The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

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CHIT-CHAT.

Whom the gods love die young; the gods seem to love Brigham's widows, for they all die Young.

Instead of the enormous hats, girls will this year lag gigantic fans to the theatre. This is a delightful change.

Never place much dependence upon the soft nonsense of a sheriff, girls. Ten to one he has an attachment elsewhere.

A lady trying to tell a friend what a poor appetite she had, said: "I eat very little; a flea would be a barbecue for me."

"No," said the youth, "I've no predilection for wearing a military dress. I joined the regiment because I'm bound to win out that girl if it takes a leg!"

It is now fashionable for young ladies to be square-shouldered, a la Mrs. Langtry. Gymnastic appliances are still selling below cost, but the cotton market is booming.

One of the conspirators among the Sioux who are threatening trouble is a chief called Woman' Dress. This Woman's Dress should be cut, gored and basted. He's putting on too many "frills."

Oscar Wilde says we should beautify our kitchens. That is all very nice in theory, but if a man hires a very pretty cook there is apt to be trouble in the family. Better let the kitchens alone.

Some one describes a "patent spring bed for married men." Unless it springs down stairs when a married man comes home at midnight, noiselessly opens the front door, and returns with the man without awaking his wife, it will not fill a long felt want.

The mistress has gently reprimanded her maid for oversleeping herself in the morning. "You see, ma'am," exclaimed the servant, "I sleep very slowly, and so you see, ma'am, it takes me much longer to get my full sleep than it does others, you see, ma'am."

When he appeared before his wife with his nose all bunged up and his arm in a sling, did she ask him with whom he had been fighting? O, no; but she merely said: "The next time you think you'd like to revel in a hammock, just put a feather bed beneath it."

When a man speaks of a woman he raves over her beautiful complexion, her delicately cut features, her glossy hair, and all that sort of thing. When a woman wishes to describe one of her sex, she simply tells what she had on. Each particularizes what each values the highest.

A new nursemaid had been engaged for the family of John Leech. On her appearing in the nursery, she was thus addressed by Master Leech: "Nurse, papa says I am one of those children that can only be managed by kindness, and I'll trouble you to fetch some sponge cake and oranges at once."

A get-up-and-go-out-in-the-country-to-work-and-give-young-women-a-chance-to-earn-a-living society is mentioned as the most æsthetic association that the young men of this city could organize. There are not enough good husbands to supply the increasing feminine army, and something must be done for the ladies.

"What a man your father is!" exclaimed Mrs. Homespun, looking up from the letter she held in her hand. "He says he has bought a French clock, and shall bring it home with him. What will it be good for except an ornament? None of us can tell the time by it, unless you can, Edith. You know something about French, don't you?"

The long vacation is ended. The school-marm comes back to her task with embrowned cuticle, a mind overflowing with the remembrances of the sights she had seen, and a heart tumultuous with emotions that have been awakened by the sounding shore or amidst sylvan scenery. She will be unusually amiable for the next few weeks. Oh, to be a boy again, about this time!

"Suffering sisters," exclaimed the speaker, energetically shaking the hair-pins from her head in her excitement, "women will never obtain their rights until they display some courage. Let me say to you, in the words of a famous French orator, 'Courage! courage! courage!'" At this stage of the proceedings somebody threw a box of caterpillars upon the platform, and the meeting broke up in great terror and confusion.

An insurance agent applied to a woman in Austin to induce her to get her husband's life insured. "Will I be sure to get the money if he dies right off?" "Certainly, madame." "But will you give me an assurance that he will die right off?" "No, madame, we cannot do that." "Well, then, what good will it be to me to get his life insured, if he don't die? I knew there was some catch about this insurance business."

How She Won Him.

I have just heard the most remakable story of the evenness of female temper. In fact it seems so surprising to me that I think some record of it should be embalmed in the archives of *Quiz*. It is a beautiful little fairy story and may appropriately be called "How She Won Him." Indeed it was quite enough to win a far worse man, if the worse men are ever won, which I dare say they are not. It happened here in Philadelphia and is on this wise: You know, or rather you don't know until I tell you (for how should you?) that there was a beautiful dinner given "many years ago," and she sat opposite him and looked ever so charming in a wine-colored silk with a square neck, and otherwise arrayed as never were the lilies in any valley on this poor earth. Well, the idiot of a waiter, in handing the soup, upset the entire contents of a plate right in her lap. Just think of it, girls! The whole front breadth utterly ruined, and for the world it could not be matched. Well, what did she do? Did she faint? Did she say, you horrid man? Did she scream? Not at all; she passed the thing off in some witty remark about fiery baptism and quietly resumed her dinner. He, of course, was delighted, thought her a most remarkable woman, and indeed she was; became attentive to her, and finally married her. One evening long after the event they were sitting before the fire, the children having gone to bed, and were talking about old times, when he said:

"My dear, I never told you, I think, how I first thought I would like to marry you, did I?"

"Why, gracious goodness, no, never."

"Well," he said, "do you remember that dinner at Mr. Simkin's where your dress was spoilt by the soup?"

"Indeed I do," she replied. "I never shall forget it as long as I live."

"Well," he continued, "you behaved so well about it that I thought you a perfect jewel."

"Yes," she answered, "I remember behaving very well about it at the time, but, good land, you should have seen the mark of my teeth on the bedpost that night."

Now wasn't that just too perfectly romantic for anything?—*Philadelphia Quiz.*

PERSONAL.

The King of Greece speaks English, French, German, Greek, and Danish. Their Grecian Majesties in conversing together use the German language, is speaking with their children they employ English and they speak Greek to the general household in the various royal residences.

Sir Erasmus Wilson has presented to the Margate Royal Sea Bathing infirmary a new wing of the infirmary, to be named the Erasmus Wing, which he has built at a cost of over $150,000. The wing includes two large day rooms and four dormitories, each to contain sixteen beds, with a swimming bath capable of containing 15,000 gallons of sea water.

The Queen of England regards with satisfaction the fact that the tricycles which have been used by her grandchildren have helped their health.

Lady Havelock, the widow of the distinguished soldier Sir Henry Havelock, died at her residence, in Kensington Park Gardens, a few days since, at the age of 73.

Birthdays.

I am content
To let the added years
That come to me,
Roll back into the past so far
That memory
Can only find along the shore
Some perfect shells and nothing more.

I am content
That sea-weed, bits of wreck
And pebbles gray
Float out of sight into the sea;
For them to stay
Would be to cherish grief and pain
I would not, must not feel again.

I am content
That none of life
Can ever be
Lived o'er with self-same throb and thrill;
No more to me
Will former song, or book, or toy,
Fill the new measure of my joy.

I am content
To live all of to-day;
And when I dream,
Let fancy revel in the light
That hope hath seen,
Beyond the present and afar—
A steadfast, sweetly beckoning star.

I am content;
For age upon the heart
Can never creep;
And when at last in stillest night
I seem to sleep,
A birthday comes to me in truth;
The gift it brings, immortal youth.

INGLEDEW HOUSE.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

CHAPTER IV. (CONTINUED)

"Marian," resumed Blanche, after a pause of some moments, "you would laugh if I were to tell you how passionately I loved Allan. You will think I was too young to know the meaning of the word, 'love.' Ah, no! Though a child in years I had a woman's heart. I had never loved any one but my mother; the next dearest object to me was my picture. Allan did not seem like a stranger to me. Had I not known and loved him all my life? The moment I saw him, and went up to greet him, that moment my heart seemed to leave me, and cleave to him,—that moment I would have died for him. It was my fate, I suppose; and now I lay, with two feelings contending in my heart,—one was sorrow for my father, the other, wild, worshipping love for Allan Douglas. I cannot tell you all my folly,—how I kissed my hand where he had touched it. The very wave of my hair where his fingers for a moment had lingered became sacred in my eyes. It was a wild, idolatrous girl's dream, from which I had a rude awakening. I thought how, when I was Allan's wife, I would study and read; how I would consult his tastes and wishes. Oh, how dearly I loved him!

"None of the servants knew why Allan and I met the next morning in my father's room. Miss Tirrell was too much astonished to speak. Poor lady! She managed to say, 'Blanche, Blanche, are you really going to be married?'

"I remember that ceremony. My father looked paler and nearer death than he had done on the day previous. He was supported by many soft pillows, and his valet, Thorne, who had witnessed my mother's marriage, stood behind him. Lady Douglas stood by my side. I do not know who the clergyman was.

"We were married, and the plain gold ring shone on my finger. Lady Douglas kissed me; Allan, for the first and last time, touched my brow with his lips. In my wild, mad anguish since, I have wished in that moment I had died—died on my husband's heart. My poor father smiled faintly. He lived the day through, but never saw another sunset.

"Marian, I cannot tell you how bewildered I felt when Lady Douglas addressed me as 'Lady Carleon.' I thought I must be dreaming."

"During the week that elapsed before my father's funeral I remained secluded in my own room with Miss Tirrell. On the evening of the day when this sad ceremony had taken place I wandered into the large drawing-room. It was quite empty. The windows had deep recesses, something like the one in my library—a small couch stood in one of them, quite hidden by the massive velvet curtains. Listless and tired I lay down upon it. I remember watching the sunbeams upon the wall until I suppose I fell asleep. Slowly enough I became conscious of the suppressed sound of voices. Presently I heard them more plainly. It was Allan, my husband, with his mother, and they were talking of me. If I had been quite awake and mistress of my own thoughts, I should have told them I was there, and my fate would perhaps have been different. But I had emerged so gradually from my sleep into waking reality that the first few words I heard so utterly prostrated me, that I could neither stir nor speak. I assure you, Marian, I should sooner think it feasible to steal than to listen. If by my will I could have suspended their discourse, I would have done so. But I was powerless to speak or to move.

"'Oh mother!' I heard Allan say, 'what use is wealth clogged like this? Better to be poor and free.'

"'It is hard, indeed, for you, my son,' she replied; 'but remember what that wealth has done, or will do for you. Your father died of grief, I believe, at the loss of his fair estate. You can now buy it back again. You will not only be Lord of Carleon and Hulme, but of Douglas also.'

"'And the price, mother,' said Allan; 'think of that!'

"'Blanche may improve,' said Lady Douglas; 'she is a plain child, but I think she will eventually become a handsome woman; were I in your place, I would send her to school for two or three years. She would be more presentable then. It is indeed a sad thing for you, Allan.'

"'The child is well enough, I dare say,' he replied, impatiently; 'she is an ugly, brown little thing. Oh, how different from my golden-haired Gabriel! Mother, I would give wealth and title to be free again.'

"'Poor boy!' said Lady Douglas, tenderly, 'I sympathize with you most heartily. I am grieved for you. You might have married so well. I wonder who her mother was? Some nobody, I suppose! I only hope the child will take after the Carleons, and not resemble that poor ignorant creature.'

"It wanted just that, Marian, to sting me into life. With one bound I stood panting before them: my blood boiled, and a burning lava of rage rushed through my mind and heart; for the moment I hated even Allan. To do him justice, I must say I never saw people so utterly surprised and ashamed as my husband and his mother.

"'That will do,' I cried. 'Abuse me; I am ugly and brown, not presentable, and sadly in the way; but if you value your lives,' I screamed, 'do not dare to speak so of my dead mother.'

"'Blanche,' said Lady Douglas, 'you should not have listened.'

"'I could not help it,' I replied; 'I came in here and fell asleep. Your cruel, shameful words, awoke and paralyzed me.'

"'She is mad,' said Lady Douglas, with a shrug of her shoulders and a sneer on her haughty face.

"'No, I am not mad,' I retorted. 'Listen, and you will know. Allan,' I said, turning to my husband, a wild, bitter grief shaking me from head to foot, 'I will be no clogs upon you. My mother married Lord Carleon; she loved him, and died of a broken heart. I have married Lord Carleon; I love him—ah, Allan, it is true—and I will break my own heart, love him who hates me; I will leave him, and never in my life consent to see him again. Take all my money, Allan. I shall never want it; it is for that you bought me. I never wish to see it or hear of it. I will go away and die.'

"'Blanche, how wildly you talk!' cried Lady Douglas.

"'Lady Douglas,' I said, turning on her fiercely, 'you have insulted my dead mother. Never presume to address me again. What I have to say will be said to Lord Carleon, not to you.'

"Marian, she actually cowered before me, that haughty woman of the world.

"'You never could live with such an undisciplined fury, Allan,' she said contemptuously.

"'Hush, mother,' said my husband; 'let me hear what Blanche has to say.'

"'It is not much, Lord Carleon,' I replied, 'only this—that I will never look upon your face again. I will be no drag, no burden upon you. You are free. If it were lawful to die, I would die and release you. As it is not, I must do the next best thing—seek a living death. From this moment I renounce all claim upon you, your wealth, and your name. I will take what I think my father would have given me to live upon; I will go back to Ingledew House, and never leave it except for the grave. I will have no name for I hate the one I bear.'

"'But,' he murmured, 'what will the world say?'

"'The world knows nothing of me,' I replied, with a bitter laugh. 'A faint rumor of Lord Carleon's ugly, brown daughter may get abroad, but no one will credit it. If all the world knew and opposed, I should still go, and keep to the resolutions I have made.'

"'In that case,' he said, 'It is useless for me to oppose them.'

"'Quite so, my lord,' I replied. 'All communication between us cease from this hour. A few business arrangements will be necessary. Your solicitor can make them with the only friend I have in the world, Miss Tirrell.'

"'Let it be so, Allan,' said Lady Douglas. 'Lady Carleon speaks like a woman of business; one would think she had studied the matter.'

"'Sudden injuries call forth sudden resentments,' I said quietly. 'I leave you now, my lord. I shall return to Ingledew House with Miss Tirrell this evening. I need not ask you never to attempt to see me. You will not. The most welcome news to you will be that I have rejoined my mother. I hope you will hear it soon.'

"'Blanche, Blanche,' he cried, 'how you mistake!'

"'Not at all,' I replied; 'I am in the way, and have sense enough to know it. I bid you farewell, my lord.'

"'Blanche,' he said, suddenly, as I turned toward the door, 'did you say you loved me?'

"'I did,' was my quiet reply; 'I have loved you all my life, but I am going now to learn how to hate you. When I can do that, I will die.'

"I have never seen him since, Marian. That same night I came back here to Ingledew House. My heart seemed broken. I would not care to live. I would not read or study, or admit any interest in anything. Night and day I brooded over my wrongs for three dreary years—they were long as centuries. I received three letters from Lord Carleon, and returned them unopened. His solicitor, Mr. Wilson, sent me one from Lady Douglas; I did the same with that. Poor Miss Tirrell went up to London on some business of her own, and as you have heard, died there. Then you came to me, Marian. I liked you at first. Very slowly but surely you awakened a new interest in my heart. I began to see that life might yet have some beauty for me, although I had suffered so keenly. I had rigidly kept my vow. I have never uttered myself, or allowed others to breathe, the name I bear. I shut myself up there to die; but you see,' she said, with a bright happy smile, 'my heart would not break. What do you think of my story, Marian?'

"It is the strangest I ever heard," I replied.

"My husband would not know me now," she said; "and I am much altered."

"That he would not, if he once called you an ugly, brown little thing," I said. "I should like him to see you and hear you sing."

"I think I was a very plain, awakward child," she said, musingly.

As I gazed upon her beautiful radiant face I should have thought it impossible, only that I knew children often grew up plainer, and *vice versa*.

We both sat silent for some time—the murmur of the waves had been the accompaniment to Blanche's romantic narration. I was lost in thought. A sudden idea had presented itself to my mind, and I was "making it out."

"Blanche," I said, "I have found a beautiful ending to your story—that is, if you will consent."

"Have you?" she said, smiling. "What is it? Are you going to live with me forever?"

"No," said I; "in my plan there is love and happiness, ending in joyous peals of wedding-bells, if you will only humble your pride."

"Tell me what it is, Marian," she said. "I have suffered so much, I have no pride left."

"You were married at sixteen, or, perhaps, seventeen," I replied. "You were then a plain, uneducated girl—that is nearly four years since. Now (mind, I speak without flattery), you are exceedingly beautiful. You have read and thought, besides, which you possess a gift that, in itself, makes a woman lovely."

"Well," she said, smilingly, "to what does this catalogue of my perfections tend?"

"To the furtherance of my plan," I replied. "If Lord Carleon were to see you now, he would, I do not doubt, fall in love with you; but he shall not see you yet. Place yourself in my hands, without reserve, until you are twenty-one. I will make peace with my aunt, and you shall visit us in London. Noshing will be easier than to introduce you to Lord Carleon as my cousin, or something of that kind; and if all does not end happily, I will never have faith in fortune again."

"You think he would be sure to love me?" she asked, blushing most beautifully.

"I do, indeed," I replied; "and, Blanche, you have been cruelly used; but I fancy that, despite your long seclusion and desperate attempts, you have not learned to hate your husband yet, have you?"

"No," she said, gently. "I love my pictured, Allan Douglas, although I do not love Lord Carleon."

"Remember," I said, "that from this moment you belong, not to yourself, but to me. We shall start for Paris next week."

"For Paris, Marian!" she said. "How quick you are! You make me giddy."

"Yes, for Paris, Blanche," I replied; "and I will tell you why. You must consent, old as you are, to spend six months at one of the best finishing schools in Paris. It is absolutely necessary. There are a thousand little things to learn before you can mingle with the gay world. I want Lord Carleon to see a beautiful, accomplished, high-bred woman, in the place of the brown, ugly little thing of years ago. You must have lessons in dancing, and I should advise you to study singing under one of the best masters of the day."

"Oh, I shall like it all, Marian," she cried, laughing gleefully, "if you are with me."

"That I shall be," I said. "I do not intend to lose sight of you again, Blanche, rely upon it."

"After six months in Paris, what shall we do?" she inquired again, laughingly.

"If we can persuade my aunt, Mrs. Erlecote, to *chaperon* us, we will make a tour through Germany and Italy," I replied. "That will give you more experience of the world than any amount of reading."

"It will be delightful," she cried; "but, Marian, we must not go near Como. I could not bear to see that place again."

"You shall not," I said. "And now I think we had better return to the house; Mrs. Dean will think we are lost."

We returned to the house, and the good old housekeeper did indeed looked flurried and anxious.

"Indeed, my lady," she said, "I was getting alarmed."

"We have been talking, nurse," replied Blanche, her beautiful face one glow of blushes and smiles.

Mrs. Dean gave me a shrewd glance but made no comment; she guessed I knew at length the history of the recluse of Ingledew House.

The first thing I did that evening was to write a long letter to my aunt, asking for a reconciliation. I was so anxious to have her co-operation in my plans for Blanche that I did not mind any humiliation. I was willing to do anything, except marrying Sir Wilton Graham. So I told my aunt, if she would like to see me, I would run up to London and spend a day or two with her, intending to do so on our route to Paris. By return of post I received a long and most affectionate letter from Mrs. Erlecote. She was only too pleased to take the offered olive branch, and agreed to welcome Lionel as her nephew.

Then I busied myself in selecting a school for Blanche. The only difficulty was in choosing from so large a number of eligible establishments. I decided at length upon Mme. Duplin's. She received but few boarders and those were all of high birth. I knew that Blanche would learn all those little etiquettes of which she was ignorant.

Once or twice it struck me that I was taking a great deal upon myself, but then Blanche was married and mistress of her actions. If my plans resulted in anything for her benefit, so much the better; she could but have gone mad or died if she had remained much longer shut up at Ingledew House.

I cannot describe my aunt's delight at seeing us. I took Blanche with me, and, with her full consent and permission, confided her history to Mrs. Erlecote. I need not say what a lively interest it excited, the more so as Lady Douglas and Lord Carleon were both well known to her.

"Marian," said my aunt, "of all the strange stories I ever heard this is the strangest. Who would believe that that handsome, melancholy nobleman had such a lovely young wife!"

"Is he melancholy?" I asked, almost glad to hear it.

"Yes; and to my mind this fully explains the reason," replied my aunt. "The world believes him to have been hopelessly in love with the Princess Scholsky."

"Does she reside in England now, aunt?" I asked.

"Yes; and she is, I should say, the most fashionable woman in London," was the reply. "But rely upon it, Marian, Blanche is far more the lovely of the two."

Mrs. Erlecote was anxious to take a house in Paris, so that Blanche could have the best masters; but I felt that plan was not so good as the one I had already arranged.

With many thanks to my aunt for her kindness, we started for Paris, and were soon safely installed in the very aristocratic establishment of Mme. Duplin.

I have no need to give in detail the history of those six months. They were spent by Lady Carleon in uninterrupted study. The result was more successful than even I had dared to hope. She was now an exquisitely beautiful high-bred woman, whose every motion was replete with grace and harmony. Her singing was unequaled. I was proud of her. Mrs. Erlecote joined us, and we made our eagerly anticipated tour. It was, I believe, one long ecstasy to Blanche. Those quaint old German cities with their ancient legends, the beautiful Rhine with its romantic borders, its ruins and stories were like a new world to her. Carefully avoiding Como, we visited the chief Italian cities, and examined to our hearts content the beauties of each. We enjoyed it so much that instead of returning home, as previously arranged, at Christmas, we prolonged our stay in Rome until the end of April, and only arrived in London as the season opened.

TO BE CONTINUED.)

Untamed Electricity.

The discovery by horses lately that electricity of a wild and decidedly quarrelsome nature pervades the pavements of Nassau street, New York, was an electrical wonder. The London *Globe* says: that "a curious instance of electrical development by friction has been observed in a Berlin brewery, though not without causing a good deal of alarm among the workmen. The building is constructed of stone and iron, the floor being laid with asphalt. In the upper story of the malt-house was a malt-cleaning machine, from which the malt was taken through an iron shoot to waggons below for distribution through the works. It was found that if this machine remained in operation for a length of time electricity was developed by the friction of the malt with the shoot, and in the most isolated portions of it that tension of the electricity was such as to cause a continuous stream of sparks. The malt itself crackled, while the sparks flew from it to the hands of those standing by, who looked upon the manifestation as one of demoniacal origin. An expert was called in to examine the phenomenon, and the subject was brought before the Electrical Technical union. Dr. Werner Siemens showed how, through the influence of the asphalt floor, the malt-room was so insulated from the other portions of the building as to become a large Leyden jar."

A Nevada paper tells of a man who was eaten up by a bear while asleep. He will be a much astonished citizen when he wakes up and finds where he is.

"No, sir," said the laborer, "I don't hire out to that farmer. His confounded fences are all barbed wire, and I can't get a minute's rest climbing over."

An eastern editor, who evidently believes in the law of compensation, says: "Nobody ever sends us any bouquets or fruit, but we found nine cockroaches in our inkstand this morning."

No one need feel so bad about the American round dance. The most popular dance in Hungary is one in which every man hugs two women at once, and Hungary is getting along quite smart as a country.

TOPICS FOR WOMEN.

SALUTING LADIES.

In former years the practice of saluting ladies with a kiss seems to have been very general, and many amusing anecdotes of this social custom are on record. It was, however, occasionally severely consured as being open to abuse. Thus, for instance, John Bunyan, in his "Grace Abounding," speaking of it, strongly condemns it. "The common salution of women," he says, "I abhor: it is odious to me in whomsoever I see it. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have made my objections against it: and when they have answered it was but a piece of civility, I made my objections against it; I told them that it was not a comely sight. Some indeed have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they made balks; why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favoured go?" In spite, however, of the censure poured on this old fashion by even consienctious moralists of the time, there can be no doubt that it found favor in the eyes of most of the ladies of our own and other countries. It has been often remarked, with more or less truth, that there are few of the fair sex who are in their inmost heart indifferent to the admiration paid to them in daily life, and who would regard with disfavor a kiss politely offered to them from some gallant swain whom, it may be, they have captivated by their countless charms. History, we know, is daily repeating itself, and it is difficult to believe that human nature is different now-a-days from what it was in years gone by, although the manners of society may have undergone certain changes. It is easy to criticise in unmeasured terms the social usages of our predecessors; but, after all, it must not be forgotten that in the present age the same customs are often as popular as ever; the only difference being that, instead of having public recognition, they find a tacit acceptance.

THE POPULAR WOMAN.

The popular woman is seldom domestic, industrious, or devoted to any particular pursuit. She is therefore at liberty to enjoy the pleasures of the moment. Her zest in life is contagious. She is very easy-going and largely tolerant. Next to her animal spirits this indulgent temper is her greatest charm. We feel at ease in her presence; there is no necessity to put one's best foot forward; intellectually and morally we can keep on our slippers and relax the backbone of our principles. Her indulgence does not spring from the charity that "knoweth no evil," nor from the cynicism that believes in evil only, but from her knowledge of man and womankind. It is a knowledge not profound or subtle, but, such as it is it is varied and true. It has the advantage of being raken from nature; it is not second-hand, nor derived from books or hearsay. This knowledge of human nature, skin-deep though it may be, gives her the inestimable talent of flattery. She makes no secret of being dependent upon others for pleasure and entertainment. When in society she does not contribute any flashes of wit to the conversation, any number of facts to the store of learning; but there is the crispness of orginality in her remarks, a certain raciness of expression that gives piquancy to her phrases. A gift peculiar to her is a rapid appreciation of the wit of others; a power of seizing it and throwing a gleam upon it that makes it evident to duller brains. She is not sarcastic, and never on the heights. Slow-witted and commonplace folks do not fear her. She will not soar above the level of comprehension, and she will not dart those shafts of irony which they have an uncomfortable feeling their clever sisters occasionally level at them. Intellectual folk take pleasure in a companionship that is easy and not dull. It is an incontestible fact that people of intellect find relaxation in the society of those who do not require them to be always pumping their brains. They like gossip, and the popular woman is fond of gossip.

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"De odder nite de ole man Saleratus Brown drapped ober to see me," began the old man as Pickles Smith got through swallowing a ten-penny nail which he was holding in his mouth to cure the backache. "He sot down wid a grunt, shoved out his feet wid a groan, and remarked dat times had so changed dat he didn't car' to lib anoder day. It made me narvous to h'ar him take on an' tell how modern folkses war dyin' off—modern houses no better dan coffins—modern food a pizen to de system—an' dat ninety-nine men out of ebery hundred war' liars, cheates an' thieves.

"Almos' ebery day I ha'a some of you takin on 'bout de good ole times when nobody died an' de front doah of ebery house stood open. You doan' know what yer talkin' 'bout! In de good ole times de common house was 'bout as comfortable as de common hog-pen. More people had to ride ten miles for a doctor dan a less distance, an' when hearrove he didn't know bran from broomsticks. Any sort of a man who knew Moses from Aaron was good 'nuff fur a preacher, an' de man wid de louddest voice an' de loudest bellow was de bes' lawyer. Women war' freckled an' men went bar'futed to church, an' de fadder who didn't bring up his sons wid a great deal of stern dignity an' blue-beech gad mixed togeder expected de boy to turn out a pirate.

"In de good ole times men stole an' cheated an' lied an' played hypocritr, jist de same as men do now, an' if de women didn't gad quite so often dey gossiped jist as much. De man who sighs fur de good ole times, am frowin' away his breaf, an' dar am a dim suspisoun in my mind dat he am lazy an' shiftless. De pusson who can't play his hand wid de world of to-day am either light in de head, er wobbly in de knees. I furder desire so add dat de nex' time I h'ar a member of dis club wishin' for a return of de days when only one fam'ly on a road ten miles long had an umbrella to lend, an' not one family outer sixteen could lend a cupful o' sugar widout scrapin' de bottom of de box, I shall purceed to read him a lecktur dat will slant his ears at an angle of fo'ty-seben degrees."—*Detroit Free Press.*

No Time Lost.

Mrs. Hunter was carrying two bundles aboard the day boat for Albany, in this city, when Mr. Snyder kindly relieved her of half her burden. On deck they sat down together, and as they sailed up the Hudson they rapidly grew well acquainted, though previously total strangers. He was a widower, aged 61, and an Ulster County farmer; she was a widow aged 35, and a seamstress in New York. He asked her to marry him. She was surprised, but not offended. She asked him for time to think the offer over. Certainly—he would give her until the boat reached Newburgh. Then she must go ashore with him and get married, or stay on board and remain single. Just as the plank wrs about to be hauled in at Newburgh, she said "Yes," and the couple went off with the two bundles. A Justice performed the ceremony, and Mr. and Mrs. Snyder travelled on by rail.

Hay fever is going out of fashion. Quite a number of prominent personages have neglected to have it this year.

Queen Victoria's Bouquet.

A few weeks ago Queen Victoria completed the 63rd year of her age, and has now entered upon the forty-sixth year of her reign. Since the Norman Conquest only eleven English sovereigns have lived that long, and but three have reigned that length of time. Of the first, if we have it jotted down correctly, were the two Henrys, two Edwards, one Elizabeth, one James, all the four Georges and the Fourth William. The captain of one of the Queen's despatch boats that ply between Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, and Portsmouth, told me something about how Queen Victoria made love to Albert. As we all know, on June 20, 1837, William IV. died, and England's Queen, who was then a blushing maiden of "sweet 16," ascended the throne. In diplomatic circles it had been arranged that she should marry Alexander, the brother of the King of the Netherlands, but at the critical moment Prince Albert of Cobourg came in like a "dark horse" and won the heart of England's Queen. It was on the 14th of October, 1839, that Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, was informed of the very important, but none the less delicate fact, that her Majesty was in love. With characteristic frankness she told him so herself. The day following this acknowledgement the Prince had an audience with the Queen, and then she told it to him herself! But why and how? These two royal lovers were placed in a rather peculiar position. Albert was to be wooed, Victoria was to be won! The social position of the Queen was very much superior to that of the Prince. He could not make the first advance, he could not offer the lady his hand. He must have felt like a fool. The prize must strike her flag before being challenged. The proposition was to be made, and the hand to be offered to her. The difficult and unusual task was accomplished in a skilful manner. With true womanly grace and a fascinating smile she handed a small bouquet of flowers to the Prince, who placed them as near as possible to his heart. In that region of his close-fitting uniform he had no button-hole, but quickly taking out his knife the gallant cut a slit and inserted the precious token. Then after expressing his pleasure at having been so well received at the court of St. James, and dwelling with ill-concealed emotions upon his reception by the Queen, he turned to leave, when Victoria asked him the telltale question, "If the country pleases your highness so well, perhaps you would not object to remain with us?" The Prince at once mounted to the occasion, and replied that it was the great desire of his life. The decisive moment for the Queen was at hand, and quivering with maidenly reserve and womanly delicacy, she confessed with honest and childlike simplicity her great love for him. She assured the Prince that if he would make the sacrifice necessary to become the husband of the Queen of England, that it would be the cause of her life-long happiness. Prince Albert, who had anticipated all that was said, yielded unconditionally. It was purely a love match, and calumny and intrigue never poisoned the sweetness of their wedded life. He did not, he could not, take part in the political affairs of the country; he was but the husband of Great Britain's Queen, and his empire was the family circle, and his subjects were his children.

A Family of Monkeys.

Hindus do not hurry themselves in anything they do, but the monkeys have lots of time to spare and plenty of patience, and in the end, after the crow has stolen a little, and the dog had its morsel, and the children are all satisfied, the poor fragments of the meal are thrown out on the ground for the blunder-logue, the monkey people: and it is soon discussed—the mother feeding the baby before she eats herself. When every house thus, in turn, has been visited, and no chance of further "out-door relief" remains, the monkeys go off to the well. The women are all here again, drawing the water for the day, and the monkeys sit and wait, the old ones in the front, sententious and serious, and the youngsters rolling about in the dust behind them, till at last some girls see the creatures waiting, and, "in the name of rain," spill a loth full of water in a hollow of the ground, and the monkeys work round it in a circle and stoop down and drink, with their tails all curled up over their backs like notes of interrogation. There is no contention or jostling. A forward child gets a box over the ear, perhaps, but each one, as it has satisfied its thirst, steps quietly out of the circle and wipes its mouth. The day thus fairly commenced, they go off to see what luck may bring them. The grain-keeper's shop tempts them to loiter, but the experience of previous attempts makes theft hopeless; for the baunaya, with all his years, is very nimble on his legs and an astonishingly good shot with a pipkin. So the monkeys make their salaams to him and pass on to the fields. If the corn is ripe they can soon eat enough for the day; but if not, they go wandering about picking up morsels, here an insect and there a berry, till the sun gets too hot, and then they creep up into the dark shade of the mango tops and snooze through the afternoon. In the evening they are back in the village again to share its comforts and entertainments. They assist at the convocation of the elders and the romps of the children, looking on when the *faquir* comes up to collect his little dues of salt, corn, and oil, and from him in their turn exacting a pious toll. They listen gravely to the village musician till they get sleepy, and then one by one they clamber up into the peepul. And the men sitting round the fire with their pipes can see, if they look on, the whole colony of the blunder-logue asleep in rows in the trees above them.—*Under the Sun—Phil. Robinson.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

General.

Janauschek has arrived in New York.

Fanny Davenport makes her London *debut* at Toole's Theatre.

Joe Murphy this season will be under the management of Augustus Pitou.

Rhea made her first appearance this season at the Brooklyn Park theatre Monday last as *Adrienne Lecouvreur.*

It is said that Frau Materna will give a season of German Opera in America next winter, bringing with her a first-rate company to support her.

M. Saint-Saens has just completed a new opera on the subject of Henry VIII. The score has been delivered to M. Vaucorbeil with a view to its production at the Paris Opera.

Geo. C. Miln, Chicago's agnostic preacher, has ordered a full wardrobe for the *roles* of *Hamlet, Iago, Othello,* and *Richelieu,* and next month will make his first appearance on the stage of the Grand Opera House in Chicago.

Clark & Ryman's Minstrels declined a parting demonstration by their friends on leaving San Francisco for Australia. Four members were escaping from creditors and two from wives. Modest privacy was thought becoming. The six artists were secluded in the hold when the steamer was searched for them.

The average life of a locomotive engineer is sixty. The engineer can jump.

FACTS AND INCIDENTS.

Thus far 1882 has been an extraordinary year for fires. The estimated losses in the United States for the eight months foot up more than $64,000,000, or $7,000,000 more than the average for four years.

Landed proprietors in Hungary still hold absolute control over the liquor traffic on their estates. This is now to cease. The power is to pass into the hands of the local Government authorities, and the land-owners will receive $25,000,000 compensation.

A native Sandwich Islander recently caught a small fish and undertook to kill it by biting its head. The fish suddenly sprang out of his hand and down his throat, entirely closing that aperture. He was nearly choked to death, when a good Samaritan friend coming along tipped him upside down, rapped the top of his head on the ground, when, just as he was about to let go his grip on life, out came the fish.

Economy is wealth. It takes a child six or seven years to learn to read and spell intelligently. But an English gentleman says his little boy of four years will read any phonetic book without the slightest hesitation, not even balking at the hard names in the Bible. His father taught him to read after this method in eight hours. Another gentleman says that he has taught poor children in Glasgow to read the sermon on the Mount phonetically in the course of six hours' study. Time is money.

The Prussian Government, alarmed at the continued tide of emigration, has been seriously considering what means to adopt for checking the steady drain upon the population and resources of the country; and it is now proposed to take the ground that persons who intend to emigrate must first prove that, in doing so, they will not violate any contract obligation, public or private, express or implied, like those that may be construed to exist toward municipal and village communities, families, and employers. Wherever it is possible to infer the existence of such obligations, the official authorities will doubtless be ingenious in spelling them out, and measures will be taken to prevent emigration in all such cases.

A correspondent of the London *Spectator* says that the expression, "Nine tailors make a man," has no sartorial reference at all. "From Queen Elizabeth, who is said to have acknowledged an address from eighteen tailors by saying, 'Thanks, gentlemen both,' to Carlyle, the saying has been mistaken. The original word is 'taler,' and is connected with the 'tally' or 'tale' of Milton's shepherd; or it may be, 'tollers.' In some parts of England, on the death of a parishioner the church bell is tolled, once, three times, &c., according to the age of the dead person; say, once for an infant, three times for a girl, but always nine times for a man. So passers-by would say, when the bell had stopped, 'Nine talers make a man.'"

IMPROVEMENTS IN KILLING.

Suggestions for Making War Still More Destructive.

Are no discoveries possible which should radically alter all the conditions of fighting, and either render war impossible or give certain victory to those who dare face such destructive machines? It is most improbable. The human race has been studying the art of war for four thousand years, and has discovered exceedingly little, except that an explosive in a confined space will drive a missle a long way. They have learned to throw stones scientifically. Since Agincourt, man has improved on the discovery of gunpowder, but has invented nothig absolutely original. For thirty years the most learned chemists, the most inventive mechanicians, the most scientific soldiers, have devoted their minds to the subject, with a kind of fury of eagerness prompted at once by the love of fame, by patriotism, and by the hope of rewards, which, to some of them, like Mr. Whitworth, Sir W. Armstrong, and Herr Krupp, have been granted with a lavish hand, and they have discovered nothing. They have made bigger guns and better shells, and more explosive powder, and have devised clever ways of keeping shells out, but that is all. The way of killing soldiers is to fire little bullets through a small barrel; the way of destroying works is to fire big bullets through a big barrel—and that is all. New explosives have been discovered, but no new way of throwing them the required distance. If ships ever touched, or nearly touched, as in Nelson's time, we suppose a catapult might throw a barrel of nitro-glycerine which, exploding downward, would annihilate the enemy's vessel; but the experiment has been tried. A ship which approached so close could ram; and such a barrel, not being driven by an explosive, could be kept off by a wire netting.

The only two directions in which even dreamers can see a probability of much change are the use of electricity or the use of balloons, and of either, the prospect is very slight. We can do a great deal with the lightning, but we cannot throw it, nor is it easy to conceive how it could be darted except through a conductor. Mr. Urquhart's dream of the quiet savant who fought the capitalists' army without weapons was original, but was only a dream. The capitalists had mastered the world, and the Proletariat rose in revolt, resolved to die rather than be pillaged longer. They had no weapons, the capitalists owning all; but as the capitalists' army approached, electricity shot from unseen batteries, struck every particle of metal used by the soldiers, and the army perished as suddenly and silently as that of Sennacherib. That is a mere dream. It is just conceivable that some Mr. Edison might manage so to establish a wire connection with an iron-clad that the whole structure should be full of death-giving electricity—be, in fact, a huge wire charged by a dynamo. But it is only conceivable, as in the similar dream which has greatly interested some able mechanicians, of so arranging mirrors as