What shall be done with a rogue like you,
For the mischief you've wrought to-day?
Searching my drawers, and spilling
Their contents upon the floor;
Having a beautiful time with things
You never have found before!

And what have those little fingers
Unrolled from that linen wrap?
"A little doll's dress, so tunnie" and long!
And a doll's dear little cap";
And a pair of little "true stockes,"
Just ready for Dolly's feet;
And a cloak and hood and a tiny bib?
Oh! won't Miss Dolly look sweet!

But wait a minute, my darling—
You golden-haired burglar small;
Those treasures, I'll have you understand,
Weren't meant for a doll at all,
But just for a little live baby,
Dimpled and blue-eyed and fair;
And that little lace cap sat daintily, too,
On the rings of golden hair.

And those "stockes"—the feet that wore them
Were warm, and were soft and white
And restless, like some other feet I know,
From early morning till night.
Who was that little live doll?
Come hither and look in the glass,
And see how the golden-haired baby has grown
To a four-year-old rogue of a lass.

—*Mary D. Brine, in N. Y. Independent.*

NO!

"No!" Clear, sharp and ringing, with an emphasis which could not fail to arrest attention.

"I don't often hear such a negative as that," remarked one gentleman to another, as they were passing the playground.

"It is not often any one hears it. The boy who uttered it can say 'yes,' too, quite as emphatically. He is a newcomer here, an orphan, who lives with his uncle, about two miles off. He walks in every morning, bringing his lunch, and walks back at night. He works enough, too, to pay his board, and does more towards running his uncle's farm than the old man does himself. He is the coarsest-dressed scholar in the school and the greatest favorite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him."

"Quite a character. I should like to see him. Boys of such sturdy make-up are getting to be scarce, while the world never had more need of them than now."

"All that is true; and if you wish to see Ned come this way."

They moved on a few steps, pausing by an open gate near which a group of lads were discussing some exciting question.

"It isn't right, and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say 'no' I mean it."

"Well, anyway, you needn't speak so loud and tell everybody about it," was responded impatiently to this declaration.

"I'm willing everybody should hear what I've got to say about it. I won't take anything that don't belong to me, and I won't drink cider anyway."

"Such a fuss about a little fun! It's just what we might have expected. You never go in for fun."

"I never go in for doing wrong. I told you no, for to begin with. And you're the ones to blame if there's been any fuss."

"Ned Dunlap, I should like to see you a minute."

"Yes, sir." And the boy removed his hat as he passed through the gate and waited to hear what Mr. Palmer might say to him.

"Has your uncle any apples to sell?"

"No, sir. He had some, but he has sold them. I've got two bushels that were my share for picking. Should you like to buy them sir?"

"Yes, if we can agree upon the price. Do you know just how much they are worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then, I will call for them, and you may call at my house for the pay."

The short interview afforded the stranger an opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap closely. The next day a call was made at his uncle's, and although years elapsed before he knew what a friend he had gained that day his fortune was assured. After he had grown to manhood and accepted a lucrative position, which was not of his seeking, he asked why it had been offered him.

"Because I knew you could say 'no' if occasion required," answered his employer. "'No,' was the first word I heard you speak, and you spoke it with a will. More people, old and young, are ruined for want of using that word than from any other cause. They don't wish to do wrong, but they hesitate and parley until the tempter has them fast. The boy or girl who is not afraid to say 'no' is reasonably certain of making an honorable man or woman."

"Yes" is often a sweet and loving word.

"No" is a strong, brave word, which has signaled the defeat of many a scheme for the ruin of some fair young life.—*Temperance Banner.*

A Word to You, Young Man.

First: Be honest. By which we do not mean, simply, not to steal. That goes without saying. The young man who, before his beard is grown, thinks it clever to cheat his tailor, or to sneak out of his little debts at college, has already laid a sure foundation of ill-fortune. Nothing is known so quickly or sticks to a man so long as the reputation of dishonesty. It is the fleck of mildew which eats and grows blacker and spreads from year to year. Boys are fatuously blind to the lengthening shadow which these faults of sharp-dealing and lying in their earliest years throw down their whole future. In a year or two they will be asking for patronage from the public or a chance in the business world, and they will find that in damaging their character they have already squandered their only capital. No merchant would take a boy, even as porter, into his employ who was not known to be honest. We take it for granted our boys are honest, in the coarser meaning of the term. But there is a finer honesty that enters into a man's nature and lifts him above his fellows. He is no sneak nor sham, neither to his companions, his God, nor even to himself. He does not sham a virtue which he has not; he does not imitate any other man's character; but he tries to go to the bottom of his own to clear it and lift it up.

As the boy begins so the man will end. The lad who speaks with affectation, and minces foreign tongues that he does not understand at school, will be a weak chrome in character all his life; the boy who cheats his teachers into thinking him devout at chapel will be the man who will make religion a trade and bring Christianity into contempt; and the boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers will figure some day as a tricky politician. The lad who, whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eye and keeps his answer inside of the truth already counts friends who will last all his life and holds a capital which will bring him in a surer interest than money.

Then get to the bottom of things. You see how it is already as to that. It was the student who was grounded in the grammar that took the Latin prize; it was that slow, steady drudge who practiced firing every day last winter that bagged the most game in the mountains; it is the clerk who studies the specialty of the house in off-hours who is to be promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellow usually turns out the dead weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a sham yourself, nor be fooled by shams. Ready for you in your early manhood there are plenty of pleasures waiting for you to conquer—applause, money, society, this and that kind of philosophy or faith. Take nothing on trust; weigh it, see what it is worth. You will have rough disappointments, but you will come to the granite underneath at last.

We have said nothing about your religion. Your creed matters little—Baptist, Presbyterian, Churchman; for if you are the sincere, earnest man we mean, you will come at last, down through all professions, all experiences, to the Almighty Good and Order which underlies them all. You will discover for yourself that every sincere and earnest man must build on that or on the shifting sand. There is no other choice in life.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Punctuality.

Some one defines punctuality to be "fifteen minutes before the time." At any rate, it is not one minute after the time.

I must tell you an anecdote of the first Marquis of Abercorn. He invited a number of friends to dinner. The hour for dinner was five, and all those invited knew it, of course. Well, the hour arrived, and but one of the guests had come. Down sat the Marquis and this one guest to table. The Marquis was punctual, if only one of the others was.

By-and-by another guest dropped in, and was very much mortified to find dinner being eaten. And one by one all the rest came, and were likewise mortified. But the Marquis had taught them all a good lesson, and I venture to say that the next time they were invited none of them got in to the coffee only, but were on hand for soup.

General Washington was so very punctual that, on one occasion, some friends who were expecting him at a certain hour, on finding that he had not arrived, all concluded that their watches must have got wrong; and sure enough they had, for Washington soon came, and was not a minute late. No doubt his habits of punctuality helped to make him the great man that he was.

I knew a clergyman once throw himself into the Mississippi River and swim eighteen miles down stream to keep an appointment for afternoon service. I traveled through the Upper Mississippi region shortly after, and for hundreds of miles from the place where he lived, out toward the border, I heard of his great feat. The border men respected such a man, and called him "the minister who made the big swim."

Nor is any one too young to begin the cultivation of habits of punctuality. The boy who is on time at school, on time in class, on time when sent on an errand, and so on, is apt to be the punctual business or professional man. The habit of promptness is likely to cling all through life.

Some persons, on the contrary, go all through life in a slip-shod, down-at-the-heel way, and never prosper. They get to a wedding as people are coming off. They are late at church; don't meet their notes, go to protest, and are in trouble generally.

Washington's way was the best. The Marquis of Abercorn was in the right. That Mississippi clergyman did nobly. And these three are good examples for our boys and girls to follow. Never be behind time, and, if you can, be a little ahead of it, and you will never repent of the habit of punctuality.—*Golden Days.*

Old Houses with Secret Chambers.

In the list of old houses containing secret chambers, Boscobel House should not be forgotten. The old hunting-lodge, which formed so welcome, and, as the event proved, so secure, a refuge to Charles II., after the "crowning mercy" at Worcester, contains two actual hiding-places, and there are indications which point to the former existence of a third. The secret place in which the King was actually hidden is situate in the Squire's Bedroom. There was formerly a sliding panel in the wainscot, near the fireplace, which, when opened, gave access to a closet, the false floor of which still admits of one person taking up his quarters in the hiding place, of course in a very cramped and uncomfortable position. This chamber formerly communicated with the garden by a postern door, which is now blocked up. The wainscoting covering the movable panel in the bedroom was, in the King's time, covered by tapestry, with which the room was then hung. The sliding panel has now been replaced by a door, for the convenience of visitors. This hiding-place has been very well illustrated in the large edition of Mr. Harrisen Ainsworth's "Boscobel." In the cheese room—a sort of loft at the top of the house, from which enchanting views of six or seven counties may be obtained—is a trap-door, beneath which, tradition says, recusants and priests were sometimes hidden. The orifice is, at present, covered with a lid, which is so ill-fitting that it is extraordinary the place should ever have been used to hide any one. I confess that had it ever been my unfortunate lot to occupy these close quarters, I should have entertained very little hope of escaping my enemies, even had I survived the suffocation which must inevitably have followed after a few hours' occupation. This hiding-place is commonly known as "The Priest's Hole." The places of concealment which I have described were frequently utilized, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., for the concealment of seminary priests and other recusants. Flannagan's "History of the Church in England" states that the hiding-places at Boscobel were, *inter multos alios*, contrived by one John Owen, who was servant to the Father Garnett who is a prominent character in Mr. Ainsworth's "Guy Fawkes."—*Notes and Queries.*

Mark Twain says the only introduction to a literary audience that he ever had that seemed to him the right word in the right place—a real inspiration—was as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I shall not waste any unnecessary time in the introduction. I don't know anything about this man; at least, I only know two things about him—one is that he has never been in the penitentiary, and the other is I can't see why."

Instructor to pupil—Miss Wright, write rite right, right on this piece of paper.