

LOST--FIVE DOLLARS.

BY ANTHONY E. ANDERSON.

Nan Kendall held her pretty brown head on one side, and critically examined the picture which she had just finished.

The easel stood by the open window, through which the scent of lilacs was borne into the low old-fashioned parlor. Her box of color-tubes stood on the floor beside the easel, and the palette and brushes, with the paint still moist and odorous upon them, lay on the small table near by.

"Yes," she said, with a self-satisfied, dimpling smile, using the mapstick to aid her as she enumerated the good points of her picture, "I think it will pass muster, mother dear. Confess now, that I managed those bits of sunlight and shade with the skill of an old master! And am I not represented 'as large as life, only more so'?"

"And what shall you call it, dear?" asked Mrs. Kendall, a fair, brown-haired widow, who looked very much like her daughter.

"Under the Lilacs," I think. It doesn't look very modest, I suppose, to paint oneself; but, in the dearth of models, I was compelled to do so."

"As if a prettier model could be desired!" exclaimed Mrs. Kendall, with motherly pride.

Yes, it was a pretty model, and a very pretty bit of painted canvas. Overhead hung great bunches of the fragrant lilac blooms, framing an exquisite, smiling, girlish face. Her hand was stretched upward, and the loose sleeve had slipped carelessly back, disclosing the white, rounded arm. Her apron was almost filled with great, odorous lilac bunches, while she was just in the act of plucking another. Over all the sunlight streamed—warm, bright, golden.

"I shall go to New York with it myself," said Nan, "and make—oh, ever so much money on it, mother dear! Then we shall have a new carpet; for this one, though almost hidden by rugs innumerable, is undeniably shabby. And I shall get my piano tuned, and buy those new waltzes Hetty spoke about last week, and—I'm sure I don't know what all. I think the fates that they have decreed old furniture to be very stylish and nice, for I'm afraid I won't get enough to buy anything new in that direction."

"Don't build too many air-castles, Nannette," said her mother, warningly, "for you may be disappointed, after all."

But brave little Nannette's hopefulness was not dashed in the least. She had worked so long on this picture; had been so painstaking. Surely in the great city, ten miles away, there must be some one who would admire it and buy it.

Not quite a week later, Mr. Curtis Van Tassel, sauntered listlessly into one of the downtown cafes, toward dusk, and settled himself, with a dissatisfied sigh, at one of the numerous small tables, covered with whitest, softest damask, and glittering with silver.

Business had been unutterably dull during the last week, notwithstanding the fact that it was early in spring, and Mr. Van Tassel's affairs had suffered more than a little. Hence his unwonted perturbation of mind.

So preoccupied that was he that he did not notice he had a vis-a-vis, till coffee and rolls had been brought him. The cloud lifted suddenly from his handsome forehead, and he glanced with deep interest at the girl opposite him—Nannette Kendall herself. Curtis thought it was one of the most beautiful faces he had ever seen—exquisite in its modeling, perfect in its contour. Her eyes looked sad and disappointed, as if ready to drop tears.

She had walked about the city all day not quite despairing of success, until the approach of evening. Then, fearful lest her mother might be anxious, she had left the picture at a kind-hearted bookseller's, who had promised to sell it for her if possible. She had decided to take the five o'clock train, but she had missed it, and now even her brave heart quailed a little at the thought of riding home at night alone on the cars.

Faint for lack of food, she entered the cafe, never dreaming she was guilty of extravagance unparalleled, as it was one of the most fashionable, expensive restaurants in the city.

Poor Nannette! her head was aching, her nerves tingling, her eyes were filled with unshed tears of mortification and disappointment. What a relief it would have been if she could have indulged in a good, hearty cry! But even that little boon was denied her in this great, bustling, hurrying, noisy, selfish city. (The adjectives are Nan's own.)

A brilliant idea came to her. She put her hand into her pocket, for her shabby little purse. The next moment she uttered an exclamation of terror and dismay.

The purse and money were both gone! Her water stood beside her with outstretched hand, a fact that increased her indignation on her smooth countenance. People who couldn't find their purses were by no means rare.

"But I have lost it!" faltered poor Nan, pale and trembling with genuine terror and distress; "or else some one has stolen it from me—my purse, with five dollars!"

Curtis Van Tassel had heard every word. He looked at Nan critically, and at the same time sympathetically. The troubled look in the brown eyes was so painfully apparent that he did not for a moment share the waiter's suspicion.

A brilliant idea came to him. Stopping down, quick as thought he abstracted a five dollar bill from his own wallet.

Nan had not seen the action, but the quick-witted waiter had.

"I beg your pardon?" Curtis said, quickly and courteously, "but I think this must be the missing. If you find it beside your chair just now, doubtless you have taken it out of your purse, had it beside your plate, and then forgotten it. Very luckily I chanced to look down."

"How can I ever thank you sir!" Nan exclaimed; while the servant gave Curtis a slight wink, and discreetly kept all knowledge of the little purse to himself. So long as he was paid it was no business of his from whose pocket the money came.

But a diligent search on Nan's part aided by both the waiter, and Curtis Van Tassel, brought no purse to light, and she was compelled to go without it. How the money could be there and not the purse was a mystery she was unable to solve.

Only a day or two later, Curtis was passing Harrison's book-store, when a painting in the window attracted his attention. Its execution was graceful and vigorous, but it was the central figure in it that he noticed. It was the very girl whom he had met at the cafe.

"I am a fool!" he thought, as he en-

tered and asked the price of the picture. But for all that he bought it, paying a hundred dollars for it, though Mr. Harrison declared that the artist would consider seventy-five a magnificent sum.

"Very fine indeed," Mr. Harrison said volubly, chafing at a chance to make a bargain, even if it brought no money into his own pocket, "and a perfect likeness of the artist, Miss Kendall, sir. If she wasn't poor as a church-mouse the world would have heard of her long ago, I'll be bound."

Curtis thought so, too, and wanted very much to know Miss Kendall's address, but he did not say so.

"My mother has long wished to have her portrait painted," he said artfully; "but she wants it to be the work of a lady's brush. Do you think if I sent Miss Kendall her photograph, she would consent to an oil portrait from it?"

"She would be only too glad, I guess, Mr. Van Tassel," said Mr. Harrison, enthusiastically; "and you couldn't get a lady better fitted for the work than she."

And Nan worked diligently and happily on her first order, never dreaming of the chain of circumstances, the loss of her shabby purse had brought all this good fortune.

She knew nothing about Mr. Van Tassel, except that he had purchased "Under the Lilacs," and was so pleased with it that he wanted his mother's portrait from the same brush.

"I hope he will like it," she said, on the very afternoon when Curtis Van Tassel was coming for the finished picture. "I have certainly done my best."

Mr. Van Tassel did like it, and he liked the little artist, too, so well that he came again and again, on one pretext or another.

And before many months, he had asked Nan Kendall to marry him, and she had answered, "Yes!"

"Nan," said Curtis, quizzically, one day, "did you ever lose five dollars?"

"Nan stared, and laughed. "What do you mean, Curtis?" she said. "No; but I thought I did, last spring."

"Thought you did?" Curtis exclaimed. "Why, didn't you really lose it?"

"Curtis, you are not the gentleman who—"

Nan stopped.

"Yes," nodded Curtis Van Tassel, with smiling lips.

"I have sometimes wondered where I have seen you before. Oh, it was monstrous of you to deceive me as you did! I don't think I can ever forgive you!"

"Oh, yes, you can!" said Curtis, confidently. "But how do you know I deceived you?"

"Mr. Harrison sent me my purse the very next day, with the five dollars intact. I had left it on one of his counters. I felt very angry with you then, and if I had known, I would have sent the money you gave me right back."

"And now, then, you do know me, you are going to give yourself to me, instead," exclaimed Curtis, triumphantly. "It was only a loan, you see!"

Confession of an Adventurer.
From the Providence Press.

Propos of the Chevalier Paraf, that prince of adventurers, whose successful career in Providence was the general theme of conversation, sarcasm as well as facetiousness, among the quidding number of years ago, the following story is told by a well-known gentleman who was acquainted with the clever Frenchman during the period of his campaign in this city. The gentleman happened to be in Paris four years ago, and in company with a party of friends dropped in at the pretty artificial garden on the Avenue Montaine, so well known to the average American tourist as La Mabilie. The fine orchestra was discoursing a lively Strauss waltz; the evily-dressed promenaders were circling the great central pavilion; the seats in the shady nook and of the cafe were filled with the frequenters of this peculiarly Parisian institution, and, as was the case on any fine evening of the season, a certain phase of life was laid bare to the gaze of the philosopher as well as of the pleasure-loving citizen of the world who chanced to be within.

In the course of the evening the Providence gentleman recognized amid the constantly changing throng a lady, so far as appearance and bearing went to show, who was known in his native city as Madame, the wife of the necromancing conjurer. The recognition was mutual, and the two were soon discussing each other at an adjacent table. Reminiscences were of course indulged in, and the various incidents of the Providence experiences of that lady were commented on without reserve by the dame herself, as well as by her companion.

"I said," she said, "that a native of New Jersey; that she had never been married to the insinuating chevalier; and that she left him before his present incarceration for swindling at the penal institution in the southern part of Chili."

"At length the question was asked, 'How much did you realize from your Providence scheme when you were working in so pre-eminently successful a manner?'" She laughed aloud as she replied, "One hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

Her hearer was amazed and did not fail to express his surprise. "Yes," said she, "we got that amount out of the concern, and don't forget we had a good time with the money."

Many circumstantial accounts were given of the various ways in which the two adventurers conducted their clever conspiracy, and if those who were the victims could have listened to the brilliant woman as she poured forth the story of her unscrupulousness accompanied by sarcastic comments on their credulity and ignorance, they would, indeed, have been far from flattered. Some of the details would not bear publication, but the gentleman, a very prominent business man, does not doubt a word of the story that Madame L'Chevalier related. Comment is wholly unnecessary. All familiar with the doings of the pair will understand the application.

Foot-Washing at Vienna.
Twelve of the oldest men and twelve of the oldest women in Vienna, bearing good characters and usually belonging to officers' families, are selected to have their feet washed by the emperor and empress, after the command of the scriptures—John xiii, 14, 15. One of the old ladies had reached the age of ninety-two years. The old ladies wore black dresses, a plain white muslin collar, falling nearly to the waist in front; white caps tied with lavender ribbon, and over this a sort of sailor hat, placed far enough back to show the cap border. The old men wore knee breeches, black stockings, and shoes tied with black ribbon; also muslin collars like the old ladies. After the old people were seated at the tables, their friends came forward and loosened their shoes and stockings preparatory to their removal by the court ladies and dukes, their friends again taking their places behind them. After a long waiting, the

Emperor, Empress, dukes, and court ladies, who were to assist in the ceremony, appeared amid the general uprising of the people. The Emperor took his place at the head of the old gentlemen's table, the Empress at the head of the old ladies' table. Four courses of food were brought and placed before these old people, four plates to each course for each person. The food was brought by chamberlains on wooden trays, served on common yellow plates. The Emperor took the food from the tray and placed it before the old men. The Empress doing the same for the old ladies. Then twenty-four soldiers, who were stationed twelve behind each table, and wearing full uniform, bearing white wood trays, came forward at a signal from the Minister of Ceremonies, and carried the untouched food away. The four courses were served in the same great pomp. The Emperor was very clever in all his movements, passing the food as though he had always served. The empress was very amiable, but was less dexterous, receiving much assistance from her ladies. After the food, dishes and tables were removed, a long white cloth was placed over the laps of the men, another over the laps of the women, which reached to the floor, then the shoes and stockings were removed by the dukes and court ladies. Now the emperor and empress proceeded to wash the feet of the ladies. The emperor was accompanied by two chamberlains carrying golden bowls, two carried pitchers of water. The emperor and empress with white napkins washed the feet. The amount of water used on this occasion cannot be rightly calculated, as the serviette was as dry and fluffy at the end of the washing began. An Austrian lady had said to me, "You must try and get a ticket to the 'Foot-Washing.'" I laughed as I pictured to myself the humility of these mighty people I had seen here in Vienna; when she turned to me and said, "Why do you laugh? I assure you they are washed and scoured with sand before they come."

—Correspondence, Boston Transcript.

The Tornado Season.
From the St. Louis Republic.

Now that the tornado season has fairly opened the scientists are again at work investigating the phenomena with a view to gain useful information. Something new is learned about these dread visitations every year, and though it seems probable that it may at some time be possible to foretell their coming, it is difficult to understand how the warning is to be turned to any practical account. The track of a tornado is generally narrow and not by any means in a straight line, though it usually progresses in one general direction from the westward to the eastward. The signal service last year published a statement of facts reported concerning 900 tornadoes that have occurred within the present century. The list includes all concerning which authentic information could be obtained prior to 1882. From this statement it appears that the average width of the path of destruction is 1,087 feet. The storm cloud runs forward with a velocity of from twelve to sixty miles per hour, while the wind within the whirling vortex moves at an average speed of nearly 400 miles per hour, sometimes attaining the rate of 500 miles. June is the month in which they are most prevalent, and they are most numerous in April, then in July and in May and September, than in August. Kansas is more frequently visited than any other State, sixty-two having been reported there in twenty-two years. Illinois has had fifty-four in twenty-seven years. Missouri had forty-four from 1814 to 1881; New York had thirty-five from 1814 to 1881; Georgia thirty-four since 1804; Iowa had thirty-one from 1854 to 1881; Ohio twenty-three from 1823 to 1881; Indiana twenty-seven from 1852 to 1880. States intermediate between those named have been visited more or less frequently, and the range of their destructive storms extends over the Territories of New Mexico, California and Nevada both being included in the list. How one should act to take advantage of any warning that might be given is a very hard question to answer. With a storm rushing forward at forty miles an hour it is not an able, even though he knew it to be coming, to predict what part of a whole country it would strike, what can be done? If its exact path were known a few minutes would suffice to escape to one side or the other, but this can never be foretold. It sometimes happen that the approach of a storm cloud is distinctly seen. In such cases the citizens in the districts to take refuge in cellars or to lie down in ditches or furrows of plowed fields, but even when these precautions are taken they often fail to afford protection, for the eccentricities of the hurricane are such that no place is safe. It is sometimes possible to run away from the storm as it approaches, its track being so narrow, and for guidance in this respect the signal service lays down the following general rules: It may be taken as probable that the centre of the vortex is moving east. The aim should be to get as far as possible from the central track. If the storm cloud is seen in the southwest the observer should run to the northward. If it appears to the north of west, he should move to the southward. If very close and directly to the west, the observer should run to the southeast. Of course the vortex is liable to swing across from side to side with great rapidity and thus render the effort to escape more dangerous than it would have been to remain still, but the directions are given as the best to be followed on the doctrine of chances.

A Man Who Never Had Teeth.
Montana Independent—A man who never in his life had a tooth in his jaws was at one time a resident of Montana. This fact was brought to the recollection of an old resident of this city by seeing a statement in an eastern paper that one of the most wonderful natural curiosities of the age is a ten-year-old Georgia boy who never had any teeth and shows no signs that he ever will have any. The man referred to above was sixty years old and had never had teeth. His name was Joseph Bearclaw. He was a resident of Alder Gulch in '64 and '65. Although nature failed to supply Mr. Bearclaw with teeth she tried to make amends by furnishing him with long, strong finger-nails and toe-nails, which were almost as hard as bone and fully an eighth of an inch thick. It is not known whether he got the name of Bearclaw from the circumstance or if that was properly his name. He was from Illinois, to which state he returned in '65 or '66.

The late Captain C. C. Daily of Port land, Me., leaves all his property, worth some \$25,000, to the Atlantic Lodge of Freemasons of Portland.

"COUSIN FRANK."

"I must now bid you good-morning, Miss Ogden; my train is about starting. I am sorry you are obliged to remain here until to-morrow, in consequence of the break in the road; but you will find everything pleasant here at the Sherman House. I have entered your name on the books, and have also given the name and address of your father, which will be all the guarantee you will require for the best treatment they can give you."

"That is all right, Mr. Werden, and I am greatly obliged for your kindness," was the pleasant response.

The lady whose attendant had thus bowed himself out and away was a happy young girl of eighteen, who had been spending the holidays with some relatives in St. Louis, and was now on her way to her home in Rochester. She had been accustomed to travel, both in company and alone, and did not regard it as a very serious calamity when she learned from the gentleman in whose charge she had been placed, and who had accompanied her as far as Chicago, that she would be obliged to remain a day or two.

It was now eight o'clock in the morning, and having breakfasted in her room, and while thinking how pleasant it would be to find some one in that great city whom she knew, she chanced to remember having heard her father say that he had a nephew residing there by the name of Charles Brown, a dealer in hardware.

The city directory having been sent for, gave her the address of "Charles Brown, Hardware," and within the next twenty minutes a cab placed the young lady, with her satchel in her hand, at the door of his residence.

The bell had been rung, and steps were approaching the door, when our heroine began for the first time to query with herself as to whether she had gone into the counting business in the most prudent way. Would it not have been better to have sent her card and informed these cousins that she was at the hotel, and would be glad to see them? She must now go in and say to the lady:

"I am a cousin of your husband. My name is Agatha Ogden, and I am a daughter of Ralph Ogden, of Rochester, New York."

How different an awkward transaction looks, when we get fairly into it, from what it does when thought of or seen at a distance!

"I am much pleased to see you, Miss Ogden," was the form in which the young lady was received by Mrs. Brown. "Please let me take your hat and wrap. My sister, Miss Williams," she added, as the lady thus introduced entered the room. "My husband is out of the city, but will return to-morrow. His brother, Frank, is at the store, and will be home to lunch by five o'clock, and will be glad to see you. My husband's relatives are not very numerous, and they are making me welcome here, and he has not more than ten years old."

"I do wish I was back at the Sherman House!" Agatha said to herself, the first moment she was alone. "These ladies seem very kind; but how extremely awkward I shall feel if the gentleman should not be a relative of mine, after all! They will think, and so shall I, that I have made a very great fool of myself. And even if they are my cousins, they will no doubt suppose that I came here to save my hotel bill. But I am here now, and they are making me welcome; of course, I cannot do otherwise than remain here until the elder brother comes home. I do wonder if other people ever act as foolishly as I do some-times! How father and mother would scold me!"

Frank Brown, the cousin who would be home to lunch, was an earnest young fellow, twenty-two years old, overflowing with life, and had seen just enough of the world to make him somewhat bold and self-reliant.

To make sure of Frank's company to lunch, Miss Williams went down to the store soon after the visitor came, and told him the whole story, ending with: "She is really a very pretty girl, Frank. We are just delighted with her!"

Frank Brown had never heard of any cousin of that name; but that only made the discovery more interesting.

Having put himself through the hands of his barber and boot-embellisher, and given each part of his wardrobe a few extra touches, he ordered a cab to set him down at the door—that unusual precaution having been taken in order to bring him into the present time, as his new cousin in an untried condition. Then, after giving himself a few more touches and scrutinizing glances on entering the hall, the young man marched boldly in, and having been duly announced, said:

"I am delighted to meet you, cousin!" At the same time—for the whole story was as well he told—looked her fondly and affectionately by the hands, and placing his left arm gently around her, waited a second or two, until he saw her fair blue eyes looking firmly, affectionately, and as he thought invitingly, right into his own, and then gave her a cousin's kiss, not roughly or hastily, but in a very becoming and orderly way. He said, next:

"I am delighted to meet you, Cousin Agatha!" To which the young lady responded: "And I am pleased to meet you, Cousin Frank!"

The young man remained at home that day an hour longer than usual in fact did not return to the store until one of the clerks came for him, and then remained only long enough to answer a question or two. A little business at the Sherman House required his attention. Cousin Agatha's trunk, the check for which he had received from her, must be sent over to their house, and her name withdrawn from the books. Miss Ogden would be their guest while she remained in the city, and she had already kindly consented to prolong her visit some two or three days.

"Well, my dear," said the elder Mr. Brown, on hearing the whole story from his wife, immediately after he came home. "This is a comical adventure—one, however, that does not seem likely to damage any of us. The young lady is certainly related to me. I understand, however, exactly how the mistake has occurred. There was another Charles Brown, who left here a year ago, whom I knew very well, for he was also in the hardware business, and he had, as he told me, an uncle by the name of Ralph Ogden, in Rochester. We were talking one day in regard to our respective families, when he incidentally mentioned that fact, and spoke, as I remember, in very high terms of that uncle. The young lady is, of course, the daughter of that gentleman. She is now, as you say, down in the city with your sister?"

"Yes; they went out together a hour ago, to do a little shopping, and will soon return."

"Well, we must correct the mistake as gently as possible, and make the young lady's visit none the less pleasant to her. I will go to the store now, and return within an hour, and while I am gone you will, of course, explain the mistake to our visitor. Meantime, I will set Frank all right in regard to the matter, and prepare him to be a little less demonstrative."

The mistake was first explained to Miss Williams by her sister, and then both ladies united in making the revelation to their guest, and all were soon laughing heartily at what seemed to them a very enjoyable joke.

As for Frank, his feelings were mixed and peculiar; and our heroine also experienced a sensation that seemed like a gentle confusion, when she thought of the earnest and affectionate kiss she had already received from the young gentleman, whom she had never met before, and to whom she was in no way related.

A slightly awkward and embarrassing situation, and to get back to the formal and dignified propriety which should be observed between strangers, and do so in just the right way, might possibly require more skill and tact than a girl of eighteen would be expected to possess.

"Well, Cousin Agatha, how have you enjoyed yourself since I saw you last?" was the greeting Frank gave their guest, the first time they met after the mistake was discovered.

Agatha flushed a little, but not very crimson, and managed to go through her part of the programme in a way that made all parties feel as if they had found a happy and congenial friend, worth knowing and loving, even though she was not their cousin.

Mr. Charles Brown mentioned to his family, in the course of the evening, that he had learned from reliable parties that the young lady, as he had conjectured, belonged to one of the most respectable families in Rochester.

"A good and worthy girl," he added; "whose visit we must make as pleasant as possible."

And to the carrying out of that programme the whole family addressed themselves—especially Frank.

Of the mistake that brought the young lady to their house, nothing was said to friends who came in. Miss Ogden was simply introduced as a young friend from Rochester, who was paying them a visit; and all joined with them in saying how very sorry they were that her visit would terminate so soon.

Whether the cousinly kiss which Frank Brown and Agatha Ogden greeted each other, when first meeting, was repeated at parting, has never been known—unless to the young people themselves. But for some reason the acquaintance begun in that random way did not end with that visit.

On thinking over the whole matter, on her way home, Agatha came to the conclusion that it would not be best to tell any one except her father and mother the story of her cousinly adventure; nor did she feel quite the whole story even to them.

"A letter for you, Agatha, and from Chicago," was Mr. Ogden's remark, while distributing the mail-matter the postman had brought in, one morning a few days after his daughter had returned. "From your cousins, perhaps."

"Have we any cousins in Chicago?" asked an older sister.

"We had some time ago," was the evasive answer which Agatha, with a sly but imploring look, prompted her father to give.

"Who is your letter from, Ag?" asked her sister. "I saw the address—a gentleman's writing."

"Please don't bother me now," replied Agatha, placing the letter in her pocket without reading.

"Just the way," said the sister, "that young ladies treat the first letter they receive from their beaux."

"After they have received as many as you have," retorted Agatha, with just a very little spite in her tone; "I suppose they give the first reading to any one who is willing to perform a service of that sort!"

"Who is your letter from, Ag?" exclaimed the sister.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the letter was from Frank Brown, who managed the correspondence so cleverly that, at the end of two months, he was a welcome guest at the residence of Mr. Ralph Ogden, and the accepted lover of his daughter Agatha.

A few young friends, that sister among them, were mischievous enough to say, on the day of the wedding, that Agatha—"Ag," as they persisted in calling her most of the time—knew very well, when she called on Mr. Brown, that those people were in no way related to her, but just went on a love-making adventure.

A slander, of course, and they knew it. No young lady ever made a more honest blunder, or a more lucky one; for the young man, whose first introduction was that earnest and affectionate kiss, proved to be a worthy and faithful husband. Agatha could not have found one who would have suited her better if she had looked the whole continent over.

Mr. Bennet Navigating Alone.
Mr. Gordon Bennett's steam yacht, Namouna, has had a very narrow escape from being totally lost at Villefranche. It appears that Mr. Bennett, having ordered steam to be got up, put his captain and mate on shore, taking charge himself for the avowed purpose of showing them how to handle a yacht. Instead of the harbor of Villefranche, she all but collided with the French gunboat Hyenne; once outside the Mold, the Namouna was steered straight for the railway station at Villefranche, and in consequence ran full speed ashore in a very few moments. Fortunately, the beach where she struck was composed chiefly of sand; hence after discharging some forty tons of coal and stores, she was got off by some tugboats dispatched from Nice, apparently without having sustained any serious damage. The gunboat Hyenne offered assistance, which, it is understood, was declined. Mr. Bennett stating that he ran the vessel ashore for his own amusement.—London World.

The Adirondack Gossippers.
Rev. W. H. Murray, better known as Adirondack Murray, who recently left Texas and was preceded by a telegraphic despatch which he declared a base slander, was at the Astor House, New York city, recently. He appeared to be in the best of health and spirits after his trip to the east. When asked how his lawsuit in reference to his lumber property in Texas was advancing, he laughed and replied, "Oh, that's getting along all right; it will take about six months before it is satisfactorily settled. I don't want to talk about it. I don't want to be interviewed about anything. This interviewing is the curse of journalism in America. I believe it is only a nationalization of the sewing so-

city. There a lot of women meet and pick their friends' reputations to pieces for the enjoyment of themselves; the newspapers pick everyone's reputation to pieces for the delectation of the readers." Mr. Murray said six months ago he was in New York about six months and would then go to Europe. He was engaged in writing a book on a subject connected with the west, but would not talk about it at present.

Things in General.
A prominent journal of the south says there are few southern cities in which the ordinary newspaper business is sufficient to support more than one good daily paper.

There are Indian girls in the Territorial University who are studying German, French, Latin, and Greek, geology, moral philosophy, poetical economy, and other branches of the college course.

Cincinnati Germans have started a temperance society, the object of which is to discourage treating. Every man his own bill payer is its motto.

Newstead Abbey has thrice changed hands since it became the property of Lord Byron. It was sold, with the estate by the poet to Mr. Clayton for \$700,000, and resold by the latter in 1818 to Colonel Wildman for \$475,000. The colonel left no issue, and the estate was sold after his death to Capt. Webb, the present owner, who it is understood would entertain a reasonable offer to purchase.

The place has been vastly improved since Byron's time, when it was in a miserable plight.

The Dayton Journal knows a thing or two about funerals, and sharply criticizes the dramatic festival dupes at Cincinnati for carrying off the dead Caesar to the market place dead foremost. The writer says: "Murdoch, presuming that the bearers understood their business, lifted the pall from the body at the end where the head ought to have been, and found a pair of stockings/feet. In an instant they were Captain Murdoch and the face exhibited. Nevertheless the mistake caused a titter which marred for a time the solemnity of the funeral oration."

Cultivating the sea is very much like cultivating the land. It doesn't answer to take all and give nothing. The oyster growers on the English and French coasts have discovered that they must change their system or exhaust their fisheries. It is found that shells thrown back into the sea produce thirty or forty-fold in oysters in two years. Next July and August many ship loads of oyster shells will be scattered over suitable places for oyster beds, and a few live oysters. Within two years each shell is expected to have from thirty to forty young oysters attached to it.

The first elephant on exhibition in New England, and said to have been the first in the United States was killed at Alfred, Me., in the year 1817 about one mile west from the village, in a piece of woods near the Board pond, so called on the old post road leading to Dover, N. H. A man by the name of Davis had an altercation with the proprietor of the menagerie the day previous, while on exhibition at Alfred, and sought revenge by shooting the elephant. The affair caused a great sensation at the time throughout New England. The locality is known and pointed out to this day as the spot where the elephant was killed.

A foreign journal says that the Viscountess de Courcelles toilet at a recent reception in Paris, had the train and bodice of pale grayish-blue lampas, covered with large gold flowers; the tablier was ivory satin, trimmed with gold-gilture; the high bodice, crossed with folds en fichu disclosed lots of ivory and gold lace, and it was fastened slantwise with large diamonds in two rows. Next to the elbow sleeves, long tulle Suede gloves, a bouquet of diamonds in the hair fastening an aigret of blue feathers powdered with gold. It is believed that the Viscount's schedule in bankruptcy will hardly be as elaborate as this.

At a meeting of those interested in promoting the educational and industrial training of Indian children, held lately in New York, twenty-two pupils of the Carlisle school gave evidences of their capabilities of receiving instruction. The principal of the school, Mr. William Pratt, said that during one year the pupils had made wonderful progress. The boys had been taught blacksmithing, shoemaking, carpentry and other trades; the girls, cooking, dressmaking, and housekeeping. All had learned to speak and write English.

There is one peculiarity of the capitol with which few persons are familiar. The speaker of the house and the president of the senate sit facing each other at either end of the building, and when all the doors are opened they can see each other face to face, at a distance of over 600 feet.

Witty Waifs.
An article in a Chicago paper is headed, "Kissed by Her Husband." This caused a great sensation in the city. The next morning, however, the paper explained that it was a typographical error, and stated for "kissed" read "kicked." Then the excitement died out.

Gem from a new Chicago romance: Once again the venerable administrator pressed his lips reverently to the young girl's forehead, and, as he led her to the door of the old mansion and again kissed her good-by, he muttered to himself, "I guess it will be no harm to sink another \$1,000 of my money, in my little wheat speculation."

"Is anybody waiting on you?" said a polite dry goods clerk to a young lady from the country, who had just entered the store. "Yes, sir," replied the blushing damsel. "That my fellow outside. He wouldn't come in the store."

"How is your wife this morning?" asked the pastor of Mr. Johnson. "She died last night." "Ah, that's a grievous affliction." "Yes, I know it." "But, Brother Johnson