LANDLADIES OF FICTION.

We have most of us at some period or another of our lives, taken up a temporary abode in lodgings, and have thus become acquainted with the landlady of real life, whom we have probably found to differ somewhat from her conventional portrait, says a writer in Chamber's Journal. In the pages of fiction she was, more often than not, forbidding of aspect and grasping of disposition, with many of the unamiable traits of the shark. She was inexorable as to the punctual settlement of her little bill—which, however, somehow always managed to obtain very considerable dimensions. She was often the possessor of a cat, with a fine appetite for cold mutton and a nice taste in tea. From an interview with her, the lodger retreated discomfited content in the future to put up with any exaction, if only he might be left at peace. She was altogether a sufficiently terrible person, even though her fury was at times comic enough. Not that all authors have drawn the landlady in such dark colors; but, generally speaking, one rises from the perusal of the novelists' pages with an unfavorable impression of the class; and if we include under the heading landlady the hostess of an inn, we find asperity of temper a prominent failing in that walk of life also. Thus, Meg Dods forms a pendant to Mrs. Raddle or Mrs. MacStinger. From personal contact, however, we come to realize that the landlady is, as a rule, neither better or worse than her neighbors. Occasionally she possesses much t the milk of human kindness. Not unfrequently she has played an important, though unconscious part in the lives of men of letters. If no man is a hero to his valet, the same might perhaps be said of the relation of an artist or author to his landlady. But to a touch of nature she responds at once. Thus, Mrs. Angel, the landlady of the marvelous boy Chatterton, is associated with the sad story of his last days in Brooke street, Holborn. Knowing that he had eaten nothing for three days, she begged him, on the 24th of August, 1770, to share her dinner. But his proud spirit took offense at words which seemed to hint that he was in want, and her kindness did not avail to avert his end.

Goldsmith, again, experienced much kindness from Mrs. Fleming, his Islington landlady; and we are assured that her bills are again and again insignificantly marked £0 0s 0d. His arrest for debt may perhaps, therefore, be laid at the door of some other landlady, or Mrs. Fleming's long suffering patience may at length have become exhausted; at any rate, we find the poet in his need sending for Dr. Johnson, whose sympathy, as usual, took a practical form. "I perceived," says the Doctor, "that he had already changed my guinea, and got a bottle of Maderia and a glass before him. I put the cork in the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated." Thus it came about that Johnson sold the book—"The Vicar of Wakefield"—which was to add such luster to Goldsmith's name, to Francis Newbury, the publisher, for the sum of £60. Mrs. Piozzi tells us that when Johnson came back with the money, the poet "called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch, and pass their time in merriment." Boswell, however, quotes this statement as "an extreme inaccuracy."

But, to return to the characters of fiction, Dickens has perhaps given us more examples of the landlady than any other author. Every reader of "Pickwick" remembers that little fierce woman, Mrs. Raddle, of Lant street, Borough, who was of opinion that if Bob Sawyer could afford to give a party, he ought to be able to afford to pay her little bill. It is in vain that he tells her he has been disappointed in the city. Mr. Benjamin Allen's attempt to pour oil on the troubled waters, by addressing her as "my good soul" only provokes her to retort: "Have the goodness to keep your obserwashuns to yourself."

Under these circumstances, Mrs. Raddle's wrath at the supper party can not fairly be ascribed to pure malevolence. Indeed, one has a sort of sympathy with the poor lady, "having her house turned out of window, and noise enough made to bring the fire engines here at 2 o'clock in the morning," as she remarked. The supineness of her spouse, who regretted that his strength was not equal to that of a dozen men, was another irritating factor in the situation. One can hardly wonder, therefore, that the guests of the evening were treated with scant ceremony as "a parcel of young cutters and carvers of live people's bodies," or that Mr. Pickwick was included in this terrible indictment. That amiable philosopher, in fact, was told that he was "worse than any of 'em," and old enough to be Bob Sawyer's grandfather.

The landlady of Capt. Cuttle is a termagant of a similar type, and without so much justification for her outbursts. She, however, was no doubt presuming on the Captain's well-known kindness of heart. There in Brig Place, on the brink of the little canal near the India docks, that unfortunate mariner lived in constant trepidation. Here it was that Walter one day—washing day, of all others—called to see him, and was told by the Captain to "Stand by and knock agen—hard." Before he could enter, however, he had to surmount the "little wooden fortification extending across the doorway, and put there to prevent the little MacStingers, in their moments of recreation, from tumbling down the steps." The landlady thereupon asks an imaginary audience whether she is to be broken in upon by "raff," and opines that a boy who could knock her door down could get over that little obstruction. From which we gather that her temper was none of the sweetest, and I sympathize with the Captain, who never owed her a penny, in his remark that "she was a vixen at times." When Walter advised him to go elsewhere, he replies: "Durstn't do it, Wal'r—she'd fine me out wherever I went." Later on, it will be remembered the Captain, on one of his rounds, meets the awful demonstration, headed by that determined woman, Mrs. MacStinger, who, preserving a countenance of inexorable resolution, and wearing, conspicuously attached to her obdurate bosom, a stupendous watch and appendages— the property of Bunsby—conducted under her arm no other than that sagacious mariner. Although on this occasion Mrs. MacStinger vowed she bore no malice, but hoped to go to the altar in another spirit, Capt. Cuttle (having dearly bought his experience) in vain advises Bunsby of the Cautious Clara, in nautical phraseology, to "sheer off."

Mrs. Bardell, on the other hand, is of a much gentler disposition; and, in spite of the breach of promise action, much that is good can be conscientiously said of her. She was a comely woman, of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with—that most excellent thing in a landlady—"a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice, into an exquisite talent."

We know that in her house in Goswell street Mr. Pickwell's will was law; and we expect he had very little to grumble at in his apartments, which though on a limited scale, were very neat and comfortable. Besides these advantages, there were no children, no servants, no fowls. If she had a fault, therefore, it was that of being too easily led away by her feelings.

Humor and pathos are happily blended in the story of Mrs. Lirriper, the genial landlady of No. 81 Norfolk street, Strand, who did not advertise in "Bradshaw," like her rival, Miss Wozenham, lower down on the other side of the way. Of the ways of servant girls no one had more experience; they "are your first trial after fixtures," and in her opinion, were more trying even than the "wandering Christians," as she styled the individuals who amused themselves by going over apartments they had no intention of taking. What lifelike sketches she gives us of the willing Sophy, always smiling with a black face, and of the violent Caroline Moxey! Sophy, indeed, was the cause of a good lodger giving warning—for though he had arrived at the point of admitting that the black is a man and a brother, it was only in a natural form, "and when it can't be got off." "I took a deal of black into me, ma'am, when I was a small child," poor Sophy explains, "and I think it must be that it works out." Caroline Moxey's temper was the cause of a deal of unpleasantness, particularly on the occasion of her letting down her hair, and rushing upstairs to attack the unfortunate lodgers—a newly married couple. Mrs. Lirriper had a soft spot in her heart for her faithful lodger, Maj. Jackman, who was not to be outdone by her in his love for little Jemmy, the trust committed to them by the dying Mrs. Edson. How forgiving, too, was her conduct to Miss Wozenham when that rival had fallen on evil days and was being sold up—the systematic underbidding and the enticing away of the servant being buried in oblivion.

Mrs. Todgers, the proprietrix of the commercial boarding house near the Monument, was a rather "bony and hard-featured lady, with a row of curls in front of her head shaped like little barrels of beer, and on the top of it something made of net—you couldn't call it a cap exactly—which looked like a black cobweb." We have it from her own lips, that presiding over such an establishment makes sad havoc with the features. "The gravy alone," as she informed Miss Pecksniff, "is enough to add twenty years to one's age." In her opinion, there was no such passion in human nature as the passion for gravy among commercial gentlemen. Nevertheless, she owned to feelings of a tender nature for Mr. Pecksniff — unworthy though he was—and befriended his daughter, Mercy, after her unfortunate marriage with Jonas Chuzzlewit.

Landladies abound in the pages of Thackeray, and he treats them with a mixture of humor and pathos all his own. To be forced to leave a fine house, and subside into lodgings, or to have seen better days, and subsist by letting them, are changes of fortune which furnish many illustrations for his text, "vanitas vanitatum." Among his lesser characters we have Mrs. Creed in "Pendennis," who, in addition to being pew-opener, was landlady of Miss Fotheringay, the daughter of Capt. Costigan. According to her own account, she watched over that young lady's doings with the vigilance of a Cerberus rather than an ordinary chaperon. Thus it was that Dr. Portman and the Major, anxious as they were to win Ren from his infatuation for the fair actress, could find nothing to object to in her behavior. "Whenever he came," Mrs. Creed informed them, "she always have me or one of the children with her. And Mrs. Creed, marm, says she, if you please, marm, you'll on no account leave the room when that young gentleman's here. And many's the time I've seen him a-lookin' as if he wished I was away, poor young man." From the same novel we have Mme. Frisby, the dressmaker, who lets apartments to Mr. Smirke, the curate, and encourages his affection for the widow, Helen Pendennis.

The history of Mr. and Mrs. Sedley after the crash is associated with their landlady, Mrs. Clapp, at Brompton. The old lady, we are told, was occupied and amused with the doings of the Irish maid, Betty Flanagan, "her bonnets, her ribbons, her sauciness, her idleness, her reckless prodigality of kitchen candles, her consumption of tea and sugar, and so forth," almost as much as she had been with the doings of her own household in former days. Mrs. Sedley was always a great person for her landlady when she descended and passed many hours with her in the basement or ornamental kitchen. But this was in comparatively halcyon days. The question of rent was even looming in the background, and gradually the pleasant intercourse between the landlady and lodger ceased. Mrs. Clapp, in her nether caalm, "grumbles in secret to her husband about the rent, and urges the good fellow to rebel against his old friend and patron and present lodger." Finally, one day Jos' carriage arrives and carries off old Sedley and his daughter to return no more. Amelia had always been kind, and when she was going away, the landlady bitterly reproached herself for ever having used a rough expression to her. There was genuine regret for their departure. "They would never have such lodgers again, that was clear;" and the author tells us that after-life proved the truth of this melancholy prophecy, and that Mrs. Clapp revenged herself for the deterioration of mankind by levying the most savage contributions upon the tea-caddies and legs of mutton of her locataires. "Most of them scolded and grumbled, some of them did not pay, none of them stayed." Then we have Mrs. James Gann, in "A Shabby Genteel Story," who lets lodgings at Margate; Mrs. Brandon, the "little sister," in the "Adventures of Philip;" and Mrs. Ridley, in the "Newcomes," of whom, did space permit, much might be said. Thackeray's finest portrait in the way of landladies, however, is that of Miss Honeyman, the aunt of Clive Newcome. A woman of a thousand virtues, cheerful, frugal, honest, laborious, charitable —such is the character of the little brisk old lady in Steyne Gardens, whose superior manners and prosperity won her title of Duchess from the neighboring tradespeople. We can imagine her to ourselves with her "large cap, bristling with ribbons, with her best chestnut front, and her best black silk gown and gold watch," as she stands prepared for the interview with Lady Anne Newcome.

Suffice it in conclusion to give one or two examples of the sisterhood drawn from the pages of Sir Walter Scott. What a wonderful picture is that of the wild inn at Aberfoyle, and of its no less wild landlady, Jean MacAlpine, on the night when Frank Osbaldistone and the others arrived there. Reluctant to receive her guests, she appears before them a pale and thin figure, with a soiled and ragged dress, a lighted piece of split fir blazing in her hand. With her black hair in uncombed elf-locks, she looked, indeed, like a witch disturbed in the midst of her unlawful rites. She had little opinion of the idle English loons that went about the country "under the cloud of night and disturbing honest, peaceable gentlemen that are drinking their drap drink at the fireside." Alternately, however, after the stormy interlude of the fight between the Bailie and the Highlander, she consents to prepare a savory mess of venison collops for the tired and hungry travelers. As a contrast to Jean MacAlpine, we have the landlady of the small and comfortable inn at Kippletringan, Mrs. McCandlish, who so well knew the reception to which each of her customers was entitled. With unfailing tact.

To every guest the appropriate speech
was made,
And every duty with distinction paid,
Respectful, easy, pleasant, or polite,
"Your honor's servant! Mr. Smith,
good-night."

Such we find her on that cold and stormy night in November when she receives Col. Mannering seventeen years after the disappearance of little Harry Bertram. Most elaborate of all is the description of that old-world landlady, Meg Dods, who ruled with despotism of Queen Bess herself. We can picture her with long, skinny hands, and loud voice, as she ordered about not only men and maid servants, but her guests themselves—members perchance of Killnaketty Hunt or ancient brethren of the angle from Edinburgh. The members of this hunt, it will be remembered, were treated with some indulgence. "A set of honest men, they were," Meg said; "I had their song and their joke, and what for no?"

HER MAJESTY'S VAIL.

It is one proof among many that the Queen has been a good Queen, that to this day, when she has reigned so nearly to sixty years, her Majesty's personal seclusion has been maintained, and she is still to the mass of her subjects, indeed probably to all except three or four close relatives and friends, something of a veiled figure. The veil which shrouds our monarchy would not be respected for a week if the monarch were bad, either personally, or politically. Some few facts, however, may be taken as certain, and are, indeed matters of common knowledge. The Queen, at first through her husband, afterward in her own strength, has for the last fifty years exercised a great influence upon affairs, especially upon foreign politics; has accelerated or impeded the choice of the Ministers, has been the close confidant of every Premier, and has on every adequate occasion exerted the full influence which must belong, be the Constitution what it may, to the person who, being armed with the imprescriptible and self-derived charm of the throne, has the right to explain their plans.

When you must explain to your wife, your wife has influence, and the Queen throughout her reign has been at least wife to the Ministry of the day. Yet, in all that time, no one can point to an occasion on which the Queen and her Ministry have been in collision, or in which she has done any act over which wise Ministers grieved, or in which she has in the slightest degree, we will not say forfeited, but diminished, the confidence of her people. Rumor, probably false in detail, has attributed to the Queen many preferences for one Premier over another, and it is incredible that she has liked them all equally, but she has invariably accepted the Premier whom the nation expected her to choose, and the most malignant of talemongers has never accused the Palace of intriguing against the party in power

LANGUAGE SPOKEN BY CHRIST.

It is said that there is one, and only one, work extant written in the language in which the Saviour commonly spoke. The authority for this statement is Dr. Meyer, of the University of Bonn, who has made a special study of the question. The work is known as the "Jerusalem Talmud," and it was written in Tiberias in the third century after Christ. According to this authority Jesus spoke a Galilean dialect of the Aramaic tongue. The Aramaic is one of the Semitic family of languages, a sister tongue of the Hebrew. Aramaic was at one period the language of business intercourse between Syria and the countries further east.

A POPULAR GIRL.

Miss De Laine—You seem to be very fond of your friend, Miss Hair. You never tire of kissing her.

Miss De Silk—Well, I do not care much for her personally; but did you notice what a sweet little mustache she has?

LEGLESS CHAMPION ATHLETE.

Lost His Legs in a Blizzard, and Invented Artificial Ones.

Another champion has appeared in the West. The Chicago Times-Herald says that he is the most remarkable pedestrian that ever walked on artificial legs. His name is James T. Farrier and he says that he is willing to walk against any man who uses artificial legs, a distance of from one mile to five miles. If the stories told of his exploits are true he would probably win such a match.

Mr. Farrier lost both of his feet some years ago and artificial ones have taken their places. He walks readily without the aid of crutch or cane, can dance with ease and grace, is a high-kicker of note, and would not be thought to be a cripple by a person who did not know him. He can easily kick a hat held nearly eight feet from the floor. He has a record of fifteen feet in three standing jump. Before he lost his legs he rode one of the old-fashioned bicycles and next summer he expects to master a safety and ride it as well as a professional.

AS GOOD AS FLESH AND BLOOD.

Mr. Farrier's artificial legs are made after designs invented by himself. They are of aluminum, sole leather and rubber. The joints work naturally and easily. He wears shoes on the feet, which are made of leather and rubber. The joints work naturally and easily. Each leg weighs two and three-quarter pounds, about one-fifth of the weight of the usual artificial leg. Before he secured the legs with which he has broken all records for artificial limbs he had tried a number of artificial legs, but none of them gave him satisfaction. They were too heavy and cumbrous, and he could not walk any distance with them with ease. He wanted legs on which he could pursue his avocation of farming, and in order to get them he had to invent them.

Mr. Farrier lost his legs in a blizzard in Polk County, Minn., in the Red River Valley. While returning home from Minneapolis in February, 1893, he started to walk from the railroad station to his farm. When less than half a mile from his house the storm struck him and he found it impossible to find his way in the blinding snow and awful wind. All night he remained outdoors, and when found in the morning was almost dead. His feet were frozen solid, and both were amputated. He takes his misfortune cheerfully and says he is glad it was his feet instead of his hands because there are many things a man does with his hands that he cannot do with his feet.

CZARINA'S MAIDS OF HONOR.

An interesting account of the Russian Empress's maids of honor is given in a recent number of Le Figaro. The girls selected for the office become at once their own mistresses, though subject to the laws of a fixed and unalterable court etiquette. Even at sixteen, the lowest age at which they can appear at court, they may adorn themselves with diamonds or cover themselves with jewels like a saint's image. They are entitled, whatever their social position, to be present at ceremonies, from which in most cases their families are excluded.

When a girl is selected she begins by becoming a maid of honor "with the cipher," and wears on her left shoulder the Empress's monogram embroidered on a light blue ribbon. It has been said that at the Russian court the oldest nobles are in reality nothing but higher slaves, ruled as much as the lowest of peasants by the autocratic will of the sovereign. The wearing of the cipher may be only a sign of an earlier serfdom. The costume which the maids wear on state occasions is gorgeous. It consists of a skirt of white satin, fastened from throat to feet with jewelled buttons. Over this is worn an overskirt of red velvet with gold figures, and a long train and with wide pagoda sleeves. The most characteristic part of the custome is the headdress, a kind of diadem called kakochnik, recalling by its shape the stephane of the ancient Samoyede Junos. The kakochnik with the pavonik, which aristocratic nursemaids still wear in St. Petersburg and Moscow, is the only part of the great Russian costume borrowed for the national dress. It is of red velvet like the tunic, and covered with jewels. To it is attached a long white veil of tulle, which sweeps behind the gilded folds of the train.

This splendor lasts only for a time, however. After a few years the maid of honor "with the cipher" is promoted to a maid of honor, "with the portrait," and exchanges the rich crimson overskirt for one more quiet, of emerald green embroidered in silver. To make up for it the Czarina allows the substitution of her portrait set in diamonds for the monograms. Sometimes also they receive the decoration of St. Catherine, on order established by Peter the Great for women only, as a recompense for services done to the court.

As a general rule it is from among the daughters of general officers or high functionaries that the Empress picks out her maids at her own pleasure. There are several institutions in Russia for the eductaion of these girls, resembling somewhat the schools of the Legion of Honor in France. The classes for the older girls are called nurseries. The pupils are there taught etiquette and the faultless manners on which their future depends. Their costume is a simple woollen dress, with a silken apron. The upper part of the waist and the lower part of the sleeves can be detached, however, and when the Czar, the absolute master of these establishments, which he supports from his own privy purse, appears unexpectedly, the young choulders and arms are at once laid bare. It must be a charming sight. The late Emperor Alexander II. is said to have taken particular delight in it.

HE GOT HER.

He asked her father for her hand,
But did the parent frown?
Not much! The suitor was a dolt.
But the richest one in town.

THE BLOOD

Foretells Before the Victim is Aware of Disease.

Dr. R. L. Watkins, of New York city, who has made several valuable discoveries concerning the effect of consumption on the blood, says:

"It is now possible for medical science to foretell the approach of the most dreaded disease many months or even years before the ordinary symptoms appear. This new science, it seems to me, will in time revolutionize the ordinary forms of medical treatment of the day. It has been found recently that the blood, not only of man but of most animals, give unmistakable signs of the approach of disease. Important discoveries in this new science have been made recently in France and Germany. I believe that I may claim the credit of first discovering the first germs of the dreaded consumption.

"It is only necessary to see a drop or two of a man's blood under the microscope in order to foretell disease with scientific accuracy. The earliest symptoms of apoplexy, paralysis, heart disease and consumption may be recognized very readily. It will, of course, be readily understood that it is very much easier to treat any disease if it be discovered in its earliest stages. Consumption can now be detected from the appearance of the blood a year or more before any cough sets in. At this early stage the blood will be found to contain a number of small grey granules which float around in the liquon of the blood. These often collect in round patches and in time develop into red cells and pervade the lung tissues, forming tubercles. The familiar tuberculi baccilli of consumption in turn feed upon these cells.

"I have found that when a long line or rift appears sharply dividing the blood corpuscles the patient is suffering from the incipient stages of apoplexy. If this line be long and sharply defined there is no immediate danger. This symptom can often be observed long before there is any other indication of the dread disease.

"One of the most curious of these blood symptoms are the web feet in the liquor of the blood, which foretell paralysis. When these appear in large numbers it is a sure indication that the heart is not strong enough to pump the blood as it should. In blood of this sort the red corpuscles often appear to be entangled in a mass of web. These are likely to clog the muscular veins, or those of the heart. If the heart veins get clogged up paralysis follows, while if the veins of the brain are obstructed paralysis of the limbs is to be expected.

"Rheumatism of the heart is due to the presence of dirt or other extraneous matter in the blood. This often results in the rupture of the blood vessels. When this extraneous matter accumulates to a certain extent it produces a convulsion of pain in passing the heart, and tends to stop the action of that vigorous organ. Blood of this kind may readily be diagnosed when seen under the microscope. The blood of the human system can readily be cleaned by electricity and other agents, and be freed of all foreign matter. The time may not be far distant when people will have their blood regularly examined and cleaned."

NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

They Will be Opened at Victoria, B. C., by Prince George of Wales.

Victoria and Vancouver are making ready for the opening of the new parliament buildings at the capital of British Columbia, says the Chicago Times-Herald. The dedication will be attended by royalty in the person of Prince George of Wales, the son of the heir apparent to the British throne. The buildings are of superb architectural design, and have cost the sum of $1,000,000 Victoria is a fine city at the southeast extremity of the Island of Vancouver. There are many fine buildings within its walls, chief of which were the old parliament buildings. The city is not built upon any plan and may be said to be an English city transplanted on the far Pacific coast. Other fine buildings in Victoria are the post-office, custom-house, supreme court house, government house, official residence of the lieutenant governor, the city hall, the Roman Catholic cathedral and the public schools. The population of the city is 23,000, principally English. The wealthy people of Vancouver live on the island and the poorer people on the mainland. From this port the finest ships that sail the Pacific go forth. One line runs to China, another to Japan, another to Australia, and there are several lines whose ships ply between Victoria and American coast ports. Thousands of English travellers going to and coming from the east pass through Victoria and Canada on their way home or abroad over the Canadian Pacific Railroad, thereby avoiding the United States. It is this route which will be taken by Prince George, who will not do this country the honor of setting his foot upon its soil.

A SHOWER OF ANTS.

A remarkable phenomenon was witnessed in Jerusalem at the beginning of July. A swarm of flying ants settled upon the city, and filled the air from sunrise until 9 o'clock. Visitors to the Holy Sepulchre were obliged to use their handkerchiefs constantly in order to keep the insects out of their eyes and nostrils. The natives asserted that this extraordinary flight of ants was the precursor of an earthquake. Whether there was any real connection between the two phenomena or not, as a matter of fact two slight shocks of earthquake was felt in Jerusalem on the evening of the same day.

ONE TO HIS CREDIT.

Osmond, have you attended any of the fall openings?

Yes, last night I stepped into a coal hole.