

A LIFE OF ELEGANT LEISURE.

Or the Trials of a Foreign Diplomat—Swell Chaps.

The following interesting sketch of the ills of those swell legation fellows at Washington is given by a correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser:

To the world outside of Washington, which has an insane reverence for important dignity, it may seem that the young gentlemen who come here from abroad in official capacities are overwhelmed with business in every conceivable shape. No doubt they fancy (that is, the outside world) that these foreign ducks get up early in the morning, by the bright light, and are kept busy till a late hour in the evening in sending important private communications to their home governments about the condition of republicanism in the United States, and the prospects of its doctrines eating out the monarchies of Europe.

So much for the theory, and now a word or so about the practice and the actual facts of diplomacy from a Washington standpoint.

"I am sick," said one, "of this whole diplomatic life. It is one continued round of idleness and sloth. How do I pass my time? It makes me ashamed when I think of it. Well, my servant has standing orders to wake me up at 11 o'clock. When he comes, I tell him to come again at 12 o'clock, and then I again tell him to come at 1 o'clock, because it is an irksome duty to confront the sunshine and see other people busy, and I always put it off till the latest moment."

"What then?" "Well, I order my bath, and next my breakfast, and it is about 2 o'clock, before I am ready to go on the street. You want to know what next? Well, from that time on till bedtime it is one constant battle to kill the hours. I drop in at the legation, and we smoke a few cigars and drink some wine and tell a few of the latest stories. The relations between the United States and my native Spain are so friendly that we poor diplomats are going to seed. Do not make a mistake, my friends. You think it is an easy life. You are wrong. Nothing is more wearing than idleness when forced on you by the circumstances of the case. We are invited out to receptions? O, yes; but that soon loses its charms.—Every month I receive a handsome remittance from my family, over and above my salary with the legation, but I am tired of spending it in the old ways. I have exhausted the opportunities for pleasure, and sometimes I feel as if I could envy the common mechanic who has regular hours for his work."

One of the Kings of the Rail. Forty years ago R. F. Wilson was a poor country boy, residing in one of the mountain counties of Northeast Georgia. Why he abandoned his quiet, peaceful, frugal, happy home to try his luck in the great lottery of the world's jostle, is a matter of no consequence now, since it is a fact that he ventured and gained the prize. He is the chief owner of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad and its branches, the Memphis and Charleston and the Macon and Brunswick, or what is known as the Cincinnati and Georgia, which, when the two short links are completed, will dip down from Chattanooga, via Rome, Atlanta and Macon, to the city of Brunswick, on the southeast coast of Georgia. He owns vast interests in other roads, and has money, stocks, bonds and real estate amounting to several millions more. He made the remark some weeks ago that he intended to come down south and build him a railroad of his own. A dispatch from New Orleans, in the News of Sunday morning, discloses the sequel. His engineers have been over the line from Memphis to New Orleans, and a road running parallel with the Mississippi—perhaps skirting the flood line—is to be constructed as quickly as men and money can accomplish it. One of Mr. Wilson's partners, his brother-in-law, Wm. M. Johnson, who accompanied the engineers, thinks "no road in the south runs through as much good cultivated land, and that the line, when completed, will do a larger business than any new line ever built in the south, as it runs through large sugar and cotton plantations." Mr. Johnson and the engineers are probably correct in their estimate.

No section east of the Mississippi presents better prospects for railway tonnage, and as the road will start at deep water on the gulf and connect at Memphis with the Wilson system, extending to deep water at Norfolk on the Atlantic, the importance of the line can well be conceived. Mr. Wilson is of Irish parentage, and commenced his railroad career in an humble capacity when the road was being built from Macon to Atlanta, nearly forty years ago. He is now one of the kings of the rail, and his mileage is second only to that of the Vanderbilt

and Gould systems. With great daring in enterprise Mr. Wilson has wonderful caution, and with energy and quick perception he combines discretion and judgment. Take him all in all, he is one of the shrewdest, safest, most successful and most reliable business men in the country.

The Dry Goods Clerk.

Texas Sitings.

The dry goods clerk is a young man who is paid \$12.50 a week to stand behind a counter and sell dry goods. If he can conceal his feelings, and be polite to old ladies who ask for samples of seventeen different pieces of calico, his employers sometimes increase his weekly pay to \$15. Five dollars go for board; the other ten he invests in clothes, hair oil, and the hire of a buggy on Sunday. He wears his hair parted down on his forehead in a half circle, and is the proprietor of a sweet smile, which spreads all across his countenance and diffuses itself over the whole establishment when the up-town young ladies call to get a ribbon matched. He assures these young ladies that it is "a trouble to show good;" he is respectfully deferential to matrons with marriageable daughters; is charmingly familiar with country customers, and dignified and noncommittal with male purchasers who forget whether it was four yards of blue insertion or a quart of foulard nainsook double-width striped hose that they were told to get.

The dry goods clerk wears a seal ring and a gorgeous expanse of shirt cuff. When a customer has got all he has ordered, the clerk says, "Anything else?" and then in a very affluent voice, shouts "Cash!" When he returns the customer's change he again says "anything else?" Why he says it we cannot understand, as no one has ever known the query to cause a customer to purchase even an additional shirt button.

After the store is closed in the evening, the dry goods clerk refreshes himself by rolling up the pieces of goods that, in the course of business, he has opened during the day, and in discussing the financial and social standing and the imperfections of character of the old ladies who have an insatiable craving for samples but who never buy anything.

The dry goods clerk lives in a boarding house, in an 8x10 room that has a small window opening on the back yard, through which the dying echoes of the smell of cooked codfish balls may be distinctly heard as they gently float from the kitchen on the evening breeze. His ambition in life is to marry some girl whose father will set him up in business, or to be a drummer.

Natural History.

"Professor, what is a Dodo?" "There are several species of the Dodo, my son, and there used to be several more before the fool killer cut the country up into regular districts."

"Please describe some of them to me?"

"With pleasure. You have probably attended a Sunday school picnic given on the banks of a lake or river? Six fat women, two girls who wear eye-glasses and a very good boy who licks, make up a party to take a ride on the water. As they are ready to shove off the Dodo appears and keeps them company."

"What is he like and what does he do?"

"He is generally a soft-headed young man under 23 years of age, and he stands up and rocks the boat to hear the fat women scream and induce the girls to call him G'weorge."

"Does the boat upset?"

"It does."

"And is everybody drowned?"

"Everybody except the Dodo. He always reaches the shore in safety, and he is always so sorry it happened. He is sometimes so affected that it takes away his appetite for lunch."

"And is nothing done with him?"

"They sometimes rub his head with a cheap brand of peppermint essence and turn him out to grass, but no one ever thinks of doing him harm."

"And the next species?"

"The next species is a youth from sixteen to twenty. He labors under what the ancient termed the swell head. He gets out the family shot gun or revolver to show off. He points it at some boy or girl to see 'em shiver, and after he has testified before the coroner that he didn't know it was loaded, the affair is looked upon as ended."

"Is this species on the increase?"

"Well, no. The friends of the victims have got to making such a fuss over these trifles that the didn't-know-it-was-loaded Dodo isn't quite holding his own."

"What is the third species?"

"The third species belongs to the female sex. Of course there are two sexes of Dodo. She buys arsenic to kill rats, or corrosive sublimate to discourage bedbugs, or Paris green to give cockroaches a hint to skip, and she leaves the package on the pantry shelf alongside of her baking-powder. She may keep 'em separate for two or

three days, but it isn't over a week before the family begins to lose their appetite and hire a cheap boy to go for a doctor and a stomach pump."

"Is she sorry?"

"Oh, yes. She didn't mean to, you know; never thought of killing the family; always lived happy with her husband; had entirely forgotten that he had any life insurance; was in a hurry and didn't stop to look."

"And is there yet another species of Dodo?"

"Several others, but we haven't time to take 'em in detail and give full particulars in each case. The man who thinks the best horse wins is a Dodo. The woman who gets into society on the strength of her false hair, small waist, painted eye brows, enalcked cheeks and cramped feet is a Dodo. The man who thinks he can take comfort on a steamboat excursion—the man who goes on a fishing excursion—the woman who weeps over the heathen—the girl who writes poetry on sunsets—the young man looking for a necktie to become him—the old man who marries a young wife—why, it would take me an hour to mention them all. Put away your books in a careful manner and we will walk out and see some live specimens of the Dodo. I know of one who has been engaged to deliver a Fourth of July oration, and perhaps we may get a shot at him."

Two Distinguished Travelers.

Two young ladies of Terre Haute, were returning from California. The parlor car they were in was crowded with passengers. At a small station a woman in showy attire entered and denuded a whole section of a sleeping car. It was not to be had, and the conductor, brakeman, porter and cook, who seemed to be impressed with the new passenger's importance, were all painfully exercised to know where to put her. They looked at the other passengers with scorn, and seemed, without exactly asking, to demand an apology for their appearance on the car where they had paid for rights and privileges. The cause of all this commotion was very blonde, very large, very richly clothed and very well. When it seemed impossible to get her a whole section, or even half a one, she turned to the young ladies and said: "Will you consent to take the upper berth of your section and let me have the lower?"

"Sorry we can't oblige you," replied one of the pink-cheeked fares; "but really we prefer to keep the lower berth ourselves."

The big blonde straightened herself up; threw ineffable contempt and superhuman importance into her pale eyes and said:

"Perhaps you do not know who I am?"

"No we don't," replied the Terre Haute girl in a tone of very great indifference.

"I will tell you," said the woman of silks and jewels as her face bloated with self satisfaction, "I am Mrs. Col. Dunlevy Wickershaw."

(Dunlevy Wickershaw is known all along that end of the road as a bonanza man—bushels of money—and needs nothing more.)

"Are you indeed?" replied the hoosier maiden, not in the least overwhelmed. "And perhaps you don't know who I am?"

Madame Bonanza's face said that she did not know, and also that she had some curiosity.

"I am Mrs. Gen. Grant."

"And I," said her companion, "am Queen Victoria."

Madame Bonanza subsided.

Out on First Base.

A young couple of Prairie avenue had conversed long and earnestly one night, last week, about the weather and other thrilling subjects, and at 10:30 Llewellen grabbed his soup-dish castor from the \$75 hat rack and prepared to go home. In the hall were some rare exotics, among them a young century plant, only a year old.

"They are a curious flower," said Maud.

"They are that," replied Llewellen. "How I should like to see one in bloom."

"Would you truly?" inquired Maud with a radiant, artless look in her soft, brown eyes.

"Indeed I would," said Llewellen, a wild hope springing up in his inexperienced heart.

As they stood in the door way beneath the warm, bright stars of June, and he held her snow-white, jeweled hand in—his'n—Maud asked him to call again.

Llewellen ventured to squeeze the tiny, unresisting hand.

"Yes, call," she said softly, and tenderly, "call again Llewellen—when the century plant blossoms."

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MRS. LANGTRY AND NILSSON.

Details of their Proposed Tours in America—Nilsson Not to Sing in Opera—Campanini.

Boston Herald.

LONDON, June 21.—After a long and tedious series of negotiations, Mr. Abbey has secured Mrs. Langtry for a six months, engagement in the United States. In the past season she has made a great deal of money, so much so that a fortnight ago, after finishing her season at Edinburgh, she paid \$750 for a special train to convey her and her maid to London, where she was engaged at a dinner party on the following day. It is understood that Mr. Abbey gives her the same terms as he gave Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, namely, 30 per cent. of the gross receipts, with a guarantee that her share shall not fall below \$1,000 a night, he to pay her ocean passage both ways, and her traveling (but not hotel) expenses; to engage and pay her company and its ocean fares (if English) and traveling expenses; to secure the theaters and assume all responsibilities of the undertaking. Mrs. Langtry is to come over the last of September or early in October, and will begin her tour in New York. She will be accompanied by Mrs. Labouche, and it is probable that her entire company will be taken over from England.

Mr. Abbey has also just completed another engagement, negotiations for which have long been pending. He has secured Mme. Christine Nilsson for an extended tour in America, to begin in the early autumn. This is positive, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Mme. Nilsson will not appear in opera, as has been stated but only in concert, and a strong combination of artists is being organized to accompany her. Signor De-I Puente has already been engaged, and it is very likely that Signor Campanini will accept, the very liberal offer that Mr. Abbey has made him. Signor Campanini, on arriving here from America, declared that he was worn out with hard work and would rest for a season. He would not, probably sing in opera, but he is tempted by the prospect afforded him of a concert tour, and has about made up his mind to try it. There is a strong probability that Mr. Abbey will secure the famous contralto, Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, so long a favorite in opera in London and the continental capitals. He has offered her tempting terms, but, although apparently favorably disposed, she has not yet decided to accept. There is, I believe, some hitch about her engagements for next season on this side of the ocean. However, an intimate friend of hers says to night that she will accompany Nilsson.

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A Little Damp.

"Have we had any rain in Indiana this spring?" he echoed, as he turned in his seat.

"Yes."

"Well, it's been a little damp out there," he softly answered. "The day before evening I had to hang up twenty-eight of my ducks. They had become so well water soaked that they could not swim. During the month of April it rained 29 different days."

"What about the other day?"

"Oh, that was the day on which it snowed for 22 straight hours."

"How is corn?"

"Well, I planted mine in two feet of water, and 'tween you and me I don't expect over thirty bushels to the acre."

"What looking well?"

"Tolerably well, but the sturgeon and catfish are doing considerable damage."

"Didn't you get any dry weather in May?"

"There was about fifteen minutes one day when it tried to clear up, but I hadn't commenced to bring out my sheep before the rain came down again."

"Grass must be good?"

"Shouldn't wonder, but can't say. When I get back I'm going down in a diving bell and see."

"Got your potatoes in?"

"Not yet, I've got them loaded on a scow, and the scow anchored in the field in three feet of water."

"Then the prospect looks gloomy?"

"Not any, sir—not any. I've got an ark almost ready to sail, and if it will only rain for another week I'll be the best fixed man in Indiana."

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It is Nice to be an Editor.

It is nice to be an editor. Editors have nothing to do except hold receptions. This latter business keeps them busy. As we write there is a threatening letter on the desk, admonishing us that there is a black eye awaiting an opportunity to hop on the spot now occupied by our mild blue optic. Then there is our contemporary who had a recent reception. The editor of the St. Louis Chronicle carries around with him a note from the judge of the court there, warning him that he will be shot on sight, (and he's keeping out of sight as much as possible). A Quincy editor was called to the door, and shot almost to death by a couple of angry readers. Lee Lion, of the Wabash Courier, last week held a reception, his audience being two patent right men who objected to his mode of conducting the Wabash Courier. Two New Orleans editors have just returned from the field of honor, where they used each other for targets for five or six rounds. One of them can't walk—he's shot through the legs. (He probably stood on his head, with legs in air.) And so the list might be extended. Oh, yes; it is nice to be an editor—in your mind, just as a man gets used to it, like Pat's mulch who got along without any food—just as he got used to it, they generally die—at the hands of somebody.



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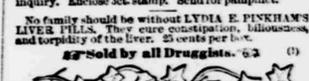
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