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IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF 100 YEARS.

Asa Ayers, a veteran of the war of 1812, died on Sunday in Michigan City. He built the first brick house in Cleveland.

William H. Foster, of Salem, Mass., is the oldest bank cashier in the United States. He has been fifty-eight years in the service.

Mrs. Gordon, of Bluffton, S. C., is over 110 years of age, and still continues her habit of walking over four miles to church at least once a month.

A great lover of tobacco was Mrs. Sarah Smith, of Mattoon, Ill., who has just died at the age of 106. She continued its use to the very last.

Mrs. Polly Shoulders, of Jasper, Ind., is 87 years of age, yet she recently walked a distance of fourteen miles one day, and home again the next day.

Henry Wheeler, of Hickory Flat, Ga., has never seen a city and is 94 years old. He has 122 grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He never used rum or tobacco.

Two sisters and a brother named Plonk, living near Lincoln, N. C., cling to life remarkably. The brother is still called "the baby," although 96 years old. One of the sisters, Mrs. Sallie Weaver, is 99 years old, and the other, Mrs. Jane Toutheron, is 98.

A curious wedding has just taken place in Ekatevinoslay, Russia. Both bride and bridegroom have great grandchildren by former marriages. The groom's father, 103 years old, and the bride's mother who is in her 96th year, were both present at the wedding. The bride is 67 years old, and the groom 65.

James Smith, of Kosciusko, Miss., has been married 47 years, and death has never yet visited his household. He and his wife have had twelve children, all of whom live and are married. They have eighty grandchildren. The entire family live within a radius of twenty-eight miles in thirteen residences.

LAUGHLETS.

Do they ever bury a dead calm?

Straw hats shows which way the wind blows.

Men who hate long sentences—Criminals.

The smaller the string of fish the bigger the lie.

Wet weather will influenza man when nothing else will.

"Throw physic to the dogs." What's the good? They won't take it.

The Oil City *Blizzard* is responsible for the statement that strawberries and cream make girls "freckled and cause them to toe in."

Carlyle says:—"Laughter means sympathy." This will bring comfort to a man who has inadvertently trodden on a banana peel.

Love is said to be blind. This will explain why the young lover never sees the dog till it is too late to save the seat of his pantaloons.

One of the reasons urged by the advocates of the postal delivery system, in a small city, was that the office should seek the man, not the man the office.

Speaking of the improvements in a church edifice a notice reads, "Two charming widows adorn the chancel." The type should have said "windows" instead of "widows." A trifling difference.

"Do you think he is guilty?" asked the new law student of the attorney with whom he was studying, referring to a client who had just left them. "Well, I think—excuse me, I don't know how much money he has," was the response.

Theodore Thomas responded to a Cincinnati call for an encore by setting the orchestra at once at work on an instrumental piece. The audience cheered for fifteen minutes, but Thomas did not relent, and the brass of the band finally beat the brass of the audience.

There is some talk of introducing next season the pretty wedding feature of having the choir come down the aisle to meet the bride and return with her to the altar. Choirs often fight like cats and dogs in private, but in public their voices are always in harmony. It is thought this lesson will not be lost upon the bride and groom.

It is said that just before a Hindoo woman dies a cow is brought in that she may take hold of its tail as her life passes away. Anybody who has been yanked over a two-acre lot of newly-plowed land, deathlessly gripping the tail of an impulsive cow, can understand how the heathen rite is supposed to typify the longing of a person to die.

FOOD FOR FANCY IN EGGS.

Facts About them and their Undeveloped Possibilities of Romance.

"I wonder," said a Washington street commission merchant recently, "that clergymen never preach on the subject of eggs."

"Eggs. So simple a thing for a text?"

"And why not? What romances there are within their brittle shells! Romances of love, of life, of doubt, of disappointment and of death. The cyclopedias disclose the large variety and different sizes, and tell us the proportions of yolk and white; but these are only the dry facts to be made alive by imagination. The elegant and observant disciple of polite literature in *Goldsmith's Bee*, if he were to pass down Washington or Greenwich street any day, but especially on a Saturday, would find abundant food for reflection on the thousand and one things that everybody can think and so few write. The egg is so full of meat that it has become the basis of a proverb, and we can not neglect the accumulated wisdom of the ages."

"Can you give anything like an idea of the number of eggs consumed in a year?"

"Taking the aggregate sum of their value, which is placed at $300,000,000, and placing the average price per dozen at 20 cents, it would make the number of eggs consumed in the United States alone 1,500,000,000 dozen, or 18,000,000,000 eggs."

"But where do they all come from?"

"Hens."

"Naturally; but from what places?"

"From all over the country and from Europe. Merchants in Holland and Germand export hundreds of thousands of eggs every year. Don't you remember when the steamer Heimdal was run ashore off Bedloe's island a few months ago because she was on fire, that she had a cargo composed mainly of eggs brought from Hamburg? Eggs used to be shipped in barrels; they are now shipped in cases with paper compartments that allow the air to circulate around them, and it is wonderful to contemplate the length of time they can be kept fresh and sound. Some day when we have an extra rush on I'll send for you, and you will see that my idea of having eggs made the subject of more than a passing thought is something more than a whim.—*New York Mail and Express.*

THAT DREADFUL MAN.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

Deacon Smith brought me a letter. It was from my nephew Tom, and read,

Dear old Aunty:

I've lost every cent of that money. Spec was n. g. What's to become of Hettie and the baby?

Your unlucky
TOM.

I leaned back from my half eaten supper, shoved my spectacles up on my intellectual forehead, and wrinkled my pug nose with disagreeable thoughts. It seemed that I had not escaped domestic troubles by refusing twenty years before to marry Hiram Grimwood. Single life had its vexations, too. Tom was my favorite nephew—my dead sister's only child—and from the hour I took him from his nurse's arms in petticoats and brought him home to be the joy and torment of my life he had kept me stirred up. Measles and mistakes were the principal themes of his baby days, and love and lawlessness attacked him in turn as he got older. I never drew a free breath till he was safely married to pretty little Hettie Maynard, our minister's daughter, who had half the sense of the family, and the good looks, too. I was most as much in love with her as Tom was, but she had one fault—she didn't see through Tom, and thought his wild goose chases were sensible, legitimate ways of making money. I always could take care of my money myself. Giving Tom money was like pouring water into a sieve. But Hettie believed that Tom was the greatest business man in the world. She believed everything that boy told her and even persuaded me into believing in him, too.

Now he had done it. I had advanced him $1,000 of the modest inheritance which would be his upon my death, on his sacred assurance that he would double the money and return the original sum. And he had gone and lost every dollar of it.

"The lame and the lazy are always provided for," I thought bitterly. "Of course Hettie and the baby can't starve. I'll go down to the city and bring them up till he gets something to do, the scamp."

Now I am an old maid, and live alone since Tom married, and it didn't take me long to shut the house up. I lent the cat to my next door neighbor, told her she might have him for his keep till I came back, and the bird I took with me for company and safe-keeping. Somehow, when I was getting ready to go, my heart grew light, and before I knew it I was singing an old love song, though what put it into my head I can't tell. It's twenty years since Hiram Grimwood went to California, and I reckon he's been dead the most of that time, or married, which is about the same.

When I had put on all my things with my back to the glass I turned around and there stood a strange woman. She gave me an awful start.

"Good mornin'," I said; "however did you get in?"

Then I saw it was myself and I laughed and laughed. I had on the same black bombazine dress and bonnet I wore when Tom's mother died, and as that was about fourteen years ago they had come back to fashion and I looked quite stylish; and ever since I had the fever my hair has been short and curly, and it hung over my eyes just the way the girls wear it nowadays. I declare I looked so young I didn't know myself. Well! it's a true saying that there's no fools like old fools, and the Lord didn't make no exception of me.

When I got to the station everybody stared at me as if I was a show; I didn't take any baggage 'cause I warnt going to stay. So I only had a box with a clean calico in it, and a bundle of sweet herbs for the baby, and some new shirts for Tom, and the bird cage, and my umbrella, and a clock I wanted to get repaired in the city.

"All aboard!" yelled the conductor.

"I don't see any board,' I said, politely, and a man gripped me by the arm and pulled me on just as the cars started. Then I heard some one ask: "Who is the innocent old party?" But I didn't see no party, and I guess they got left.

Talk of adventures! I could write a book full of what happened to me on that trip, but it would sound like a romance and nobody would believe it. Ah! friends, truth is stranger than fiction, and I can prove it.

When I got my things settled in the car I felt kind of homesick and lonesome. There was the old cat left among strangers at one end of the journey, and Tom in distress at the other end, and I kind of swinging between the two, and I thought of the beautiful hymn that says—

"The world is all a floating shoo."

And—now, don't laugh—I just laid my head down on the back of the seat before me, and cried. I wouldn't have let Tom knew it for the world, but I did!

There was a man in that seat, but he did not take any notice of me. His face was covered with whiskers and he looked kind of stern, but a real good looking sort of chap, too. I thought it was him that touched me, and I jumped as if I was shot, but it was the prettiest little blonde girl of 16 I ever saw.

"Will you please let me sit with you?" she said, and her voice was just like a bird singing, and she had a little white hand all cushiony and dimpled, on my black bombazine arm.

I'm a grumpy old thing myself, and I felt like saying as I heard the rest do, "this seat's engaged," but when she looked at me with her sweet violet eyes, I just gave in and said:

"Certainly, my dear, sit right down."

I suppose the sweet child saw I was crying, for she kind of snuggled up to me and wanted to see the bird, and praised him, and he chirped to her, and she told me her sad story, how she had come all the way from California and was an orphan going to seek a living in the great untried world.

I came near crying again then, but I remembered where I was and straightened up.

"Did you ever know a Mr. Grimwood in California?" I asked. Not that I cared to know what had become of Hiram, but I just did it to make talk.

"I-I didn't know many people," she said in her pretty bird like voice. "I went to scheol till my dear mother died and left me alone and pe-en-niless!"

She was crying then and the man in the seat before us turned straight round and stared at her. I gave him a look, I tell you, and he turned away again quicker.

And she had to go at the next station. I never felt so sorry to part with any one and she actually put her pretty arms about my neck and kissed me, just as if she had known me all her life, sweet thing!

But what does that man do but insist on carrying her satchel out to the platform, and all the time the cars waited he stopped out there talking to her. I couldn't hear what they said, but I saw her give him something and her face was red and she was just as angry as she could be, a asnd the car moved off I called to her; but she never took any notice she was that vexed about something! I just made up my mind that he made her pay him for carrying that satchel out, and yet it didn't seem as if any man could be so mean.

After a while the man came back and sat down in the same seat he had occupied all along, and—would you believe it?—he had the audacity to try and start up a conversation with *me*.

"Have you the time?" he asked as impudent as you please.

"Of course I have the time," I answered, in a huff. "I never travel without it."

It was the first time I had been anywhere for ten years, but I didn't propose that he should know it.

"Would you mind telling me what time it is?" he asked, politely.

"Soft soap doesn't go down with me." I looked square at him as I answered.

"Why don't you carry a watch yourself and not trouble ladies?"

He actually smiled. Then I thought maybe he would suspicion that I didn't have any watch, nothing but a gold chain for show, so I took hold of it——

Goodness, gracious! My watch was gone!

I stood right up in the car and screamed at the top of my voice:

"Fire! murder! thieves! I've been robbed! Stop the cars!"

"Hush!" said the man in front of me in a stern voice. "Matilda Jane, sit down and keep quiet; it won't do any good to scream that way."

I nearly fainted. He called me Matilda Jane, and there never was but one person in the world that always gave me my full name, and that was Hiram Grimwood. I pinched myself to see if I was alive.

"That pretty girl took your watch," he said, and it was *his* voice this time.

"Never!" I said indignantly. "You may be Hiram Grimwood or his ghost, and if you are you have no right to come back here and tell lies. That poor child steal, indeed!"

"Matilda Jane, you haven't changed a bit," said that dreadful man. "You're just the same trusting, unsuspicious soul you used to be. That 'poor child' is an adventuress of 30. She came into this car on purpose to rob you."

"My purse is gone," I gasped, "and every cent I had with me, and a check—Oh, Tom! Tom! there's another fool in the family! I'll just throw myself on the track."

I suppose I must have been temporarily deranged, as they say on juries, for the next thing I knew I was at the door of the car struggling with some one, who help my hands so I couldn't move, and then I broke down and cried, for this was what that dreadful man whispered in my ear:

"Matilda Jane, I have enough for us both, and if you love me as I love you no knife can cut our love in two."

We had hardly talked matters over, and accounted for each other through all these long years of parting, when we got to the town where Tom lived. We took a carriage; at least Hiram—ahem!—Mr. Grimwood did, and we drove right to the house—a little nest in the outlines—and got there just as Tom and Hettie were sitting down to a strawberry shortcake big enough for a dozen. They were laughing and carrying on like two children, and I declare, they were so glad to see me they nearly devoured me off-hand.

"Oh, Tom, Tom," I wailed, "here's your old aunt, who didn't know enough when the Lord rained common sense to hoist her umbrella—Tom the money's gone."

"Never mind the money," cried Tom. "Money's a fool to this! Give us another hug, old girl! Say, aunty, suppose you introduce your pal!"

That wicked boy! But I had forgotten all about having company.

"It's an old friend," I said blushing like a goose; "Mr. Grimwood, Tom."

'Oh, Uncle Hiram," said the wretch; "I've heard of you all my life. You're right welcome here," and he pinched my poor arm till the tears came.

I postponed telling about the robbery until we had eaten supper, but I had hardly said the first word, when Hiram took out my watch and purse and laid them in my lap.

"Why, then, Hiram, you—you are the robber!" was the next smart speech I made.

"Not quite, ma'am," and he didn't seem a bit vexed. "I said a few words to that 'sweet child' and she quietly handed me your property. I'd been watching her all the time, and she knew it. Now, Tom, your aunt is not fit to travel alone, is she?"

"Of course she isn't," said that mischievous Tom. "She needs some one to keep her from throwing her money away. By the way aunty, my little spec has turned out all right. You shall have that money for a wedding settlement if you're good."

"And you'll be married right here with us," said Hettie, giving me Tom's baby to kiss.

"Me first," said Hiram ducking his head.

"No fools like old fools," said I. "Don't muss my collar, Hiram."

"Bless you, my children," said Tom, but the tears shone in his bright eyes and his voice trembled.

And we were blessed!

Ah, what stores and stores of solid comfort are embodied in the tender reflection that last year's straw hat is as good as ever, and will do first rate for another season,—after a new band is put on, that one's friends may not recognize it.

Short-meater—A dishonest butcher.

A DASHING FRENCH GENERAL.

A Man who Captured Bacninh so Quickly as to Astonish his Commander.

Mœolein is the Annamite word for "quick." And that is the name the French soldiers have give to Gen. Negrier, who is at present looked upon as the most wideawake General in the French army. He commanded one of the brigades in the Tonquin expedition, and it was he who captured Bacninh. The commander-in-chief, Gen. Millot, came after him, much surprised to find the place already taken. Before that Negrier had sent three officers to report the fact to headquarters, but they did not succeed in reaching Millot's brigade. Uneasy at not hearing any news from Gen. Negrier, Gen. Millot sent Capt. de Vignacourt in the direction of Bacninh. On coming close to the place he found a flag flying over the forts, but the fog was so thick he could not see what flag it was. Turning in another direction he came upon another fort, and was surprised to find that the soldiers did not fire upon him. He advanced and saw that they were French troops. He politely asked them if they would be good enough to inform him where he could find Gen. Negrier.

"At Bacninh," was the reply. "He slept last night in the royal pagoda."

Vignacourt rode rapidly back, and arrived at Gen. Millot's headquarters just as the officers were finishing their breakfast.

"Bacninh is taken," he cried "Gen. Negrier has been there since yesterday evening."

Gen. Millot was astonished, and the correspondent of the *Temps* says that some of the officers expressed dissatisfaction because Negrier did not wait for them to share the honor of taking the place. They said as much to Gen. Millot to whom they wished to give their sympathy for being late, but the general replied that he was delighted.

Negrier is described as a man whose face denotes great energy. He has splendid eyes, and a nose like the beak of an eagle. His beard is thick and bushy, the color being a strange mixture of black and red. He is young and thin, and has the air of a General of the older times.

Spencer on Government Charity

"Yes, truly; your principle in derived from the lives of brutes, and is a brutal principle. You will not persuade me that men are to be under the discipline which animals are under. I care nothing for your natural history arguments. My conscience shows me that the feeble and the suffering must be helped; and, if selfish people won't help them, they must be forced by law to help them. Don't tell me that the millennial human kindness is to be reserved for relations between individuals, governments must be the administrators of nothing but hard justice. Every man with sympathy in him must feel that hunger and pain and squalor must be prevented, and that, if private agents do not suffice, then public agencies must be established."

Such is the kind of response which I expect to be made by nine out of ten. In some of them it will doubtless result from a fellow-feeling so acute that they can not contemplate human misery without an impatience which excludes all thought of remote results. Concerning the susceptibilities of the rest, we may, however, be somewhat skeptical. Persons who, now in this case, now in that, are angry if, to maintain our supposed national "interests" or national "prestige,", those in authority do not promptly send out some thousands of men to be partially destroyed while destroying other thousands of men whose intentions we suspect, or whose intentions we think dangerous to us, or whose territory our colonists want, can not after all be so tender in feeling that contemplating the hardships of the poor is intolerable to them. Little admiration need be felt for the professed sympathies of men who urge on a policy which breaks up progressing societies, and who then look on with cynical indifference at the weltering confusion left behind, with all its entailed sufferings and death.

Handling a Gun.

The first thing to be learned is to stand properly. Plant both your feet naturally and firmly on the ground, so that the joints of the legs are neither stiff nor bent; then lean the upper part of your body slightly forward. Grip the gun-stock just behind the guard with your hand, the forefinger lightly touching the foremost trigger, that is, the trigger of the right-hand barrel. The stock of the gun, a few inches in front of the guard, must rest easily in the hollow of the left hand. Hold the muzzle of the gun up and slanting away from you, so that the lower end of the butt is just lower than your right elbow. Now, if both hammers have been cocked, and you gently and swiftly draw the butt up to and against the hollow of your right shoulder, you will find yourself in good position for taking aim, which is done by keeping both eyes wide open, and looking straight over the rib between the barrels with the right eye.

You will soon discover the trick of doing this, by fixing your aim with both eyes open, and then, holding it perfectly steady, closing the left eye; if the line of sight now changes, you have not sighted correctly: if it remains fixed, the aim has been taken with the right eye.

Be careful after firing never to set your gun down with the hammer up. That is the cause of many deplorable accidents. To avoid accident you must be constantly on the alert and cautious, not overlooking even the slightest precaution.

Here is a piece of German repartee. A Frenchman said to a Berliner: "Your Iron Cross, the highest Prussian order, is simply ridiculous—it has an intrinsic value of scarce 5 sous." To which the native of the Prussian capital replied; "I don't deny it, but it has nevertheless cost you two Napoleons."

Rajevsky, the archpriest of the Russian embassy in Vienna, died suddenly a few days ago at the age of 73. He played a very large part in the Pan-Slavist movement, and owing to his connection with the highest circles in Russia he possessed more influence than many ambassadors; and, in fact, during many years contributed more than any other man to the estrangement of the two empires. He was the agent in Austria for Pan-Slavist committees in Moscow and elsewhere, and had large means at his disposal.

AMONG THE DUNKARDS.

Their Love Feast and Method of Celebrating the Lord's Supper.

The church was divided down the centre by a long table, and this table was divided in the centre to allow passage between. At one end the men sat on benches ranged along the table. The other end or division of the table was in like manner occupied by the women. A strip of plank with pegs in it was over the men's table, and was hung full of their immense hats. A staircase in one corner went up into the loft above, where all the congregation who have to come any distance sleep on the floor and in bunks. They bring their bedding with them, and, as they do not insist upon the separation of sexes, a great many can be accommodated in this garret. People acquainted with their habits said that they slept in sackcloth and ashes while here for several nights. A door at the foot of the stairs led into the kitchen, in which a tremenduous fire crackled under a great iron pot, hanging on a crane in a spacious chimney that would easily burn a cord of wood uncut. From this pot a savory steam escaped and made its way through the open door, pervading the atmosphere with a most appetizing odor of beef. Soon there were prayers from first one and then another of the men, alternated with exceedingly brief and crude addresses. Hymns were also lined out and sung to very monotonous tunes. During all the time the men and women at their respective tables were embracing and kissing each other. It looked rather strange to see two men with Esau-like beards kissing each other. There were several negroes at the tables, who were embraced and kissed just the same as the other members, and bestowed their kisses equally as freely.

After these addresses, prayers, and hymns had gone on for an hour or more some of the men and women brought little wooden tubs and towels. Then one man or one woman, as the case might be, washed the feet of another, after their boots or shoes and woollen stockings removed, kissing them both before and after it. Another with his coat removed (if a man), and a towel about the waist, wiped the feet after bestowing the kiss of brotherly love, as it is called; then gave up the towel and tub to some one else, who performed the same office for them in turn. The custom, as one of the preachers explained, "was to show their humility and brotherly love," and also to follow Christ at the last supper. After this office had been concluded, praying, singing, and speaking went on as before. A man now entered bearing a basket of bread, a slice of which, about nine inches long, five wide, and of an indefinite thickness, was laid in front of each person; next a spoon was put at each place; the dishes of soup with square bits of bread broken in it was placed so that there was one for every four persons; then appeared huge pieces of boiled beef. Everything being thus prepared, one of the preachers explained that according to their reading of the Scriptures the communion did not mean simply the taking of the elements of bread and wine, but that the last supper of Christ was a feast, and their aim was to imitate Him exactly. After a blessing had been asked in the ordinary way, with all standing around, they began to eat heartily. Without waiting to clear up the table they proceeded to complete their communion, by taking the latter part of the feast. This consisted of what appeared to be unleavened bread, made into long, thin strips eight inches long, an inch wide, and about the thickness of a newspaper when folded. An explanation of the ceremony was made by a minister, and a sort of informal blessing of the elements was pronounced. The slices of bread were lying in a napkin, while the wine was in two patent medicine bottles labelled "liver corrector."

The bread was distributed, one person taking a strip with two of his companions, and breaking it into three pieces, thus again following out their idea of a preservation of the Trinity, as they do on every possible occasion. The wine, or "liver corrector," was next poured into tin cups, and likewise distributed, both among women and men, as the bread had been. During and after the ceremony there was much kissing and embracing, and after the communion singing, praying, and speaking were again resumed.

An Expensive Boot-Jack.

A Belgian hotel-keeper is especially "sweet" on Russian customers. "They are large, see you," he states; "they dispute not the accounts. Once lodged himself with me a Count ——," he relates. "When he arrived I was not in; I returned home from my circle; my wife was all frightened. She cry to me, 'Go speak to Mister Russian; he beat all the waiters; he is in anger; but what an anger?' I asked of what it is question. One tells me the Count he insist that the waiters take him off his boots. They are brave Belgians; they would not. He strike them and say stern follies. I had courage; I; I feared me not of him. I go to his room, and say, 'Mr. the Count, I am the proprietor; what will you; 'Sir,' he say, 'I will thank you pull me off my boots!' My first sentiment is de lui allonger une claque—to give him a smack; bnt I master myself, and say, 'Wait only two minutes, Mr. the Count; I have an order to give.' So I run to my wife, and tell her to give me my dress coat, my gloves gray-pearl, my gibus, my pantaloons black. In two minutes behold me, of great *tenue*. I go back to the Count; I say him, 'Only in dress of gala can the proprietor of this hotel take off your boots,' and, my faith, I take him them off in one, two! He raise himself, bow himself, and thank me very politely. By-and-by, in three weeks, he ask for his bill. I inscribe on it as extra, 'To taking off Mr. the Count's boots by the proprietor in a dress coat and gray-pearl gloves, one hundred francs.' He frown his eyebrows when he read that, but he not say one word. He pay that addition integrally. Never he ask me more to serve him as a pull-boot."

Without mounting by degrees, a man cannot attain to high things: and the breaking of the ladder still casteth a man back, and maketh the thing wearisome, which was easy.

Butter is so cheap that the poorest people can make a spread with

DARK LIFE IN LONDON.

Scenes and Incidents About a London Bar.

"Jam and glory" was shouted out to a reeling guardsman, by an intoxicated Delilah.

"As sure as yer 'ave halready the longest part of yer foot in 'ell, I'll brain yer if ye don't cork yer kisser," put in a third companion.

"Glory and jam," repeated the female, defiantly.

A smarting left-hander whizzed past my ears, but landed in space. The party it was intended for had just dropped down like dead, presumably dead drunk. This party was a hatless and shawlless woman, fine and bold looking, with a suckling infant hanging on her naked breast. By a sad miracle the baby had not been unhooked by the fall, and long pursued his meal happily on the ground. Little attention was given to the levelled creature.

The public house was crowded, its staff taxed to the verge of exhaustion. Now, he who does not see that it would seriously interfere with the business of a prosperous saloon were potboys to neglect the still standing customers for the floored ones, has never passed the threshold of one. This was on a Saturday night. I will not give the name of the assembly room. It is within an easy distance of Tottenham Court road. It retails very good beer and possesses some very old lauded liquors. There is a silent and unpretentious parlor at the back of the public bar, where sat one night, not a score of years ago, three select companions. The conversation was purposely stifled. The purse of one of the strangers was a long one, his taste fastidious, his thirst unquenchable, his pot companions no teetotalers. In a few minutes three bottles of Cliquot Extra Dry were lying empty on the table. Meanwhile curious data filtered through the talk. To get possession of it, I speculate that Chief Superintendent Williamson of Scotland Yard, who is one of the sharpest men I know, would have led a run on the Treasury, and been rewarded for his investment. French, German, and other foreigners haunt this hostelry. Those strangers do not belong to the upper classes of their country. Neither do they hold any appointment under their Government. They cherish the most alarming systems in politics. Irish, also, convivially group round that cosmopolitan bar.

On this Saturday night there were three of them freshly landed from America, on a short visit to London. They were not courtiers in disguise, ont for a lark. I would not have exchanged my rustic life against that of the millionaire who would have proposed emptying a glass with them in honor of the sovereign. It would have been equally ill-advisable to ask them for an

EXPRESSION OF DISAPPROBATION

for the last essays of the power of dynamite on resisting agencies. Indeed, I should not be surprised had they had the article on them. The police have lately captured a not unimportant quantity of Atlas powder, but I guess that at the present moment there is enough of the smuggled commodity in London to level the gigantic city to the ground. Fortunately, all dynamiters are not blind to the direct or indirect perils attending the handling of the ware.

It was a sad exhibition of ignorance on the part of those trenchant critics to laugh to scorn Lord Beaconsfield's belief in secret societies. It is childish to consider them as all-powerful, as some have frequently been inclined to do since, but to deny that they exist and act is equally foolish. Any detective anxious to shorten his days, could, with a little judgment, get enlisted in the Brotherhood right off within the very sight of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"To the Irish republic," said, raising his glass, one of the three American Irishmen, a resolute-looking man.

"To the Irish republic," echoed a small crew of daredevil neighbors. Then they all fiercely looked round as if to ascertain that there was no suspicious character sneaking at their elbows. I would not have given half a cent for the existence of that indiscreet individual. The Metropolitan police is not a sleepy body, but many tragedies

NEVER COME TO ITS KNOWLEDGE,

and many disappearances remain eternal mysteries. One evening I had to meet by appointment a German, who, after the most diversified existence, had become Secretary of one of the leading sections of the anarchist party. He did not come. I went to his lodgings. He was not there. I finally inquired from a party who should have known. The answer was that the man had been executed for having sold the resolutions voted in one of the sittings, and that no trace of him would ever be found. And it was true.

It would be a breach of trust to give the description of the proposers and supporters of the rebellious toast, so it cannot be furnished. But this can be told, for the separatists have no objection to its being known that they meet, scheme, and work, that they do not forget the three prisoners confined in Birmingham jail—Daly, Egan, and McDonnell, and that they are not prepared to desert them yet.

As I was going to leave the house the baby was raising a storm of protests by his desperate cries. These sounded strange for they proceeded as it were, from beneath the feet of the customers. "Turn the d——d toad out," vociferated a woman. A potboy at last hurried to the spot and picked up the infant.

"Where is the mother?" said he.

"Are yer bloody lights out?" put in a tramp solicitously; "you 'ave the muslin 'tween your pins."

All laughed. The potboy hurled a sulphurous oath and seized the arm of the horizontal body. But the next instant he was up, pale with hideous terror.

"By God," said he, "she is stiff cold."

"Yes, she is right dead," said a Yankee confirmatively.

"What kind of sauce will you have with your steak?" asked a waiter of a diner in a restaurant where the condiments were served with the orders. "If the steak is as tough as yesterday's, send me in a couple of circular saws."

A young physician of this city is doctoring potatoes for weak eyes, and says he has a growing practice.

They say the best wife always is some other fellow's wife, but the best baby is always your own.

FOREIGN NEWS.

International Railway Union—Suicides in Vienna—Gen. Baker's Wound—The Desert of Sahara—etc., etc.

It is proposed to convoke an international congress at Brussels to deliberate on the question of the establishment of an international railway union similar to the international postal union.

On a recent occasion Zebehr Pasha remarked that on the leaf of every tree it was written that Mohammed Achmed was the true mehdi, and that every true believer could read it, though it was invisible to the infidel.

A peasant, aged 24, was arrested recently at Krems, for the outrage and murder of a girl of 9. The body was found in a wood through which she had to pass on her way to school. The horrible crime caused great excitement in the whole district.

Mehdiism is catching. Another mehdi has risen in Bokhara by the name of Mohammed Abdallah Ben Omen. He has taken the title of Kefrid, and has written a letter to the sultan, calling upon him to unfurl the green banner of Mohammed against the unfaithful.

Five more suicides have occurred in Vienna during the last three days, says a telegram from that city. The saddest case is that of a Russian girl, Sofie Judgejevskaja, only 18 years of age, and said to be of extraordinary beauty. She threw herself from a bridge into the Danube, owing to want.

The dress which the queen intended to, but did not, wear at the royal wedding, is described as a marvel of the modiste's art,. The material was black moire-antique, with a silver thread running through it, interwoven with the fabric. A special loom had to be made for it, and its cost was £5 per yard.

Light is spreading even in Spain. At the last meeting of the council of health at Madrid it was unanimously agreed to memorialize the Government in favor of permitting cremation at the request of individuals in all cases where the relatives of the deceased are not opposed to it, and to make cremation compulsory in times of epidemics.

A new kind of public vehicle has been introduced in Hamburg, and has become very popular at once on account of its convenience and cheapness. It is called the taxonome, and marks automatically the exact distance traversed. The rate of is 50 pfennigs (12 cents) for a distance of eight hundred meters (one-halt English mile) and 2½ cents for every additional quarter mile.

A famous mollah at Cabul having declared the use of tobacco to be contrary to the Mohammedan law, the ameer has submitted the question to a council of mollahs from all parts of the country. If their decision be against the indulgence in tobacco, its use in Afghanistan will be prohibited, but if they pronounce it lawful the anti-tobacco prophet is promised imprisonment at Candahar.

A barbarous murder was recently committed at Buczacz, in Galicia. Some ruffians effected an entrance into the house of a provision dealer named Tennenhaus, and murdered him during his sleep, together with his wife and mother and two sons, and a servant. A boy of 8 escaped unnoticed by creeping under the bed, and was thus the only survivor. The house stands in the market-place, close to the church.

Sir William MacCormac a few days ago performed a surgical operation upon Gen. Baker. Gen. Baker was wounded at the battle of El Teb on the 29th of February. He was struck by one of the balls from a shrapnel shell exploding about fifteen yards in front of him. It struck him on the right cheek immediately below the eye, and burried itself in the upper jaw. Next day Surgeon Logen extracted the ball, not without some difficulty. It was of iron, and three ounces in weight. The recent operation was somewhat prolonged, The patient is progressing favorably.

A French bank-note manufactory has just been discovered by the Paris police. The proprietors are a M. and Mme. Drot, who, as a blind to their transactions, kept a house-agents office in the Galerie Vivienne. What led to the detection of the forgeries was the tendering by Mme. Drot of a fifty-franc note to a Paris shopkeeper. The spurious character having been certified, she was detained in custody, and the police proceeded to search the office in the Galerie Vivienne. They found a quantity of inks and other materials employed in the manufacture that Drot and his wife carried on at Conbevoie. On proceeding thither the police ascertained that, alarmed at the non-return of his wife, Drot had destroyed a large number of plates and forged notes. It seems that the forgeries have been carried on for over a twelvemonth.

Immediately after the death of the regent of Siam, in March, 1883, his remains were inclosed in a vast urn of costly material, several yards in height, which was placed in a large room opening upon the court-yard of his palace, which stands on a creek flowing into the river that traverses the capital. Bands of native priests, relieving each other in turns, keep repeating prayers night and day in the death-chamber, around which were displayed all the orders and decoration worn by the dead man in his lifetime. Twelve months after his death the urn and its contents were carried in state to a kind of temple, erected for the purpose, where the cremation was performed in the presence of thousands of spectators, including the king himself and his entire entire court.

A bold experiment was tried the other day by a Free church minister in England upon the members of his congregation. He preached an energetic sermon denouncing the growing tendency to desecrate the Sabbath, and concluded by boldly offering to give half a crown to every woman in the church who would come to him the following day and conscientiously declare that she had not spoke of worldly matters after leaving church. The men, who were presumably not so fond of chattering, were offered a shilling each on the same terms. Not a single person appeared at the minister's house on the Monday to claim either half a crown or a shilling. Labouchere says: "I am almost disposed to make a similar offer to the English and Scotch clergy."

A jilted Hollander, nagged by the green-eyed monster, had the following notice published in an English paper to warn his hated rival: "Notiss,—To hum it me voscernt; Misses C—— R——, wido of G—— R——, disided, had prommisset me, to go in the bounds of mattrimony with me. From anknoing grounds now, she decline to fulfill her promisses. I heard from good autorita, that zum underhandet game bin plait behint my bac, from zum anprincple fellos, knoingly, given my promisset bride boggy rides and promenadings; *probaly der is were the rabbit lais in the pepper!* bout to their benefit I publicly notefy them herewith, keep hands off! or prosecution in law-office way will follow. I intende to let them not impose and tramp on me."