

CAPTURE OF KING THEBAW.

Burmese Royalty on Board a Bullock Cart.

After the capture of Mandalay by General Prendergast a correspondent of The London Standard made his way as speedily as possible to the Palace.

The Royal Gate, which no one but the King has ever before used, was passed through; the equally sacred stairs beyond ascended, and we then wound through a long series of detached houses, the peculiarity of which seemed to be that one never went straight from one to another, but always round corners and up and down stairs and through gates.

AS SCENE-PAINTING DOES FROM THE WINGS. All above the floor is, of course, of wood, and there is never a second storey, for Burmese Royalty would be most gravely insulted were it possible that profane feet could tread above its sacred head.

THE KING AND QUEEN, and the Queen's mother. The King seated at an opening in the low platform of the house, had no particular richness in his dress, and was, as far as I remember, without jewelry, the only Royal appendage that I noticed being a huge gold spitoon, so heavy that it is said to take two men to carry it.

SHUDDERED WITH THE MOST ABJECT TERROR at the mere mention of her name. She has a rather fine forehead, good eyes, a nose not as straight in profile as it might be, a rather small chin, to which the side lines of her face slope rather rapidly from the slightly prominent cheek-bones and broad forehead.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY. I took advantage of the opportunity to look about the deserted palace, and found the white elephant close to the great throne room. He was a very ordinary animal, much like any other young elephant, but close inspection showed a couple of small dirty white patches behind his ears, which constitute, I suppose, his right to his title.

er one, which for dignity was perhaps inferior to the London four-wheeler, received some others of the household. These were followed by a train of attendants, mostly girls, on foot, carrying bundles of baggage; and so, heavily guarded by troops, this melancholy procession of fallen greatness started for the river.

The Princesse de Lamballe.

One of the most tragic stories of the French Revolution is that of the Princesse de Lamballe, the wife of a great grandson of Louis XIV., and the cherished friend of Marie Antoinette.

When the black cloud of revolution and anarchy descended upon the kingdom, the princess hastened to the side of the queen, having been previously with her father-in-law in the country.

Having so recently been in Germany, where it was supposed she had carried on communication with the exiled nobility, who were there plotting to invade their country, she was from the first subjected to the suspicions of the Republican party.

When Louis XVI., with his family, quitted his palace, to seek the treacherous protection of the Assembly, Madame de Lamballe accompanied them. With them she was placed in the prison of the Temple, whence, with two other ladies, she was taken to the Hotel de Ville, to undergo an examination on the charge of carrying on a secret correspondence.

The end was not far away. One morning the princess lay trembling in her solitary cell, when the door was thrown open, and two rough-looking men, in the uniform of the National Guard, entered, and ordered her to get up and prepare to accompany them.

Leaving on the arm of one of the guards, she descended to the prison hall, where the men acting as judges were seated. The room was filled with armed executioners, whose hands, faces, and garments were stained with blood.

"Your name?" "Maria Louisa, Princesse of Savoy." "Your condition?" "Superintendante of the queen's household."

"Were you aware of the conspiracies at Court on the tenth of August?" "If there were any conspiracies on the tenth of August, I had no knowledge of them."

"Then swear to love liberty and equality, and to hate the king and queen and royalty." "I will take the first oath, but not the last. It is not in my heart."

Here some one standing near whispered,—"Swear, then, or you're a dead woman!" The prisoner made no reply, and one of the judges gave the usual signal for dismissal, saying,—"Let madame be set at liberty."

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and led her out between them, with the probable intention of saving her if they could. Once outside, in the midst of the mob, in sight of the crowd steers with corpses, in hearing of yells for blood, her senses again forsook her, and she fell backward between her conductors.

The Early Experiments of a Great Engineer.

When about ten years old, Eads' father fitted for him a small workshop, and there he constructed models of saw-mills, fire-engines, steamboats, steam-engines, electrical and other machines. One of the pastimes of his childhood was to take in pieces and put together again the family clock, and at twelve years he was able to do the same with a patent-lever watch, with no tools but his pocket knife.

Instantly she received on the head a blow from a bludgeon; this was followed by a stroke from a sabre, and this by a rain of pike-thrusts, which brought her bleeding to the ground.

The last scene in the sad tragedy was the display outside the queen's window, by the mad populace, of the Princess de Lamballe's head, borne aloft on a pike.

In Alabama they chew the tassels of the fir trees as a substitute for tobacco, "which," says a correspondent, "reminds me of the adage, 'be fir-chewers and you will be happy.'"

On the door-plate of a Brooklyn residence may be read: "Mrs. Gibbs, elocutionist, poetess, washer and ironer." The washer and ironer probably support the elocutionist and poetess.

The blissful elasticity of spirit which a self-made man is supposed to possess, is denominated itself compared to that ecstatic buoyancy of soul which permeates the being of the street arab who has learned to play a tune on the mouth organ.



THE BEAR AND THE SETTING HEN.

A Bear once fell in love with a Setting Hen, and told her one day that she might go to a picnic, and he would hatch out eggs for her. She consented, and the gallant Bear took his position on the nest in the same manner, but soon got up looking as if he had been reclining in a bowl of egg-nog as a substitute for an arm-chair.

own hatching," he remarked to himself in great disgust, as he took his melancholy departure; "I hatched out the eggs at the very first clatter, but there are no chickens in them."

PERSONAL.

Signor Baldi of Genoa boasts the possession of the latter times worn by Christopher Columbus.

Sir Leonard Tilley received a New Year's turkey from a friend in Quebec that turned the scales at twenty-eight pounds.

Maurus Pasha, who will spend most of his time in England, has received the privilege of "the entree" at court for life.

George Bancroft, the historian, now 86, and George H. Calvert, 83, are the only Americans living who ever saw the great Goethe.

A. E. Poe, who claims to be a cousin of Edgar A. Poe, is employed in the unpoetical and exceedingly practical work of teaching in a public school at Glenwood Springs, Col.

Mr. John W. Mackay's grandson, called the "young Prince Colonna," is to be christened in grand style at a cost of \$800, which, says the New York World, is said to be more than the child's father receives in a year for serving as an officer in the Italian army.

Mr. William Edgar Marshall, the artist engraver of New York city, is engaged upon a portrait of Confederate General Lee from a negative taken in Richmond during the war and declared to be, by General G. W. Curtis Lee, the only profile negative of his distinguished father in existence.

Mr. George Augustus Sala makes English readers of his letters from Melbourne uncomfortable by declaring that laboring men in Australia earn eight shillings for a day's work of eight hours, eat meat three times a day and have no State church to support or State drones to feed.

Lily Macalister Laughton, regent of Mount Vernon Association is claimed to have "the smallest and most perfect formed foot in America." She also has her second husband, and it is related that just before her marriage she gave one of her all-pierced for a charitable fair, when it was raffled for. The lucky number was obtained by Bishop Potter's son, Frank Potter, who used his prize as a watch case.

N. Flocquet, who wants to be President of the French Republic, has for his wife one of the most charming women in all Europe. She is a woman of affairs, too, and is known in the crowded corners of Paris as a good wife. "Wherever she shows herself," writes an admirer, "she is greeted with a hum of admiration. I never saw a finer quality of long, smooth, jet black hair than hers, and her clear olive complexion, smooth skin, black expressive eyes, rosy lips, and smiling eyes speak of perfect health."

There died in England a few weeks ago, aged 89, a wealthy old harridan in high life, in the person of Lady Rolle, who, in effrontery and imperiousness, out-Kewed Lady Kew. Although she exercised most autocratic sway as a hostess, she was on one occasion, at least, completely outwitted.

Among her guests was the daughter of an Irish Earl, a very frisky dame. The men in the house were not to her taste as partners, yet she felt like dancing. She whispered her wishes to some other young lady guests, and found them quite of her mind. Presently the sound of a waltz drew Lady Rolle to the room, when, to her rage and amazement, she beheld Lady H. whirling round in the embrace of a stalwart and handsome powdered footman, while her friends followed her in the arms of similar gallants.

Two Englishmen went to Boston, the home of American culture, to get some intellectual inspiration. This is their story:—"When we arrived in Boston we hired a cab, and told the driver to show us the principal sights. He jumped up on his box with alacrity. 'I'll take you first,' he said, 'to see J. L. Sullivan's house.' 'Who is he?' we inquired. 'Never heard of J. L.' responded cabby. 'Why, where do you hail from?' 'From England,' was the reply. 'Never heard of him there? why, he's our great fighting man.' 'Rubbish!' said my friend impatiently; 'we come to see Boston, a great intellectual centre, and the first thing you propose to show us is the house of a brutal prize fighter.' Cabby muttered that the house in question was a fine one, and then suggested driving us to the market."

Apropos of Lord Carnarvon's rumored return in England to the Secretaryship of State for the Colonies, the Herald remarks: It was this office in Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet that he resigned on a question arising out of the Russo-Turkish war. He was a successful minister on the whole, though he failed in his attempt to confederate the South African Colonies after the example of Canada. He will be remembered in Canada as having been the Secretary of State for the Colonies when the act confederating the British North American Colonies was passed, and as the umpire in the dispute between the Dominion and the Province of British Columbia, although the so-called Carnarvon terms were the suggestions of the Canadian Government and not the Colonial Secretary's. Lord Carnarvon is still in the prime of a statesman's life, having been born in 1831. The office that Colonel Stanley, the present Colonial Secretary, is to take is not mentioned.

A Warm Pillow.

A lady in a country town left her child in her buggy while she stepped into a house on business. When she came out, horse, buggy and child were nowhere to be found, no trace was discovered all through a bitterly cold night. Next morning it was discovered that the horse had wandered into the woods, and, becoming tired, had lain down. The child, a bright little girl, was found by some boys, snugly sleeping against the breast of the horse, with its head lying on one of the animal's forelegs. The little one had evidently become cold, and when the horse lay down, went to make it get up, when, the boys think, the sagacious animal managed to place it with its head on its arm, so to speak, to keep it from freezing to death. The mother was overjoyed to recover her child and will keep the faithful horse as long as she lives.

Student—"I have been thinking upon the subject of the alarming prevalence of divorces, and I almost believe I have discovered the cause." Professor (delightedly)—"Yes, yes; what is it?" Student—"Marriage!"

BIG THINGS.

The most remarkable artificial island in existence is that of the castle of Ghent, which is situated in the Scheldt, and is about six miles long. It repeats the work of the sea sixty times.

The most remarkable wharf in the world is that of the north-west corner of the island of southernly of the Lotoden Island. It is supposed to be unapproachable, but the fact has been shown not to exceed several fathoms.

The biggest diamond in the world is a deed, it is a diamond, in the shape of which forms a part of the Portuguese crown jewels. It weighs 1,860 carats. There is not a little doubt exists of its being a diamond, as the government has never allowed it to be tested. It was found in Brazil 1741.

Among the most remarkable echoes is that of Eagle's Nest, on the mountain of Killarney, Ireland, which repeats the call until it seems to be several hundred instruments, and that of the Naha, between Eiseim and Oshima, which repeats a sound seventeen times.

The greatest cat set in the world is the Canadian side, has a perpendicular descent of 158 feet. The height of the American side is 167 feet. The Horseshoe fall, which carries a larger volume of water than the American fall, is about 800 yards wide, and extends from the Canadian shore to the United States.

The greatest wall in the world is the Chinese wall, built by the Emperor of the dynasty, about 220 B. C., as a protection against the Tartars. It traverses the northern boundary of China, and is carried to the highest hills, through the deepest gorges, across rivers, and every other obstacle. Its length is 1,250 miles.

The largest tested, but uncut, diamond is the Manhattan, belonging to the Dutch East India Company. It is of pure water, weighs 267 carats, and is of pure shape, and is of the thick end. It was tested about 1760 at Landark, in Borneo. It had been the cause of a sanguinary war. It was out of the Kohinoor, which is the English crown jewel, and is the largest tested diamond. It then weighed 780 carats. When in possession of the Emperor Aurangzeb it was reduced, by cutting, to 186 carats. During the late mutiny it was captured by British troops and presented to Queen Victoria. It is recent and now weighs 106 1/8 carats.

Strangled by an Octopus.

An American traveling in Europe ten years ago observed in the gay saloons of Paris and Vienna, and in the gambling halls at Monaco, Mr. C., one of his fellow-countrymen, a scholarly, gentlemanly, whose tastes and pursuits in life, as his work, lay wholly in study and research.

"What can bring him night after night to such places? He looks unutterably pale," the stranger asked of an American dail.

"He is the victim of an octopus," the jesting reply. "His wife is a soft, clinging, absolutely selfish creature who wraps herself about a man's neck and bends it to her will, stifling and killing all the strength out of his soul, and as the devil-fish would out of his prey, Mrs. C. chooses to live a life of hell, and she forces her husband to follow her in it by her incessant caresses and protestations of affection."

A year later Mr. C. became a bankrupt, and soon after lost his reason, and a few months he died. American correspondents writing home stated that the man was unknown as his domestic relations were most happy. But those who knew best, said that he had been "strangled by an octopus."

Lavater declared that each human bore a likeness to some animal, and he deduced the character; thus we find some men the features and qualities of a lion; the mastiff, or the wolf; and some woman those of the rabbit, the dove, the cow, or the serpent.

If we follow out this whimsical theory, may class many human beings with the clammy, bloodless octopus. They are men or, more often, women of weak intellects and indomitable will, who consider their own comfort or wishes above life, and who have found wheedling by the manners and addresses the surest way to success.

Such women should remember that soft words and fond sentiments are no but action,—work, hearty and helpful, the fulfilling of the law which is the sacrifice self, strength, life itself, and other.

We desire to hold up the mirror before them, that they may have a glimpse of their real selves. The cure is in their own hands. Even in the old Greek fables, heroes and women who had degenerated into the shape of animals could regain their first nature by watchfulness and prayer. The Greek fables are true.

How Royal Beds Were Made.

A curious story of the way in which royal beds were made some hundreds of years ago has just been published. It is the story of Henry VII. was made at the Palace of Sheen, it had to be done in the following fashion:—"First of all the curtains were drawn, and a gentleman whose head had been drawn. Then two Squires of the Bedchamber stood at the head of the bed, two women stood at the foot, and all the attendants were laid on the carpet until the curtains were re-made. After that the cross the yeomen had to leap upon the bed and 'roll him up and down' in the mattress. Following this the mattress was laid down the canvas again, then the cover-bed, and beat it well, and when the cover-bed and smooth." The two women then took the fustian and cast it upon the bed without any wrinkles, and the yeomen beat the pillows and threw them upon the bed. Finally the yeomen laid the squares to lay them on the bed. The yeomen might please the King's grace. The yeomen clothes were at this point in the room pretty well up to an ell. In the meantime the gracious chronicler says, when the yeomen the several functionaries engaged in the behind the curtain that they had a drink all round."