

Faint Smiles.
It was a bald-headed man who originated the motto: "There's plenty of room at the top."
Aeneas' little joke: "Now, Marie, see if you can get the table set by the time I am ready to help you."—Harper's Young People.

His brother, a 3-year-old, one day saw his grandma remove her false teeth, watched eagerly, and then took hold of his saying: "Grandma, I can't pull mine out; God pounded 'em in."
Dogs are not allowed to pick their company. That is why you often see a \$75 dog out walking with a fifteen cent man.—Yonkers Statesman.

A fact which ambitious young persons will have forced upon their attention rather frequently during the winter is that the lowest step has the most ice on it.—New Haven News.
"What do you do for cold feet, doctor?" The doctor, in thoughtful surprise: "Why, I'd go out into the snow barefoot or sleep with my feet out of the window, I suppose. Why do you ask? What do you want cold feet for?"

Mrs. Kendrick (the landlady)—"Is your seat comfortably, Mr. Dumley, or are you too near the fire?" Dumley—"No, I am not too near the fire, Mrs. Kendrick, but I think I am—er—a trifle too near the butter."—Drake's Magazine.

One rainy day a child asked his mamma if he could go out. She replied: "No, my dear: Your rubbers are worn, and you would wet your feet." Presently he looked out the window and saw some birds fly down in the mud. He said: "Mamma, have the birds got their rubbers on?"

One evening an old lady and her 5-year-old niece were on the doorstep. It was a beautiful moonlight night. Suddenly it became quite dark by the moon getting hid by a cloud. Quick as a flash the little one looked up and said in a regretful tone: "Oh, nana, God has blown out his light."

A man with three cur dogs following him along Water-street was asked by a gentleman "what those dogs were good for?" The man replied, Yankee-like, asking, "what two-thirds of the human race were good for?" The gentleman went his way pondering on the problem.—Augusta (Me.) Reporter.

A writer says "a woman carries mischief in her pocket." A good place for it. There is nobody under the blue canopy of heaven that can get into it but herself.—Binghamton Republican.

"Mamma, what do you pray for?" said the little five-year-old son of a friend of mine. "Why, for papa and mamma, and for God to make you a good boy," she replied. "Well, that's just what I've been praying for too," said the young philosopher, "and if you are going to keep on I'll quit."

The country editor came into town on Wednesday, saw a few flags displayed, and when he went home wrote that "we and our wife attended the celebration of the father of his country's birthday in Buffalo." This is the same esteemed country editor who told of "a quiet but effective wedding."

A good joke is told in connection with President Cleveland's passage through Palatka. A man who had come miles to see and "shake hands" with the chief, went away exultant, claiming that with others the President merely shook hands, but him he addressed personally. When asked how that was, he replied: "The President told me to pass on!"

It is said that cannibals will not eat a man who has used tobacco. Indeed! Is it not brazen unto the verge of unreason to ask a missionary to deny himself the solace of the weed just to make a gastronomic tip-bit of himself for a cannibal? There is a limit to all things.—Binghamton Republican.

"I saw at once," said a physician who had been called in consultation, "that Dr. Peilet's diagnosis was wrong; but as he was in charge of the case, of course it wouldn't do for me to interfere." "Did the patient die?" "Oh, yes; died of 'professional courtesy'—a very common and fatal disease."—Harper's Bazar.

Washington's Modesty.

There is a story told of Washington's first appearance in the house of burgesses. He was something more than a new member; he was the late commander-in-chief of the Virginia army, the foremost man in a military way, in the province; he had just returned from the successful expedition against Fort Duquesne. So the house resolved to welcome him in a manner becoming so gallant a Virginian, and it passed a vote of thanks for the distinguished military services he had rendered the country. The speaker, Mr. Robinson, rose when Washington came in to take his seat, and made a little speech of praise and welcome, presenting the thanks of the house. Everyone applauded and waited for the tall colonel to respond. There he stood blushing, stammering, confused. He could give his orders to his men easily enough, and he could even say what was necessary to Mrs. Martha Custis; but to address the house of burgesses in answer to a vote of thanks—that was another matter! Not a plain word could he get out. It was a capital answer, and the speaker interpreted it to the house.

"Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he. "Your modesty equals your valor, and surpasses the power of language."—St. Nicholas.

"ST. PETER'S CHURCH."

An American Traveler's First Impressions.

Hon. D. N. Richardson, editor of the Denverpost, Iowa, Democrat writes from Rome:

Are you coming to Rome? If you come to see it all, to compass its palaces—spiritual and civil; to understand its antiquities, to know the length and breath of Rome in time and figures, come early, come to stay. Come well braced for disappointment—for when you have spent your dear, short life of twenty, thirty, forty years, you will know so little, lack so much that you will shirk to look your neighbor in the face.

Envy, quite, the man who has been in Rome three days and tells you he has seen it all! I like him for his obdurate, blissful ignorance; that state of hopeless mental vacancy that outbids responsibility, and wish he would write a book on Rome, for he could only make a failure, as all have done before.

You come to Rome. First thing a hotel. You take a bit to eat, order a vehicle. You are going out to do the city—to take it in. Where will you drive? Nine times out of ten the pilgrim says "St. Peter's church."

"A San Pietro" speaks of your porter to the whip, and off you go. Off through close narrow streets, well hemmed in with tall, tawny, stuccoed houses—the houses are stores and shops and dwellings, all combined in one—you cross the Bridge of Angels in a trance, you pass the castle Angelo in a daze, you squeeze in through the Borgo in an anxious state, and facing great Saint Peter's you are crushed. You hunt your stock of words. They are misfits. You try to tell your thoughts. They are too insignificant; you alight, stare at the colonnades, the great ambitious fountains; the hieroglyphic obelisk; then turn and go inside. If you are wise you'll say no foolish thing, for you'll keep your mouth shut. You cannot understand a thing you see; the distances are great and overcome you; the heights are lofty—room in any corner to tuck away your village church and never miss the space it takes; the floor a wide spread of colored marbles; the piers and columns, niches, statues, cherubs—everything so out of all proportions that you have ever seen, that you cannot take it in or scarcely find your tongue.

You will join the crowd, maybe, and you will go to the great bronze canopy and look upon the many lighted lamps; gaze up above the clouds and find the heavens very high and overwrought with rows of saints—fer on tier, with Christ and Mary where the sun should be. You hear church music somewhere here—but not a congregation in sight—the great floor space is free of crowds, though some hundreds of people wander about just as you do; you wonder where the singing is, and go to find it—go to hunt among the piers, about the aisles and chapels—find it at last way off one side—mere chapel service—scarcely any people there.

But look you—look about—that little chapel you see here is larger than any church, perhaps, you have ever worshipped in; its dome mounts up two hundred feet or more; its floor is costly marble work; its altar golden bronze and precious stones; its pictures masters' works. Small yes; but put all the people into it that you find in your average church at home, and they will yet leave room for quite as many more. Nothing is small here. Stay here weeks and come here for an hour each day, and it will grow—take form and shape, and you will get accustomed. It hardly seems the work of man; more like a vast majestic cave arranged by supernatural hands—cathedral of the gods. The work of man could be described so man can understand—this passes all description—passeth understanding. You may pace it off—go around its outer wall, and those of its annexes, and adjoined rooms of the Vatican, and the walk is longer than that which compasses the walls of the city of Jerusalem! You trudge up to the top and walk about the streets of houses there—the great paved roof looks like a village—street and public square—homes for the workmen, a liberal force to keep things in repair. The lofty chapel domes that spring up through the roof are so many small temples—kiosks. The grand old central dome that mounts up there beyond this tidy village, is the August cathedral—round, as was cathedral shape in later pagan—early Christian times. You wander here at leisure, look up along the eighteen feet back of the Saviour and the saints that from your roof-village will look down into the sixty acre open square that fronts the great Saint Peter's; stray round the sturdy parapets, climb on further up and up towards the sun. From down below you saw a little ball—an ornament on the spire—just below the top. It's bigger than your head, and coming nearer, it grows bigger and bigger yet; and when you get up to it, it's big enough to let you in—you and your wife and children—uncles, aunts, and visitors. If all are good sized, sixteen can get in and more of big and little.

From the lantern railing just below you may sit and see the world! Men, below, are mites, and palaces are children's playhouse toys! From here you look straight down into the Tiber—down into streets and public squares of Rome as you look upon a map—as you look from a balcony. You may count from here the other Roman churches—one hundred, two, three—three hundred and sixty-five—all in full blast—their doors stand open every day. Full many of these are costly miracles of marble, fresco, bronze and painted scene; mosaics rare and precious stones, and gold and glist of jewelry. In olden times, those times of paganism, the temples were the banks in which men of means could keep their bank account—the priests the safe cashiers, who had not heard of Mont-real. These present fanes you may de-

posit in, as many a one has freely done, but no checks are honored here. These churches have much of interest—each has its private, curious history—each picture, saint and chapel has its tale to tell, and some are curious to find them out; but life is too short—we see within a church or two, and leave the rest behind.

The Lovers of the Queen.

The splendid pageant of the opening of Parliament and the passing of the Queen in state from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords, recalls the day, as men look on her, in her Mary Stuart mourning, when she traveled that same route as a happy young bride. Victoria, like all other girls, had some lovers before the lucky one came. Her first was the late Lord Elphinstone, a tall, singularly handsome young peer, who was sent to Madras as Governor to get him out of the way. Her next was Lord Fitz Allan, another six-footer, a splendid young officer of the First Life Guards, grandson of the then Duke of Norfolk, and afterwards Duke of Norfolk himself; but he was a Roman Catholic—a fatal objection. Fitz Allan fell passionately in love with a pretty barmaid, who administered beer at a tap opposite the Horse Guards, and wished to marry her. His family sent him abroad to get over his young passion, and falling ill at Athens, he married the daughter of Admiral Lyons, British Minister there, and sister of Lord Lyons, remembered as Minister at Washington, who had attended him through his sickness, and who is still living as Dowager Duchess. Her third lover was Lord Alfred Paget, one of the Marquis of Anglessey's splendid sons, an officer of "the Blues," standing about six feet two, who is the father of Captain Paget, married to our Miss Minnie Stevens, and who was then her quarry-in-chief, and has continued as equerry ever since.

This love affair was regarded as so dangerous that King Leopold of Belgium, the Queen's uncle, brother of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was sent for. The result was that Prince Albert was sent for next. Albert was at that time a courteous, chaste, quiet, mild, bland, accomplished prince, but here and there a keen observer might have detected on his round, full face a flush, and in his manner a flutter which bespoke the agitation that swelled the heart beneath. Over the chimney piece, too, of his student chamber, there hung one of Chalon's exquisite drawings of Victoria, which, though too flatteringly graceful and airy even then, still when surrounded with the interest which of itself lent beauty to a young girl placed in such a position gave a fairer idea of her than would be imagined in her present grosser figure and highly colored face, as presented in the most correct and delightful pictures of court life, by Adam Badeau. Albert, though little noticed, had been present at Victoria's coronation scene, a silent, but not, we fancy, an uninterested spectator. When Victoria was seated on Prince Edward's throne and the shout which proclaimed the girl he was educated to look on as his wife, queen of the empire on which the sun never sets ran along the roof of the good old Abbey, and was borne on the boom of guns down to the City Tower, he must have felt some emotion; and when she tripped over, with agile grace to lift up old Lord Rolle, who had tumbled, may we not fancy that emotion grew into some softer feeling. That evening, too, when on her return, the woman wept, as Greville tells us, because she feared to be a queen, Albert may have been near. A woman's tears are at all time's touching. At such moments a life of happiness or unhappiness, as the case may be, is often built. Be this as it may, queens are not allowed to possess or at least indulge in the feelings of other folk, and the news men for once did not, a few days after, convert a yawn into a sigh or a smile with sentiment.

Well, at all events, when Leopold sent for Albert, quick and with luggage light as a young American starting for Arkansas, the appointed youth booked himself in the small steamer which staggers between Ostend and Dover. The affair was very quietly managed by Leopold. In the Court Circle column the Prince's name found rather a mean and minored place, and as the Prince and Queen went out the evening after his arrival for a saunter in the woods, their stroll was unobserved except by the select few who were in the secret. But Victoria's maid, Rosalie, a kind, mischievous, merry little elf from Longschwalbach and who was more excited that evening than Victoria herself—prattled for a little while, to the court news man of how Albert's meek eyes, when they returned, were radiant with joy, and Victoria looked slightly flushed, and wore in her girdle a small flower—the flower of a dove which, through all the darkness of widowhood, has never lost its freshness—and her straw cottage hat was crushed back in front. Perchance she caught a branch—perchance some sweeter pressure—about which I think there are some lovely young brides in New York could tell. Be this as it may, the club man calling, the next morning, for his tea and toast and Times was startled by the announcement that "Her Majesty was about to lead to the hymeneal altar his Royal Highness Prince Albert of Gotha and Saxe-Coburg"—and thus Victoria was wooed and won.—W. Stuart, in Town Topics.

The Ants and the Cyclone.

It is stated that about a century since there appeared on the island of Grenada numberless colonies of ants. No one knew whence they came, but they so multiplied that they became fatal to the sugar cane, and as that was the principal industry the gravest results were apprehended. All expedients failed to dislodge them, and the government, in 1778, offered a reward of \$100,000 for any invention to destroy them. In 1780 nature came to their relief in the way of a terrific cyclone and rainfall which blew down what cane was standing, drowned out the ants, and new prosperity followed.—Toledo Blade.

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