Only a Box.

Only a box, secure and strong,
Rough and wooden, and six feet long,
Lying here in the drizzling rain,
Waiting to take the up-bound train.

Only its owner, just inside,
Cold, and livid, and glassy-eyed;
Little to him if the train be late,
Nothing has he to do but wait.

Only an open grave somewhere,
Ready to close when he gets there;
Turf's and grasses and flowerets sweet,
Ready to press him 'neath their feet.

Only a band of friends at home,
Waiting to see the traveller come;
Naught he will tell of distant lands,
He cannot even press their hands.

He has no stories weird and bright,
He has no gifts for a child's delight;
He did not come with anything,
He had not even himself to bring.

Yet they will softly him await,
And he will move about in state;
They will give him when he appears
Sorrow and pity and tender tears.

Only a box, secure and strong,
Rough and wooden and six feet long;
Angels guide that soulless breast
Into a long and peaceful rest!

—*Will Carleton in the Toledo Commercial.*

THE DOSTERS:

A Romance of Georgian Life

They had a long talk. Rather Mr. Bullington dwelt at great length upon the awful consequences of bringing into that neighborhood, and into houses which delicacy forbade him to particularize, such doctrines as sprinkling, falling from grace, and in all dreadful human probability infant baptism. The truth of the whole business, on Mr. Bullington's opinion, was that such as that ought to come as nigh as anything in this whole world could come to make the deceased, to whom respectful, affectionate allusion had just been made, turn over in his coffin if he could do nothing else. At length he ended, and after taking the promised gourd, bade his hostess a mournful adieu, and moved away as solemnly as he had come.

Mrs. Joyner, although much more cultivated than her pastor, and less narrowed in opinions, yet reverenced him much; doubtless the more for the sake of the affectionate relations that had existed between him and her late husband. Therefore she was much affected by his words, and when Ellen returned she said:

"Ellen, I know, of course, that I have no right to your confidence or any influence upon you, although you are my own and only daughter, and I used to have both. I forgot to ask you how is Sister Doster."

"She's well, ma," answered Ellen, lowly, holding her bonnet strings and looking as if she feared her mother was losing her reason.

"Ah! glad to hear it; but if you have made up your mind to marry that Methodist preacher, I think you owe it to me and to the memory of your father to say nothing of poor dear old Brother Bullington, who, if anthing, is worse off about it than I've been until now—I think you owe it to us all to have some sort of understanding that you are not to be interfered with in your religion; that is, if you haven't already determined in your own mind to give it up.

Ellen removed her bonnet at leisure; readjusted the combs in her hair; then, sitting down, answered:

"Ma, Henry Doster has never mentioned Methodism to me a single time that I can remember. Mr. Bullington has been here, I see. I thought they were his horse's tracks I noticed at the gate. And he has set you more against Henry. Did he have to say anything about Tom?"

"Some; not very much."

"What did he say, ma?"

"He only said—that is, he only intimated that—perhaps it wouldn't have been so bad if Tom——. What are you laughing at, Ellen?"

"Beg pardon, ma; but, seeing what you were going to say, I was comparing it with what Harriet told me of her mother saying, no longer ago than yesterday, about Henry Doster, and of her preference for him over Tom. It is right curious. You agreed with Mr. Bullington; now didn't you ma?"

"Well, if you must know, I did; and I wish in my heart, if you must have a Doster, that it was Tom, and that to-morrow."

"Well, ma," replied the daughter, after a little sigh, "I've heard you say many and many a time that you married the man of your own choice, although he was not that of your parents, and that you never had cause to repent of it, and now you talk to me as if I had no right to govern myself according to my own feelings. Yet, ma, you know that if Tom Doster and I, no further back than six months ago, had taken a fancy for each other, you would have been against it, and so would Mrs. May have been as between Henry Doster and Harriet, whom now she declares she would receive as a son-in-law readily—yes, thankfully. What are two poor, inexperienced girls to do in such a case?"

Ellen, notwithstanding her inexperience, looked at her mother as if she had the argument on her. But the latter confidently responded, "No, because neither of us had ever had a thought of your marrying Dosters of any kind. Martha May knows not what she's talking about when she talks that way; but she's no strong Baptist any way and never was, and she's carried away with what people talk about what a great ortator that Henry Doster is, and going to be a bishop or some great somebody, when there's Tom Doster joining land right next to her, and industriousest young man in this whole section of country, and would make that plantation look another sort to what it's been brought, and he's always been a good Baptist, and he's as good-looking any day as Henry Doster, and to my taste better. And then what is to become of me when my only daughter is following a Methodist preacher wherever they've a mind to send him when people get tired of him in one place and another, and my only son no more managing than Will May, and so little company or comfort to his mother otherwise? But I suppose I'll have to trust that the good Lord will take care of me somehow in my old age."

Then she wept freely, though without bitterness.

"Ma," said Ellen, in manner as conciliatory as her affectionate spirit could employ, "I am glad you spoke to me so freely and candidly. I have never asked Henry Doster about what are to be my religious privileges, nor as to the relations I am to be allowed to hold with you, the more dear to me because you are a widow, and because brother is not as considerate of you as he ought to be. He, as you well know, would no more have approve Tom Doster's, than he now approves Henry's suit of me, although he would have swapped me to anybody who could have given to him Harriet in exchange. Let that go. But I tell you now, and you may tell Mr. Bullington if you chose, that I have no idea, at least for the present, of quitting yours and my father's church. Somehow, ma, my parents have seemed to become the dearer, if possible, to my heart since—since I have been indulging another feeling." She blushed deeply, and covered her face. "Of course," recovering, she continued, "nobody can foresee what changes are to come over their lives: but now my expectation is to continue a Baptist, praying always to be as good a one as pa was and as you are. Can you be satisfied with that, ma?"

"I'll have to be, I suppose."

"Still you'd feel safer if it was Tom," and she playfully patted her mother's cheek.

Removing the hand, yet not rudely, "You know I cannot tell a falsehood, Ellen."

"Ah me!" sighed the sweet girl, and went up to her chamber.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Bullington's call was on a Wednesday. On the following Friday evening our two girls went in the Joyner carriage to spend the rest of the week at the Ingrams'. Tom had business in town on the following day, and as that was the stated Conference Saturday for Mr. Bullington's congregation in town, it occurred to Tom to do his pastor a little favor. So riding up to his gate toward sunset, he called him out, and said;

"Brother Bullington, I have to go to town early in the morning on some business, and knowing your horse was busy helping to put in wheat, I thought I'd propose to take you in my gig, if it will suit you and you can make it convenient to start immediately after breakfast."

"Why, Tommy—why, yes, my son," he answered. "It suit me exact. I am might'ly pushed to git in my wheat before the dark nights gives out. I'll be over to your ma's time you git your breakfast, and——."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't have you take all that trouble. I'll ride over here."

"All right, Tommy. 'Light, and tell me the news."

"Sorry I can't stay, Brother Bullington; no special news that I know of. I am glad I can accommodate you. Good-evening."

"Evenin', Tommy."

And Mr. Bullington thought that he felt a little better; for this was the first visit, brief as it was, that Tom had made him since the beginning of the rumors concerning him and Harriet May. Next morning he had just risen from an early breakfast, when, going to the door, he saw Tom's gig coming briskly toward his gate.

"My! my! You are bright and yearly this mornin'," was his salutation, as he advanced to meet him

Considering his prominence as a public man, Mr. Bullington had to a degree remarkable, even in his profession, a faculty of attention, at times of intense listening. Serious, indeed saturnine, in disposition, in the presence of one or more interlocutors he had a habit of compressing his lips, swelling his jaws, and contracting his brows while regarding with solemnest attention a speaker, whether the latter's remarks were meant to be taken as earnest or sportive. Afterward he would reflect most respectfully, even severely, before giving the answer which subsequent silence might lead him to believe was expected. Joy or grief seemed to make no separate impression upon that countenance except that the former perhaps was rather more agonizing. He never wept, at least with his eyes, except on occasions of much hilarity, when, as it appeared, he was suffering quick remorse for having been momentarily seduced from his habitually solemn port by manifestations of interest in the frivolities of such a wicked world. On such occasions the corners of his mouth would let down, his lower lip shrink and hide behind its superior, all making it appear that in him, among the various emotions of the human heart, that excited by humor was the most sorrowful.

Tom was in high spirits. Any healthy young man with no uncommon load upon his conscience ought to have been light of heart driving along the road on such a morning in the fall of the year, the sun, the air, the forest leaves, seeming as if they had been created purposely to gladden mankind. Tom rattled on gayly on this theme and on that. He believed that he said some good things, some excellent things, in fact, for one used to more serious work than merely making merry. Some of them must have been extremely funny, judged by by the excruciating grief of his companion. When they had gotten as far as what town people called the Two-mile Branch, and the horse had taken a drink and set out again, Tom said;

"Brother Bullington, I want you to do me a favor. It won't take much time or trouble. Get up there, Bill."

Mr. Bullington turned, and for a while looked savagely into Tom's face, at length answering, "You ought to know, Tommy, if you don't, that I'll do what lay in my power for you, or any of your people."

"I thought so, or I wouldn't have taken the liberty of asking you. Brother Bullington, I want you to marry me."

"The goodness gracious, Tommy!" in due time came the response. "Why, I'll do it. In course I'll do it. When?"

"I'll let you know before long. I thought you'd do me that favor. The truth is, I wouldn't feel exactly right in giving the wedding-fee I've laid up to anybody else than you, whom ma and I and all of us think so much of."

Mr. Bullington would surely have cried now if he had known how. Concentrating his gaze more and more fiercely upon Tom, he writhed and writhed, as Tom, waving his whip now and then, enlarged upon the pleasure it would be to him always hereafter to remember that his own pastor, and his wife's pastor, and the pastor of his parents, and the pastor of his wife's parents, and the pastor of——. But here they reached the Gateston Hotel. After alighting, Tom turned the horse over to the hostler, and said:

"Let us go into the hotel palor for a little while, Brother Bullington. I want to see a couple of gentlemen there for a few minutes, after which you and I can continue our conversation."

Entering, Mr. Bullington locked in slow, menacing astonishment, first at Mr. Swinger, then at Henry Doster.

"Well met," said the former, rising, taking Mr. Bullington's hand, lifting it up, and shaking it cordially. "How do, Br'er Bull'n't'n? Mornin', Tom. Little 'head 'o time, but better too soon than too late, special on the arrant you come on this mornin'. Take a seat, Br'er Bull'n't'n, and tell me all about yourself and fambly. Hain't see you, not to shake hands 'long with you sense that day at the Shoals."

After salutings and seatings all around, Mr. Bullington regarded Mr. Swinger sternly, as if to ward against assault. But the latter soon put him at as much ease as it was possible for him to feel in the company of dangerous heretics, who, plausible without, within were possessed of malignity and subtlety. After declaring over and over again how glad he was to see his brother Bullington, and to notice how well he held his own, and if anything how gladder to be told that Mrs. Bullington and the children were well as common, and after getting from Tom Doster such a promise as there would be no going back on to help Mr. Bullington in getting in his wheat during the dark nights, he said:

"Henry, I don't think I ever told you how bad Br'er Bull'n't'n got me one day at the Shoals. I no doubt Tom heerd it."

"Now, now, Br'er Swinger," said Mr. Bullington, "you goin' to tell on your own self that a way?" But they knew that, in spite of such remonstrance, he was quite willing for the story to go on.

"Oh, yes; a good thing's a good thing, Br'er Bull'n't'n, and when they on me, I'm bound to let t'other people git the good of it, even if I can't. Well, you see, Henry, it were a one Sadday evenin', I reck'n it ben about or mighty nigh about, three years ago; ain't it, Br'er Bull'n't'n?"

"Be three year Sadday before the fourt' Sunday o' next mont'."

"That's it. You see he ain't forgot. Well, sir, after preachin' that mornin' to about a handful o' people at our poor little Hopewell meetin'-house t'other side of Iggeechee, as I rid by the stow at the Shoals on my way back home, I see Br'er Bull'n't'n and a whole lot o' men thar in the peazer, and I thought I'd 'light and stop and howdy, and swap a few words with 'em all; for Br'er Bull'n't'n know I always liked him, if he is sech a rambunctious Babtis'. Him nor none of 'em notice me till they see me comin' up the peazer steps, beacuse for why at that very minute he were firin' away at a ter'ble rate agin we Meth'disses, and his words, jes as I come up, wuz to the effect that if John the Harbiniger had ben a Meth'dis', the Scriptur' would 'a named him that stid o' John the Babtis'; and he up, he did, and as he howdied along with me he say, "And here's Br'er Swinger, as good a man as they've got, and he can't deny my words.' Well, sir, you better believe! It were a Babtis' crowd, as you know they'r awful strong, up and down, on both sides o' the Igeechee. Yit, I thought, never do not take up the old man's channelge, though I weren't in what a body might call fightin' fix, a not a expectin' no sech. And then it were somehows, for the onliest time in my life, my idees, and my thoughts, and my argyments, and my words, and my speeches, everything I had, they all got jumbled together, and they got that piled up on top o' one 'nother that I jes had to stop, and to set down, and see if I couldn't ontangle 'em and gether 'em in hand. And then, right thar, at the very minute I begin to think I see daylight, 'Br'er Swinger!'—you might a heere him a mile away—he bawled out, he did, and he hollered, and say, 'Ah, Br'er Swinger, it were John the Babtis'. No Meth'dis', in them days—leastways o' them names. No wonder you speechless; but if you wuz able to talk, and could stand up and talk all day long, I'd jes take a cheer and sat down calm, and 'casion'ly fling in a primmary few remarks, and ask you to p'int out the chapter and the veerse whar they tells about the Meth'disses in the Good Book.' And then he shook his big sides, and the t'others they all broke out into a gener'l haw-haw. Well, sir, bless your soul! All of a suddent I got so mad that for jes about a second if I didn't feel like haulin' off and lettin' old Br'er Bull'n't'n have it right in the mouth, for flingin' sech a laugh on me, onprepar'd for it as I were. But I know sech as that won't begin to do, because I know Br'er Bull'n't'n have big a fist as me, and it wouldn't do nohow."

Here all broke into heartiest laughter except Mr. Bullington, who, what time he was not wiping his overflowing eyes, sat heaving his vast frame and glaring upon the narrator with a ferocity whose wretchedness was appalling.

"And so finuil," resumed the historian of Ogeechee border warfare, "what you reck'n I done? Why, sir, I whirled in, I did, and I thought I'd try laughin' myself too. But you all know what sort o' laughin' that is when you know people see you feel more liking cryin' than anything else; and so the more I tried to laugh, the more the whole kerhoot of 'em laughed shore enough; and at last I got up, and got away, and got on my horse, and banished off from thar."

It looked as if the agony of Mr. Bullington would soon become unendurable: but at this moment the light tread of ladies' feet was heard in in the hall, and presently the landlady of the hotel and Mrs. Ingram entered, followed by Ellen and Harriet. The last two were bonneted and beaming red. After shaking hands with her pastor, Ellen said, "Mr. Bullington, Tom told you, I suppose, that we couldn't think of anybody else marrying us but you."

"Why, Ell'n—why, my child—why, yes; but I thought—why, whar's—. You goin' to marry Tom? and that not under the parenchal ruff?"

"We'll explain all that afterwards, Brother Bullington," said Tom, as he put into his hands the marriage license, out of which, as he opened it with fumbling hands, dropped two twenty-dollar gold pieces. With difficulty the preacher found his spectacles, and when the coins, so far beyond what he had ever received for such a service, were lodged, one in one pocket of his trousers and the other in another, he performed the rite as well as he could. Then sitting, and putting his hands in his pockets, he looked around in abject despair. Then Mr. Swinger rose, and, as Henry and Harriet took their places, said, "Here come another batch, Br'er Bull'n't'n. Marryin', like everything else, ketchin', you know. Be ready."

When all was spoken except the final prayer, Mr. Swinger turned and said, "Br'er Bull'n't'n, this couple is Meth'dis' and Babtis' both, you know, and it take two of us to hitch them to the traces; so you got to make the praar."

Mr. Bullington, huge as he was, jumped as one roused from a dreaming sleep. Not having kept up at all with current events, his dazed eyes wandered around the room while he remained seated.

"You hear me?" said Mr. Swinger, in commanding tone. "Take them hands out o' them pockets, and git up out o' that cheer, and ask the good Lord to send His whole *ratternue* of angels down here on this young man and this young 'oman that's jes ben jinded in the banes. Out with 'em, and up with you, and when you're thoo I got another gold piece for you."

That day was remembered by Mr. Bullington as the most eventful in all his experience. About six months afterward, while elling of it to the family of his brother Cummings, near Fenn's Bridge, among other things he said:

"Hadn't ben I were a public man, I'd a be that nonplushed and pulled to pieces I'd a forgot how to talk and how to pray up to the 'casion. You see, when it first got out about them young people a keepin' comp'ny, people put it that Tom was after Sister May's daughter and his cousin for Sister Jyner's. And they not disputed it, so they could get the mothers, and special the brothers, to firin' away at the wrong feller, a hopin' that way they'd other take some sort o' shine to the right'n, or leastways git riconciled to him. And bless your soul! it done it; that is, with the mothers, which they was the mainest ones. Then it were they concluded to strike while the iron were hot, to keep down any more fussin' when it were found out how the land lay shore enough. They wanted Emerly Ingram to let 'em have the thing over at her house; but Emerly were afeared o' hurtin' feelin's, so they immergrated to the tavern. And I tell you I were nonplushed; but old Br'er Swinger, with all his predijice, say I come out splendid, and he never knowed till that mornin' no more'n t'other people which was which among 'em. And when Henry Dorrister hand me that twenty-dollar gold piece, and I tuck it, a seein' his feelin's would be hurted, and old Br'er Swinger's too, if I didn't take half the fee, I say to myself, here's a Meth'dis' that if he's nothin' else he's liber'l. And if you believe me, Sister Cummins, them female mothers actuil laughed, and as for Sister Jyner, she actuil cried, and both for joy, when the heerd the news. And them boys—well, they see, matter o' course, it were too late to call off and open on another trail. Willom May, he laughed too; for he were already promised to Mary Anderson, that she's now his lawful wife. As for Hiom, he looked monst'ous cowed; and he do yit. Look like he don't feel like puttin' into young wimming's society, nor young men's nuther, but he ruther, when he go about at all—he ruther take it out in roamin' in a flock by hisself. Har'i't, jes as I expected, have took up with the Meth'dis'. Two kind o' wimming I've notussed in my expeunce o' people. One of 'em draws, and the tother lets other people drag them. You, for instance, Sister Cummins, you drawed Br'er Cummins from 'mong the Meth'dis', because he see you wuz right, while Har'i't, like her cousin Emerly, were drug off. But it some consolation that it were by a young man that if he's nothin' else he liber'l."

THE END.

Terms and Titles.

"Varlet" is the same word as "valet," and each is an offshoot of the feudal "vassal."

Madame is "my lady," and sir has been extracted from the Latin "senior" through the French.

"Dandelion" is dent de leon (the lion's tooth), and "vinegar" was once vin aigre (sour wine).

"Biscuit" keeps alive the Latin bis coctus (twice cooked), and a verdict is simply a vere dictum (true saying).

A "villain," before the stigma of disgrace was attached to him, was a laborer on the villa of a Roman country gentleman.

An Earl was an "elder" in the primitive society, while Pope is the same as "papa," and Czar and Kaiser are both "Cæsars."

Queen at first meant "wife" or "mother," and a survival of its early signification exists in "queen," used now only in a bad sense.

"Jimminy" is a reminiscence of the classical adjuration, O gemini, used by the Romans when they called upon the twins Castor and Pollux to help them.

Redingote is "riding coat," borrowed by the French from our own language, and returned to us in a new guise with the dressmaker's stamp of approval.

"Slop" shop has nothing to do with slops, as some etymologists have asserted, but means clothing shops, the word coming from the Icelandic slopper, a coat.

Lord is the Anglo-Saxon hlaford (loaf distributor). The Latin term for "lord" (dominus) has given us "dominie," the old term for preacher, and the same root is found in "dame."

"Roamers" are people who go to Rome to see the Pope, and "saunterers" was the appellation bestowed on the religious enthusiasts who made the pilgrimage to the sainte terre—the Holy Land.

A Stickler for Form.

"What is the matter with you, Mattie?"

"I don't wish to talk with you after what you said about my smile."

"Why I praised it. I think it is perfect, lovely, enchanting."

"That may be; but you didn't put it well. You said it was all wool and a yard wide."

On the Wedding Journey.

She (in the museum)—This is Minerva.

He—Was she married?

She—No, she was the Goddess of Wisdom.

All women are in league against the bachelor—the married women from sympathy with their unmarried sisters, and the unmarried from a desire to lessen the number of spinsters. With this league against him, offensive and defensive, the unmarried man may find peace in Heaven, but he can scarce hope to find happiness on earth—this side of marriage.

Mr. Moody the other day made a large congregation stand up while the plate was being passed, so that every one could get his hand in his pocket

SPRING FASHIONS.

The Tendency is to Elegant Materials and Simple Cuts.

The general tendency of the spring goods is to greater elegance of material and more simplicity in the cut of the gown. So marked is this tendency to simplicity of cut that it is safe to predict a reaction in a few seasons; but no such change has yet come, in spite of the rumors of a return to hoops. Clinging classic styles will remain in ascendant for the coming spring and summer.

New suitings imported for spring tailor gowns are composed largely of fine cloths in the feather weight made especially for ladies' wear by manufacturers of men's suitings. These cloths are shown chiefly in fine checks, plaids and stripes, in the iridescent mixtures of color which are so refined in effect, relieving the eye from the monotony of a plain surface. Pinhead checks in dark prune or dahlia shades and white, steel blue and white, and dove or ashen grays with white, are some of the combinations in these checks. Fine broken stripes of hair lines and small broken plaids in the inconspicuous combinations of color used in gentlemen's business suits are shown in a medley of tones of gray, tan, brown and the dark prune and purplish colors of the season.

Large plaids in tartan colors will continue to be used, especially in the blue and green combinations, which have been worn all winter. There are also some large plaids in fancy colors combining mauve dahlia and the new aubergine or egg-plant shades in their make up.

As a rule all suitings are made up in solid material without combinations, though it is considered elegant to combine a fine pinhead check with a plaid having a checked ground. The large plaid in such a case is used for the front or for the underskirt, and the fine check for the remainder of the costume.

Shepherds' checks, in black and white, are freely imported, and some of the prettiest, of sheer fine woolens, warm enough for early spring, are shown with six or seven half-inch stripes of raised white wool as a border. It is as soft and mate in weave as white velvet, which it closely simulates, though woven in a plain surface without a pile.

A fringe formed of the material raveled out and knotted finishes some plaid suitings, though it is too early in the season to safely predict that these indicate a general return of fringe rather than a feature of dress worn by a few.—*New York Tribune.*

Severely Condensed.

"I want to send a telegram to my husband," said an excited young woman, who came hurrying into a Western Union telegraph office the other morning.

"Very well," replied the operator in attendance. "There are some blanks, and of course the briefer it is the less it will cost to send it."

"Oh, I know that," she replied, and then she wrote:

Dear George,—I've something too dreadful to tell you, but please don't get excited, dear, for it can't be helped now, and baby and I are perfectly safe. I don't know how it ever happened and cook says she don't know, and none of us can account for it, but the house caught fire last night and burned to the ground. Just think of it Did you ever hear of anything so perfectly dreadful in all your life? I'm half wild over it. But please keep calm, dear. Baby and I are safe, and most of the things were saved, and you mustn't think of anything but how much worse it might have been. What if baby had been burned. O, George! don't it make you shudder to think of it? But the dear little darling is perfectly safe, and of course we went straight to mamma's, and you can't think how frightened she was until she knew we were safe. And I know just how shocked you'll be, you poor, dear boy, but as baby and I are safe you oughtn't to mind anything else. I can't imagine how the fire started. Can you? Do you suppose some one set the house on fire? Oh, it's too dreadful to think of. Come right home. MAMIE.

P. S.—Remember that baby and I are safe. M.

"There," she said, as she handed the seven blanks she had written to the operator, "I suppose it *might* be condensed a little."

"Yes, I think it might," he replied, as he took a fresh blank and wrote:

Our house burned to the ground last night. All safe. Come home.

MAMIE.

A Bore Rebuked.

Mr. Awger (looking over the editor's shoulder as he clips an article from an exchange)—Does that require much intellect?

Editor—None whatever; why, I believe even you could do it.

A Difference.

Whipper—Our young friend Scadds seems to have a great desire to shine in society.

Snapper—My idea is that his ambition is to shin into society.

An Infallible Sign.

Spring seems to be with us. Si. Fox trimmed his corns while sitting on the bench in front of the court house this afternoon. Old citizens say this is a surer sign than the ground-hog.—*Atchison Globe.*

The late Mr. Talbot, father of the English House of Commons, left a fortune of $25,000,000. It is to be divided among his daughters, the eldest receiving the major portion. Miss Talbot thus becomes the wealthiest woman in England with the exception of Lady Howard de Walden.

—Lady Paunceforte, wife of the British Minister, has been astonished at the effect of a notice that she would be at home on Saturday afternoons from 4 to 6. Nearly 1,400 people called and most insisted on shaking hands.

—Osman Pasha, grand marshal of the Turkish army, whose heroism at Plevna was one of the grandest incidents of the Russo-Turkish war, has written a French poem for the journal published in New York by Tello d'Apery, a 12-year-old boy.

What difference is there between a bold, bad man, and a Flannel shirt? The difference is that a bold, bad man shrinks at nothing.