

HUMORS OF DUELLING.

Some Amusing Episodes on the Field of Honor—Abraham Lincoln's Wit.

A Philosophical Mathematical Tutor—Adventures of Croquard.

Incomparably witty, as well as sarcastic, was Abraham Lincoln's remark, when—after accepting a challenge and agreeing to fight, he was shown the spot selected for the hostile meeting (which was on the Missouri side of the Illinois river)—he said that the site was singularly appropriate, as it was within convenient distance of the penitentiary. It is well, by the way, that the gentleman selected by Mr. Lincoln for his attendant in his threatened duel was a man of infinite jest; for he arranged that the combat should be fought with dragon swords, which put a ridiculous termination to the affair, as Mr. Lincoln's adversary (Gen. Shields) was a much shorter man than himself. We can just see the immortal Father Abraham going for the eminent Missourian with a dragon sabre. The cascade of Lincoln's wit continued to effervesce, however, even after the dragon sabres had been anointed with the oil of peace, for the illustrious Rail-splitter then proposed to Shields that they play a game of "old sledge" to see which should pay the expense of the trip—and Shields "pungled."

In 1414 Henry V. of England sent the dauphin of France a challenge; and in reply the latter presented Henry with some tennis-balls, with a message to the effect that the latter had better confine himself to the use of something less mischievous and more appropriate than the playthings of war.

The Washington (D.C.) *Sunday Herald*, not a long time since, related the following anecdote of a well-known Virginian: "Hill Carter, of Virginia, a lineal descendant of King Carter, of Shirley, on the Lower James river, was for many years an officer of the navy of the United States; but resigning he found his estate in a dilapidated condition. From his training in the navy he had become a rigid disciplinarian, thoroughly systematic and practical. He first directed his overseer to pull down the old fences and pile together all the crooked and dried rails and fire them. All of the old rickety cabins and other outhouses were next burned. Then all of the old waggons, carts, plows, hoes, axes, rakes, baskets, spinning-wheels, and looms were piled together and burned. The next order was to gather up every old horse and mule that could not work, and all non-producing mares, cows, sheep, and hogs, and old dogs that could not hunt, and place them in a lot. When this was done the animals were killed, placed in one vast heap and burned. On his several plantations were seventy-five or a hundred old negroes, male and female, that had not performed any labor for many years. Some were cripples and some almost past walking from old age. To support so large a number of non-producers did not comport with Mr. Carter's idea of discipline and economy. So he told the overseer to gather together in a certain lot all of these old negroes; but when the overseer went out to execute the order the old darkies, knowing how the old fences, cabins, farming implements, and the old stock had been served, had gone by the break of day to the fields and were all ready for work. The ex-naval officer proved himself a model and successful planter. Hill Carter was of an irritable nature, and by virtue of his education dictatorial. On one occasion, while riding over one of his plantations, the overseer had displeased him, and he undertook to horse-whip him. The overseer being the stoutest of the two, took the whip from him and lashed him severely. He then challenged the overseer to mortal combat, but the overseer declined to fight, for the reason, he said, that if he was maimed or killed it would leave his wife and children without support. Mr. Carter said he would settle on his wife and children a competency if he would fight him. The overseer accepted the proposition, and—the property settlement made—the parties met, the terms of the duel agreed on, the pistols loaded, and they were just taking position when the sheriff of the county arrived on the field and arrested the parties. Mr. Carter never changed his property gift to the overseer's family, nor did he dismiss him from his employ. He said he would let him keep the property because he might again want to fight him."

A certain mathematical tutor at Cambridge who had been confidently made the recipient of information to the effect that a pupil had about completed preparations for a hostile meeting, sought out the latter and inquired: "What is this all about—why do you fight?" "Because he gave me the lie," frankly and promptly replied the young man. "He said you lied, eh?—well, let him prove it; if he proves it, then you die, of course; but if he does not prove it, why, then, it is he who lied. Why should you shoot one another?" In the gallery of Duseigne, one time, a crack shot was affording a good deal of entertainment to himself and others by shattering one after another the puppets set up to be fired at. There was one man present, however, who could not laugh. That man was the proprietor of the puppets. At last they were all down but one—that was Napoleon. The marksman took quick aim, and down went the first consul. The proprietor gave a wild scream, and exclaimed: "You cannot fire as well upon the ground!" "Come out and see!" "Bang!" and down fell the proprietor. "He could fire as well," groaned the prostrate one.

M. Olivier, bishop of Evreux, and Monsignor Affre, bishop of Paris, met one day, and the latter dwelt at length upon the imperfections and inconsistencies of the law against duelling; when Bishop Olivier asked: Suppose, Monsignor Affre, some one of standing should slap you in the face—what would you do?" The archbishop was slightly thrown from his equilibrium, but replied: "I know what I ought to do, but I don't know, really, what I should do."

Croquard was not unlike St. Foix, in many respects, although not so gallant and proficient in the use of the sword, and was always without a sous. One day, at the instance of the Count de Chambord, he called upon a contractor and challenged him, at which the latter picked Croquard up and held him under a pump and pumped water on him until he was completely drenched. He once challenged a linen draper, whose wife informed Croquard that her husband was ill and would not recover before six months. In precisely six months from the day of his first visit Croquard again called, and was again met at the door by the wife of the linen draper, who invited the nomadic

duellist to breakfast. He declined, although hungry, saying that he wanted to fight more than he wanted to eat. "Won't monsieur take a glass of Madeira?" inquired the diplomatic woman, with well-effected affability. "Madeira!" ejaculated Croquard, with a smack of his lips like the crack of a whip. "Oui, oui, my dear madame; and your good husband shall remain ill for another six months." Croquard once got engaged with an actor named Mouton, and was about to challenge the Thespian, when he remembered that he owed him 5 francs. "How unlucky, mon Dieu!" he cried, after having unsuccessfully attempted to borrow that amount from others present, "that I should owe a man money whom I want to fight."

Saint-Beuve once fought a duel holding an umbrella—during the preliminaries of which he said that he had no objection to being killed, but that he was determined not to get wet. When the Duke of Wellington wanted the 10th regiment kept at Dublin, he admitted that lots of duels would grow out of such action, "but that's of no consequence," he added. Some years ago two inexperienced shooters met in the woods near Paris, and at the first discharge of their pistols a cry went up at a point only a few yards away, and it was quickly discovered that a well known attorney had been hit. "If it is only a lawyer," cried one of the combatants, "let us fire again."

During the progress of the duel between Senator William M. Gwin and Representative J. W. McCorkle, in 1883, a poor donkey nearly half a mile away, was shot dead—and the donkey was not even a spectator. Sterne once fought a duel about a goose, and Raleigh one concerning a tavern bill. An Irishman once challenged an Englishman because the latter declared that anchovies did not grow on trees. A member of Louis the Eighteenth's bodyguard challenged three men in one day—one because he had stared at him, another because he had looked at him askew, and the third on account of his passing him by without looking at him at all. A Liverpool sea captain was once challenged, and named harpoons as weapons. A Frenchman who had been called out named twenty-four loaves of "siege bread"—"We shall eat against each other," he said, "until one of us shall die, for one of us is sure to die." Many who have received challenges have accepted and named horse-whips or cowhides. Two Tennessee editors, who had long quarrelled, repaired to the field but settled their difficulty after firing one shot by agreeing to merge their papers into one concern and enter into partnership with each other, which they carried into effect after their return.

One of the most remarkable duels (or series of duels) of any age was the affair between two French officers named Fournier and Dupont. This duel was commenced in 1794 and lasted sixteen years. Fournier had challenged and killed a young man named Blum, at Strasburg, under distressing circumstances, and Gen. Moreau, the commandant, who had issued cards for a soiree, which was to take place upon the evening of the day of Blum's funeral, had hinted to his chief of staff (Dupont) just before the commencement of the arrival of guests that the presence of Fournier might mar the character of the festivities. So, when Fournier appeared he was denied admission by Dupont, who was at once challenged, and fought (with swords) and wounded Fournier. In a month or two they fought again, and Dupont was wounded. Immediately upon the recovery of the latter the combatants again met, and both received severe and dangerous wounds. Before retiring from the field, however, they had an agreement drawn up and sworn to that, whenever afterwards they came within one hundred miles of each other, each should travel fifty miles toward the other, and renew and continue the fight until at least one of them was placed hors de combat. In the meantime they corresponded with each other, met and fought many times during ten or twelve years, always shaking hands, and sometimes dining together after their fights. At length both became general officers; and during the year 1813 were ordered to Switzerland. Dupont arrived at the post at night, put up at the best inn, and learned shortly after his arrival that Fournier occupied an adjoining apartment. In a few moments they were at it again, sword in hand, and the fight was temporarily ended by Dupont running his steel through his antagonist's neck and pinning Fournier against the wall. While in this situation Fournier challenged Dupont for a meeting upon the following day. "Early in the morning, with pistols, in the woods near Neuilly!" cried Dupont, greatly to the astonishment of Fournier, who was a distinguished shot. "Good!" replied the latter. "Hear me," added Dupont, "I am about to engage in matrimony, and have concluded that this matter of ours must first be permanently settled; so I propose that we each arm ourselves with a pair of loaded pistols, go into the woods together, then separate and walk off in opposite directions one hundred paces, then turn and fire at will." The proposition was accepted by Fournier and the combatants met upon the following morning, went to the woods together, separated, paced off a hundred steps, turned and commenced to advance hastily. Dupont, while on his hands and knees, got sight of Fournier behind a tree, and at once took up a like position. He then stuck out a flap of his coat as if in a kneeling position, and in an instant a bullet went through it from Fournier. Then Dupont hung his cap on the muzzle end of one of his pistols and by degrees stuck it out to one side until at length Frontier blazed away. Dupont then stepped out from behind the tree and advanced upon his astonished antagonist with drawn weapons and said: "General your life is in my hands but I do not care to take it. I want this matter, however, to end right here; and in the case of a fresh disturbance I want you never to lose sight of the fact that the weapons must be pistols—your favourite weapons—and that I am entitled to the first two shots—distance, three feet." The incident took place nineteen years after the first meeting between the two officers, during which period they had fought each other seventeen times. No fresh disturbance, it may be added, in conclusion, ever broke out between them, which was very natural when it is remembered that Dupont was entitled to the first two shots.

In 1858 M. de Pene, a Parisian journalist, was challenged by a whole regiment. Dumas fought with Gaillardet, near Paris, over a controversy concerning the authorship of "La Tour de Fesle." Marshal Ney once challenged every man in a theater. In his fatal duel with Lieutenant Cecil, Stackpole, after firing, said, shaking his head and smiling: "By George! I have missed him."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A Great Railway Tunnel—A Mormon Saint—Mild Winter in England—Shocks in an Earthquake—&c., &c.

Herbert Spencer is going to Australia on account of failing health.

The senior knight of the British navy, Sir George Rose Satorius, is ninety-three years old.

Victor Hugo is to be offered the honorary presidency of a baby show to be held in Paris next July.

All the rich obese are now flocking to Prince Bismarck's doctor, who has so reduced him in size without injury to his health.

The chair of mathematics is occupied at High School, in Stockholm, Sweden, by a Russian lady named Kowalewska.

Marwood, the late hangman, once paid Dore £50 to sketch him in the performance of his terrible duties.

Work is proceeding rapidly with the great railway tunnel under the Mersey. The tunnel will be three and one-eighth miles in length.

In the Paris Bon Marche, where 2,000 persons are said to be employed, each girl has a room to herself. There is also a drawing room with piano, &c.

Mrs. Verrill, of Quebec, Canada, was actually frightened to death, not long since, by two dogs that rushed upon her without biting her.

The wife of Judge Foote, of Lawrence, Kansas, died recently of blood-poisoning occasioned by the absorption of the coloring matter of a green veil through a scratch on the face.

Dr. Desprez, of the Hospital de la Charite, Paris, though a free thinker, deprecates the exclusion from the hospitals of persons connected with the religious bodies, and says that the lay assistants are far inferior in skill to the Sisters.

The statue of Wm. Tyndale (martyred in 1536) which has been erected in a conspicuous place on the Thames embankment, was unveiled recently by Lord Shaftesbury with appropriate ceremonies.

A Mormon saint, the senior partner in a Salt Lake liquor store, was chosen on Saturday to preach the gospel in Great Britain, and the Mormon police, ignorant of the fact, within twenty-four hours arrested him for selling liquor on Sunday, for which he was fined \$50.

Mr. Matthew Arnold does not seem to have profited by his elocution lessons in the United States. On the occasion of his first lecture in England, after his return home, *Truth* says that whenever he wished "to be particularly impressive he was perfectly inaudible."

Lord Rowton, it is said, finds his work of producing the memoirs of Lord Beaconsfield very difficult. The papers are enormous in number, and absolutely without order or arrangement. Lord Beaconsfield seems to have kept everything in the shape of letters, disposing of them by the easy process of thrusting them into a large box.

The finest rubies are found in Ava, Siam, and Peru; others are found in India, Ceylon, Australia, Borneo, Sumatra. The Burmese mines have long been famous; the working of them is a royal monopoly, and the King has among other titles that of Lord of the Rubies. The Brazilian ruby is declared to be a pink topaz, inferior to the true ruby, yellow in its natural state, and colored artificially.

Vigilance committees are being formed in some of the Dundee, Scotland, churches. The members of committee scatter themselves over the church and note absentees and strangers. Any member out of his place for two Sabbaths is reported to the minister, who immediately adopts means to know the reason why. In like manner strangers attending for two Sabbaths are seen after with the view of attaching them to the congregation.

A recently published report states that out of every thousand recruits for the Russian army examined in 1882, 57.5 per cent. were rejected for physical disability, 460 of these were thrown out as being "too narrow chested," 50 for consumption, and 10 for poverty of the blood. Investigation showed that over 50 per cent. of the men of St. Petersburg between 20 and 22 were "weak and sickly."

In Lancashire, England, they keep up to the traditions of centuries on Easter Monday. In Preston, for instance, the whole population make a pilgrimage to the park outside the town, each with a hard boiled egg stained some color. Everybody, young and old, makes for the summit of a hill, down which the great aim is to roll the egg without getting smashed. To see crowds of well-dressed people rolling eggs against one another is a most amusing spectacle.

A general impression exists that slow-grown timber is the strongest, but this opinion does not, it is said, stand the test of experiment. There is in London a Government establishment for testing the quality and strength of all woods and metals used for Government purposes, the chronicles of which are said to be very interesting. Among other things that have been proved there, is the fact that fast-grown timber—oak at least—is the strongest, and bears the greatest degree of tension.

There have been winters in England milder than this last, exceptional as that has been. In 1882 so mild was the season that the trees were covered with leaves, and birds built their nests and hatched their young in the month of February. In 1838 the gardens were bright with flowers in January. Neither ice nor snow was visible in 1659, no fires were lit in 1692, and the softness of the weather in 1791, 1807, and 1822 was phenomenal. In 1829 white blossoms were to be seen on the trees in March, and on the vines in April.

The wearing of the primrose as the representative of Lord Beaconsfield is but one more of the many flowery symbols with which the history of England blossoms—the broom plant of the first Plantagenet; the red and white roses of Lancaster and York; the Scotch thistle which betrayed the naked footfall of the invading Dane, and so saved Scotland; the leek of the Welshman, symbolic of harvest time, when each laborer brought his share of the common dinner—a solitary leek—in his hat for the want of pockets; the rose of England and the shamrock of Ireland, emblematic of the Trinity.

The first Congregational church in Washington, which Frederick Douglass once called

the only Christian church in that city, because it gave equality of admission to colored people, is disturbed by an attempt to discourage the attendance of negroes. Some of the members tried to pass a resolution advising that the colored members should attach themselves to another organization. This was overwhelmingly defeated. Now a battle is in progress over a proposition to fit up and newly carpet the Sabbath school room of the church if the colored school, which meets there in the afternoon, could be put in other quarters.

The great ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, in Paris, the favorite quarter of the old aristocracy, usually so modest and retiring, and so averse to anything that savors of common and vulgar publicity, have suddenly changed their time-worn tactics, and now seem to have but one idea in their heads, and that is "to appear in place." Already two concerts have taken place at which the *femmes du monde*, headed by the Vicomtesse de Trederin and the Marquise de St. Paul, have sung and played to paying audiences—of course, for charitable purposes. At the last of these concerts such was the curiosity of the multitude to see these great ladies that 15,000 francs were taken at the doors, and one unfortunate ticket, which had been forgotten or mislaid till the last moment, was actually raffled for and fetched 300 francs.

The number of shocks in an earthquake varies indefinitely, as does the length of intervals between them. Sometimes the whole earthquake only lasts a few seconds. Thus, the city of Caracas was destroyed in about half a minute, 10,000 lives being lost in that time. Lisbon was overthrown in five or six minutes; but a succession of shocks may last for hours, days, weeks, or months. The Calabrian earthquake, which began in February, 1783, lasted through a continued series of shocks for nearly four years, until the end of 1786. The area shaken by an earthquake varies with the intensity of the shock from a mere local tract, where a slight trembling has been experienced, up to such catastrophes as that of Lisbon, which convulsed not only the Portuguese coasts, but extended into Iceland on the one hand and into Africa on the other; agitated lakes, rivers, and springs in Great Britain, and caused Loch Lomond to rise and to subside with startling suddenness.

The Revised Old Testament.

The American and English committees have almost finished their labors in the revision of the Old Testament. It is expected that the revision will be published in the course of a few months. The revision is said to have been made with the sole purpose of placing the Bible in a position in which the people may understand every word as the scholars understand them, and as the text stands in its original. To do this many of the beauties of expression have been sacrificed in order to give the true meaning of the original. The poetical forms and the archaisms will be retained to a larger extent than they were in the New Testament. The fabulous beast, the "unicorn," will give place to the wild ox. "The River of Egypt" will be "The Brook of Egypt." "The Book of Jasher" will be "The Book of the Upright." "The plain of Morah" will be "The rock of Morah." The children of Israel did not borrow of the Egyptians what they never intended to return, but they asked for and received gifts, not loans. "Joseph's coat of many colors" will be a "long tunic." "Judgment also will I lay to line, and righteousness to the plumb line," will be, "I will make judgment for a line and righteousness for a plumb line." "In my flesh shall I see God" will be, "yet out of my flesh do I see God."

- Some of the changes in the psalms will be—
- vii. 20. "If He turn not He will whet His sword," (meaning God), will be, "If a man turn not He will whet his sword."
 - viii. 5. "For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels," will be, "Thou hast made him a little lower than God." "I will praise Thee, oh, Lord," is often translated, "I will give thanks unto Thee, oh, Lord."
 - ix. 7. "But the Lord shall endure forever," will be, "But the Lord sitteth as King forever."
 - xi. 7. "For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness; His countenance doth behold the upright," will be, "For the Lord is righteous; He loveth righteousness; the upright shall behold His face."
 - xxxviii. 8. "Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil," will be, "Fret not thyself, it tendeth to evil doing."
 - lxviii. 11. "The Lord gave the word; great was the company of those that published it," will be, "The Lord giveth the word, and the women that bring glad tidings are a great host."
 - lxxxix. 6. "Who, passing through the Valley of Baca, make it a well the rain also filleth the pools," will be, "Passing through the valley of weeping they make it a place of springs."
 - xcvi. 12. "Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice," will be, "Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy."

Irving's Only Appearance as a Politician.

"Once," says Mr. Labouchere, referring to the rumor that Henry Irving is about to run for Parliament; "Mr. Irving did appear on the hustings, and it was in this wise: I was the defeated candidate at the Middlesex election. Those were the days of hustings and display, and it was the fashion of each candidate to go down to Bedford in a carriage and four to thank his supporters. On the morning of the day that I had to perform this function Irving called upon me, and I invited him to accompany me. Down we drove; I made an inaudible speech to a mob, and we re-entered our carriage to go to London. In a large constituency like Middlesex few know the candidates by sight. Irving felt it his duty to assume a mine of circumstance. He folded his arms, pressed his hat over his brows, and was every inch the baffled politician—defeated, sad, but yet sternly resigned to his fate. In this character he was so impressive that the crowd came to the conclusion that he was the defeated candidate. So woe-begone and so solemnly dignified did he look that they were overcome with emotion, and, to show their sympathy, they took the horses out of the carriage and dragged it back to London. When they left us I got up to thank them, but this did not dispel the illusion. 'Poor fellow,' I heard them say, as they watched Irving, 'his feelings are too much for him,' and they patted him and shook hands with him, with the kindly wish to comfort him."

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

EXTRA CYMBALS.—Four eggs, four teaspoonful of butter, eight of sugar, 12 of milk; spice; flour to roll.

CYMBALS OTHERWISE DOUGHNUTS.—A pint bowl of flour, a teaspoon of sugar, a piece of shortening the size of a small egg, one egg, sour milk with a small teaspoonful of soda, salt, nutmeg or cinnamon.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—One pound of flour two tablespoonful of ginger, one-half pound of sugar, one-third pound of butter, three eggs, a small teaspoon of soda; roll very thin. This gingerbread will keep a long time.

FISH PIE.—Remove bones and skin from any cold fish you may have, add to it an equal quantity of cold mashed potatoes, half as much cold rice, season with pepper, salt and little bits of butter, turn into a well greased dish and bake until lightly browned.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—One cup of cracker or bread crumbs; one cup of sugar; three-fourths of a cup of molasses; one-fourth of a cup of butter, one-fourth of a cup of boiled cider; one cup of warm water; spices and chopped raisins, one cup, or a half. Enough for two pies; very nice.

FRENCH PIE.—Any remains of cold meat free from fat and gristle and finely minced. Season as liked and moisten with plenty of gravy. Spread evenly on a pie dish, cover an inch thick with mashed potatoes, strew a few bits of butter on top and place in a quick oven until hot and brown.

FISH OMELET.—Use a cupful of any kind of cold fish broken up fine. You may add the boiled roes of shad, if you have them. Season with pepper and salt and heat in a cupful of cream gravy, same as used in potatoes. Make an omelet with six eggs, and when ready to fold, spread the hot fish evenly over it, roll up, dish, and send to table at once.

A GOOD PUDDING.—Break open and remove stones from enough plump raisins to line a well greased pudding dish. Cover the raisins with a quart of bread crumbs. To a quart of milk add three beaten eggs, sweeten, flavor and pour over crumbs. Bake until you think the pudding will retain its shape when turned out of dish, be careful, however, not to bake it until dried out. Eat with hard sauce.

POTATOES A LA LYONNAISE.—Use fair sized potatoes; pare and drop them in cold water, let them remain two hours, then slice thin and drain. Put into a frying pan only sufficient lard or nice drippings to prevent the potatoes from sticking while cooking. Heat the lard hot; add onions to the taste; fry a few minutes, then add the potatoes. Stir diligently, and cook slowly until done brown. Just before taking up, add parsley and seasoning.

Amusements of Millionaires.

Some years ago I sat one evening reading a volume of Prescott's histories in the library of a rich Wall street man who was a bank president at 30, when he came in and asked me if I really enjoyed reading such books. He added that he found it impossible to interest himself in any of the hundreds of volumes he had purchased, although he had tried hard to do so. "When I take them up," he said, "I see nothing but rows of stock quotations on every page." This gentleman died at 40, and left a large fortune as the price of his life—a fortune which his family has since dissipated. Had he had anything to occupy his mind outside of his office and when he left Wall street he might have lived to enjoy the pleasure of spending the million he had made. In almost every case some special amusement or point of relaxation is a sanitary necessity for the business man whose brain is racked by the concentrated pressure of his six hours daily "street" labor. Jay Gould is a diligent reader of books and cultivator of exotics, Vanderbilt never opens a book, but his horses and stables help to freshen up his intellect. John Jacob Astor climbs to the top of his house, and in a secluded sanctuary hammers away at some mechanical invention that is to revolutionize the industrial world—that is to say if they are ever perfected. Yachts, horses, aviaries, dogs, flies and fishing rods, or double-barrelled shot-guns distract the attention of other men of wealth from the cares which riches bring in their train, and preserve the mental balance of their devotees. One well known broker keeps a select assortment of fowls in his back yard, and he has no sooner entered his front door than he makes a bolt for the chicken-coop, where he fuses about until the repeated clamor of a starving household calls him to dinner. His neighbors complain of the crowing of his pet roosters, but he has a permit which protects his feathered friends, and he defies criticism. Before he kept fowls his nights were almost sleepless; now he snores all night like a farmer. It is the same story all around. "If I did not do this or that I should die," say these business-worn men who have returned to the loves and likings of their early life for relief against "black care."—*New York Cor. Philadelphia Record.*

Origin of the Pug.

The pug was not generally known or owned in the United States prior to 1870, and England has been acquainted with the breed only for the past quarter century. His origin is in doubt, and dog fanciers have given him a Muscovite or a Dutch paternity. Many maintain that he is a cross between the English bulldog and the small Dane; but no matter what his origin or to what circumstances his popularity must be attributed, certain it is that he is very widely distributed, for he is known and petted in England, Russia, France, Holland and Japan.

A Single Fault.

"I think that young Mr. Cutaway is just a perfect gentleman," remarked Mrs. Fusanfeather to her daughter after that young man had gone before the clock had made a ten-strike.

"He is certainly very pleasant company, but he is not perfect, mamma."

"And what have you seen to make you think he is not?"

"Why, you know," replied the joking girl with a chuckle, "he certainly has a single fault."

"Well, my daughter, remember it is leap year, and you will have yourself to blame if you allow him to have this fault at the end of the year."