

## JENNIE JUNE IN EUROPE.

Genevieve Ward's Home and Her Mother's Early Recollections of New York.

Genevieve on a Tour Around the World Preparatory to Leaving the Stage and Becoming a Sculptress.

The Botanic and Other Fetes—Minister Phelps and Wife—A Call on Oscar Wilde and His Eccentric Mother.

NO. 10 CAVENDISH ROAD, REGENT'S PARK, LONDON, July 22.—London is a marvel; it is the many-sided representative of all cities, of all nations, of all peoples, of all arts, and all industries, simple and almost rustic in some of its ways, majestic in its achievements, grand and munificent in its charities and its hospitalities. In comparison with its methods, its vastness, its population, its area, its immense diversities of interests, New York seems like a village of one or two streets. From the Isle of Wight we reach the metropolis by the Northwestern Railway in three hours and a half, one hour of which is consumed by boat to Southampton. We are a party of three, with three trunks and any quantity of smaller impediments. It is a problem how to reach our destination north of Regent's Park and take our luggage along, for we are booked for a concert and cricket match immediately upon our arrival. The station agent advises a private "bus," which takes our party and its belongings the three miles for four shillings, trunks included, with sixpence extra for the driver and a shilling extra for handling.

Our stopping place is a charming home outside the noise and bustle of London, but within fifteen minutes of Oxford and Regent Circus by bus and close by Regent's Park upon a "road" lined with trees, where the houses have walled gardens front and back, and the birds sing in the trees all the day long. The neighborhood is a favorite one with artists and professional people, for it is quiet yet easily accessible, and the drives in every direction are through the finest neighborhood by Regent's Park to the business part of the city, and through Hyde Park to South Kensington and its Museum. South Kensington is more modern and professionally fashionable, but it is also much more crowded and said to be less healthy. Among the artists, dramatic and other, whose homes are in this neighborhood is Miss Genevieve Ward, who is now in Australia on a tour around the world, signalized by many curious adventures. Miss Ward's mother, who was a daughter of Gilbert Leigh, one of the early Mayors of New York, and her brother Albert, who was attached to the American Legation in Paris during the Franco-Prussian war, constituted the residential family and relate with infinite gusto the offer of a Maori chief in New Zealand to Miss Ward to put away all his wives if she would consent to take their place. Mrs. Lucie Leigh Ward is a very remarkable woman, and it is from her that Miss Ward derives her remarkable gifts. She was seventy-six the 22d of last May, yet she was the feature of a brilliant "at home" the other afternoon, when she recited at Dr. Langdon Downes, with infinite expression Thackeray's "Canoebottomed Chair." Her voice is of extraordinary compass, and when she was a younger woman was really three distinct voices—soprano, tenor and bass—its depth it still retains, but the higher notes have lost their clearness and purity, though it is still capable of wide variations which are very effective in recitations, in which, however, of late she seldom indulges. She paints also so well that had she devoted herself to that art as a profession she must have become eminent in it. Her pictures, with which the walls of her drawing room are filled, lack the technique which is the result of training, but they are excellent in color and feeling. Her son has a collection of upwards of thirty miniatures painted by his mother and which he calls his "treasures," and which are most interesting and valuable as studies. Mrs. Ward's memory dates back to the time when a stream ran through Canal street in New York, and Eighth street was a sandy lane leading to rich green fields, and a hill upon which the elegant out-of-town residences were built—her father's among the number. Mr. Leigh built and occupied the first marble house in New York, at 15 Broadway, and imported for it the first marble bath ever brought to the young city from Italy.



GENEVIEWE WARD'S HOME.

The home of Miss Genevieve Ward is a three-story house of stone, with bay windows opening respectively upon the drawing room, the library and Miss Ward's own rooms, consisting of a suite of three upon the third floor, with attics above, which do not show from the front of the house. The dining room is upon the ground floor and opens upon a walled garden covered with ivy and climbing roses, with a balcony between it and the wide French windows of the room and lined with creepers, so luxuriant in foliage as to give the effect of a conservatory, and to every meal the al fresco character in which Londoners seem to delight as much as their continental neighbors. A door set deep in massive stone admits to "Corda Lodge," and if the visitor has a horse and carriage it is hospitably entertained in the stable, the iron door of which is visible at the left of the picture. The house is rented upon one of the ninety-nine year leases—common in London, by virtue of which the tenant is practically the owner, paying the taxes, being responsible for repairs and for the good sanitary condition of the premises.

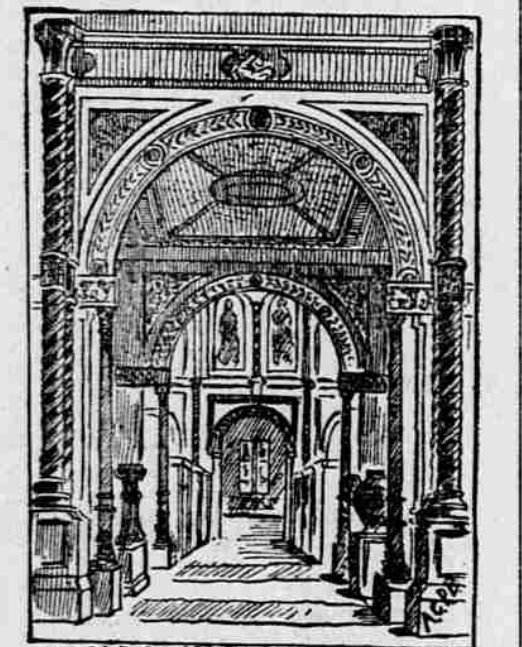
ises, the original proprietor simply receiving his rental without further responsibility. Americans in London have many pleasant associations connected with Miss Ward's hospitable house and her mother's weekly reunions, and lament the probability of a breaking up of a bright international circle, for the English climate is hard upon maladies contracted by Mr. Albert Ward, from exposure and actual want of proper food while a member of the United States Legation in Paris during the Franco-Prussian war; and as Miss Ward possesses equal talent in sculpture as in dramatic art her tour around the world is an actual and positive farewell of the stage, and its completion in New York next March will be the signal for retirement from the stage, the adoption of the Riviera as a home and sculpture as a pastime, if not a profession. Naturally, her first appearances will be made in London, Paris, or Manchester, where her first triumphs were achieved. But she has refused a new and powerful play, "Bosadicea," written expressly for her, in anticipation of retirement, not "hankering," as she says, after public applause, but loving "outdoor" life, and determined to find a home where her mother, her devoted brother and herself can enjoy sunny days all the year round.

About the suburbs of London there are many beautiful, homelike cottages, surrounded with gardens, and covered with vines and flowers, roses, creepers, etc., presenting a very homelike and cheerful aspect. The homes of England are noted the world over. Below is presented a picture of one of these vine-clad dwellings.



A TYPICAL ENGLISH HOME.

We think we do things on a large scale in New York, but they are very trivial compared with the magnitude of London enterprises. At Lord's all the worms will seem to have turned out to a cricket match—ten thousand people and from twenty to thirty drags on the ground at one time, and all in the gayest of toilets, and the liveliest of holiday humor. On the same day the trains will be crowded with their thousands bound to see a regatta, and in the evening one will sit in a carriage an hour in line to obtain entrance to the Botanic Fete of the Royal Society at Regent's Park. And what a sight it is! Fifteen thousand people, the ladies in evening dress, embroidered satin and tulle, with wraps of cream or ruby plush on Indian chudash cloth, lined with gold satin, falling from their shoulders, promenade the illuminated grounds made lighter than day with thousand upon thousands of colored electric lights and in different parts of the inclosure conservatories of orchids, conservatories of palms, conservatories of roses, with music in each one, but so distant that the different strains and bands do not in the least interfere one with another. Superior even to this in magnitude was the "conversazione," given by the School of Arts of Kensington Museum in connection with the Exhibition. Eleven different orchestras performed in the courts, galleries, conservatories and kiosks, one interfering in nowise with the other, and each one representing a different nationality or some special qualities of it. There was the full band of the Coldstream Guards, of the Pomeranian Hussars, the Strauss Orchestra conducted by Herr Strauss, the Court Band of the King of Siam, and in the Museum Room later on brilliant organ, pianoforte and vocal recitals. In the grounds the fountains were illuminated and all the trees to the very top of the tallest.



MIDDLE COURT KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

sington Museum in connection with the Exhibition. Eleven different orchestras performed in the courts, galleries, conservatories and kiosks, one interfering in nowise with the other, and each one representing a different nationality or some special qualities of it. There was the full band of the Coldstream Guards, of the Pomeranian Hussars, the Strauss Orchestra conducted by Herr Strauss, the Court Band of the King of Siam, and in the Museum Room later on brilliant organ, pianoforte and vocal recitals. In the grounds the fountains were illuminated and all the trees to the very top of the tallest.



ALBERT MEMORIAL HALL.

The Royal Albert Hall was encircled by row upon row of electric lights, and waters trickled and dashed from the rockeries in changing hues of violet and gold. At eight different points refreshments were served without stint and without charge, consisting of strawberries, ices, coffee, cake, biscuits, claret-cup and lemonade, to the 15,000 or 20,000 people estimated to have been assembled within the grounds, which, however, were never crowded in any one spot, so great is their extent and so manifold and nearly equal were the attractions. The most fascinating thing in the

whole Exhibition of Inventions, which of course consists largely of electrical apparatus and machinery, is the wonderful old London street built in for the Fisheries Exhibition last year, and in the shops of which the workmen are all engaged at their handicrafts in the sixteenth and seventeenth century costumes. In one old shop a delightful old man in jerkin and broad leather belt, linen collar and Rembrandt cap, is engaged in making etchings of Old London, which a lovely Puritan maiden in gray gown and snowy muslin cap and kerchief sells.

The Fourth of July we spent in a truly patriotic manner. The wide window of the breakfast room opening upon a garden was draped with a large American flag, which was saluted with all the honors. After breakfast we went in a party of five to pay our respects to the new Minister and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, Lowndes Square, where they have taken the house, vacated by Mr. Lowell. It is very pleasantly and centrally situated, and Mr. and Mrs. Phelps won golden opinions for their charm of manner, their perfect simplicity, yet thorough courtesy and altogether delightful hospitality. They were assisted in receiving by Mr. Henry White, whose previous experience renders him a valuable condutor in the trials and anxieties attendant on being projected into the midst of a fashionable London season, with existing duties to perform and no opportunity for preparation. The United States fails to realize what is due to itself and its position among nations, abroad as well as at home. Its petty economies in the midst of its aggregated wealth lead to wholesale robbery, and its meanness in not providing suitable permanent quarters for its principal representative in great and expensive European cities renders it either dependent upon private fortunes or subject to all the humiliation of inadequate resources.

From the Embassy we drove to "Mayfield" (Putney), the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer, both well known as authors, and who will be remembered by many Americans as among the most cultivated and delightful of English visitors to American shores. Mrs. Pfeiffer is a tall, graceful lady, picturesque in appearance, and exactly suited to be the pre-judging genius of a home like "Mayfield." It was a "reception" to which we were bidden—not a garden party proper, but visitors were conducted through the vestibule and principal rooms to the terrace at the back of the gabled stone dwelling, where at the foot of the steps they were received by the mistress of the mansion in a white embroidered Greek costume of her own designing, and taken down a circular walk skirting the lawn, walled on one side by ivy at least twelve feet high and having in its centre a natural arbor, or outdoor sitting room, formed by the arching growth of three magnificent aspens. Stretching across from this arbor to the opposite side of the lawn is a rose walk, covered with masses of climbing white, pink-tinted and tea roses. In the middle it begins again, and extends lengthwise nearly the depth of the grounds, supported the whole distance by pillars of climbing roses and forming the figure of a cross. Tea and coffee, thin bread and butter and cake, were served by neat-handed maidens, from exquisite china, under the aspens, and gay chat and music by Mr. Pfeiffer, who possesses a rich baritone voice, made the sunny hours of our Fourth of July afternoon pass all too swiftly.

On our way home we stopped to pay our respects to Lady Wilde, whose small house in Mayfair was crowded with well known personages. Oscar was there, but not his wife. Oscar is the proud and happy father of a son, who is not, however, to bear his famous first name; the patronymic of the little stranger has not yet been decided upon. I was very pleased myself to meet here Mrs. Fenwick Miller, whose life of Harriet Martineau appeared in the famous Women Series, also Mrs. Leigh Adams and other London authors whose names were familiar. Mr. Oscar Wilde has improved in appearance, dropped his peculiarities of dress, and was easy, jocular and natural in manner; he looked like what he undoubtedly is, a very happy man. His brother "Will" is taller even than Oscar and very solid and sensible-looking. Both seem devoted to their mother, who is more eccentric in appearance than Oscar himself in his most eccentric days. She is as tall, or taller than either of her sons, wears her hair long and dressed with ribbons, and on this occasion a dress in the early English or "Dolly Varden" style with a profusion of lace, which was far from unbecoming. She is credited with much ability, and certainly writes well on a variety of subjects. She receives in rooms that are so darkened by curtains (red and old gold) as to render it at first difficult to discern objects. Afterwards the living objects appear in relief and more like animated silhouettes.

The evening of this memorable Fourth of July was spent at the Lyceum Theatre, where Mr. Irving's fine study of the Vicar, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," will take rank with his Louis XI., and must be placed in the gallery of eminent stage portraits. It is all the more distinct and remarkable because a serious study of a simple minded and pious clergyman upon the stage is so rare. Usually they are mere strings upon which to hang a series of gags, but the "Vicar of Wakefield" is a refined and intellectual portrait, faithful to the minutest detail, fit to place in the small gallery of the most illustrious impersonations and keep in one's memory forever. The Olivia of Miss Terry is not so happy, nor was Mr. Terriss equal to himself as Squire Thornhill both played with their parts more than was fitting for the unity of the performance, which was idyllic in its sentiment and perfect in its realism.

The theatres are playing their last nights and will soon close, except some few that remain open all summer. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are playing their last nights previous to retiring from the stage, which they do in the midst of the honors of a brilliant professional career. Mrs. Bancroft is still a very handsome and attractive woman, and of Lady Henry Fairfax in

"Diplomacy," which is a mere sketch, she makes quite a feature of the play. Mrs. Bernard Beere was the Countess Zicka—not a powerful actress but a picturesque looking woman who dresses characteristically in rich aesthetic gowns and artistic ornaments. A most admirable actress is Mrs. Kendall, whom we saw in the "Money Spinner" and a sketch written for herself and husband, "On a Desert Island," or something to that effect. It is exceedingly clever, and the two pieces exhibited the versatile qualities of the actress. I had a conversation with her subsequently and inquired if she had any intention of coming to America. She thought not. She said she could never make up her mind to leave her children, her "very comfortable" home and the pleasures of an assured social position. Mrs. Kendall is one of the exceptions to the majority of actresses living in London in the social consideration she enjoys and the perfect harmony of her domestic life. Then, while a very highly trained and admirable all-around actress, she does not possess sensational qualities nor the youthful prettiness which are such passports to American favor. I was sorry not to see the old Union Square favorite, for the past four years one of the most attractive members of the company at the Haymarket, Miss Linda Dietz. She has, I believe, gone to America with her mother and sister, but whether to remain I do not know.

"The Mikado" is drawing phenomenal houses at the Savoy Theatre. It was impossible to get seats within the limit of our stay in London, everything being booked weeks in advance. The latest novelty at the theatres has been produced at the Comedy, with Miss Amy Roselle in the leading part. It is called "The Silver Shield," and is a very bright play, a little choppy in the first act—which might very easily be improved—a capital second act and a very good third act, notwithstanding a little anti-climax. Miss Amy Roselle does some excellent work in it, and Miss Kate Rorker also, though the latter is a little overweighed by the melodrama of her principal situation, her forte being that of a charming ingenue. Mr. Beau-Champ, who played an important part, is the only actor I have seen who would make a worthy successor to the late Mr. John Parselle of the Union Square Theatre. Our visits to Stoke Pogis and the "Old Cheshire Cheese" tavern must be reserved for another letter.

Jennie June

Copyrighted by G. W. Hanna.

## Brains and Business Depression.

When asked to give his opinion as to the cause of business depression in America, a gentleman replied, with considerable emphasis: "Too much brains, sir." It is barely possible that there may be something in this rather original solution of a difficult problem. When one man in a crowd has brains he becomes the leader of the others. They work with their hands, and so save themselves the responsibility of thinking. He gets pretty nearly all there is, and they have what is left. He is the aristocrat and they are the common people. When, however, the whole crowd have brains, and know how to use them, they are unwilling to serve, because they wish to be masters. Whatever good is to be had each will contrive to get his share.

It is the peculiarity of every free-born American citizen that he believes in his right to the possession of a corner lot and an ample fortune. He disdains service and spends his time in contriving. With our public schools behind us, with every possibility round about us, we are a nation of brigadier generals. No people on the earth are so unwilling to do merely manual work, and none are so capable of doing brain work. Not a boy on the continent but expects to be a millionaire; not one who is not leaning forward and reaching forward.

This brings the unhappiness of numerous disappointments. Certainly, but it averages up the whole people's ability to do and be in a very wonderful way. It makes us restless, without doubt; it creates competitions of the fiercest kind; it involves commercial risks which too frequently end in disaster; but it makes a people who have a tremendous impetus for great achievements.—New York Herald.

## The Shoe Clerk's Criticism.

"Oh, Charley, isn't Miss Agnes a lovely actress? I never saw the emotions depicted so ably. I think she is every bit as grand as Clara Morris," remarked a Bedford avenue girl to her beau.

"Humph; I don't see anything emotional in her acting; her emotions some natural" replied Charley.

"Then that makes her all the better. Now, that scene where she is torn from her child; didn't you notice that sad, agonized look? And the tears actually stood in her eyes. How on earth does she do it?"

"Easy enough. She wears number four shoes."

"Number four shoes! What's that got to do with it?"

"Oh, those shoes she had on to-night were number twos. I sold them to her this morning. Emotion be blown. Tight shoes will make an emotional actress out of any woman."

## The Small Boy's Quest.

A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant." According to this notion a 5-year-old boy traveling in the cars with his mother, ought to acquire enough knowledge in a journey of fifteen miles to split his head wide open.—Norristown Herald.

An honest hackman has been discovered in New York. Next thing we know somebody will run down an incorruptible politician, or marry a woman who doesn't talk about her neighbors.

## AN INDIAN LEADER SLAIN.

Bloody Events in the Life of the Notorious Renegade, Nane.

Bloodthirsty Nane, chief of the renegade Indians, is reported to have been killed, writes a Deming, New Mexico, correspondent to The New York World. For nearly five years he has been the leader of the marauding redskins who have periodically swooped down from their hiding-places in the mountains across the Mexican border and terrorized the people of southern New Mexico and Arizona. If the report proves true, it will be welcome news to the ranchmen and miners of this and adjoining territory. Nane was not a hereditary chief. Previous to the death of Victorio he was the lieutenant of that chief, and since that time has been the moving spirit in all the murderous deeds of the redskins committed in the southwest. Physically he was a type of the ideal Indian painted by Fenimore Cooper. Over six feet in height and of commanding presence, noted for his prowess, a good shot, and a fine horseman, he was both feared and admired by his renegade followers. But there was not one redeeming trait in his character; he did not even have a grievance. He rose to leadership simply because he was reckless and bloodthirsty.

Old Victorio, the ostensible leader of the raids prior to the autumn of 1880, believed he was avenging his wrongs. For years his tribe had inhabited the southern portion of New Mexico. They had practically been unmolested until the regiment of federal volunteers from the Pacific slope, known as the California column, settled in what is now known as Grant county at the close of the war. Mining camps had been established some years before, but the whites were not numerous, and got along as well as possible with the reds. When immigration set in the Indians were crowded out of the mountains, where rich deposits of gold, silver, and copper were found. There were periods of prolonged hostility and fighting, and finally the government was forced to locate Victorio's band on a reservation at Ojo Caliente, in Socorro county. Here they lived until their removal to the San Carlos agency in eastern Arizona was ordered. Victorio made a piteous appeal to be permitted to remain where his fathers were buried. The region, however, was fast settling up, and the new-comers declared that the Indians must go. Besides, the reds frequently attacked ranches, camps, and small settlements, and were continually thieving and running off stock. It was thought best to place them under more strict surveillance at San Carlos, whither most of the tribes of Arizona were removed. Victorio and his tribe were compelled to leave their old home, but shortly after, in 1878, they broke away. Other malcontents went with them, and then commenced a reign of terror. After being out for a time they returned to San Carlos, but became discontented. They broke away a second time, and after committing some depredations, Maj. Morrow, who had been sent out after them with a large force of troops, had a conference with the chief near Ojo Caliente.

Victorio promised to live quietly if he could have his old home. The officer had no authority to make a treaty with him, and Victorio, after waiting to hear from the authorities, commenced his career of pillage and atrocities. He knew the country and the military did not. His force lived by plundering and flitted about, while the troops moved slowly to keep near the supplies. The renegades played hide-and-seek with the troops until the summer of 1880. The development of southern New Mexico was kept back. Capital could not be induced there and so much complaint was made that the war department was obliged to order a more active campaign. The United States troops, by co-operating with the Mexican forces under Gen. Terrasas, drove Victorio and his band from range to range into the state of Chihuahua. While the Mexican troops were on a big spree a lot of Mexican herders crept up a canyon in the Barranca (drunken) mountains during the night and at daybreak attacked Victorio's camp. They slaughtered squaws, bucks, and children indiscriminately and among the rest Victorio. During his murderous campaign he had become palsied and was unable to get away. Nane, who had practically conducted the raids, was one of those who escaped, and he vowed that for every one of his tribe that had been killed he would massacre five Mexicans and Americans. He got together the scattered band, constantly receiving reinforcements from malcontents who left the agencies, and has made repeated raids over the Mexican border. Hundreds of people have been killed by him. Most of his time was spent in the mountains of Chihuahua and Sonora, and northern states of Mexico, except when actually on the warpath.

Gen. Crook who had earned the reputation of an Indian fighter in Arizona and late in the Rosebud campaign in the northwest, was transferred to the command of the district of Arizona in June, 1883. He immediately organized an expedition, and went into Old Mexico to capture Nane and his band. But the Indians drew him into a trap, and then made terms with him, only the squaws and old bucks returning to the agency. Nane was regarded as the ringleader of all the devilry, and, although at first he shared the honors of chief with Tomas and El Loco (the fool), he soon superseded both of them. Chief Geronimo was the leader of one branch of the marauders.

## Life in a Flat.

Judge Kennebunk, a cynical old bachelor, lives with his dog in the hall room of a New York flat. As he was looking out of the window, Miss Vampett, who lives on the flat below, stuck her head out of the window, and called up:

"Your nasty dog barks all night."

"But he doesn't play on the piano all day."

The lower window came down with a bang that sounded like a safe being blown open.—Texas Siftings.

## Meeting of Emperors.

There is a lesson to young men in the preparations that are being made for the meeting between the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Austria. No doubt many young men have ambitions to become czars or emperors, but there is nothing in it. It is more trouble than it is worth. These two men, for they are nothing but common men, desired to meet each other and talk it over. Instead of one visiting the other, as ordinary men would do, they agreed about a year ago, to meet half way, and engineers were set to work to take measurements, and find a town that was exactly half way between the two capitals. The town of Kremzier, in Moravia, was selected, and before it was made public what place they were to meet, the town was taken possession of by troops from both great powers, and surrounded by police and military, so a mouse could not get in or out of the town without being stepped on. Then arrangements were made to transport the two great men to the meeting place, and railroads and bridges were guarded for fear some enemy would blow them up. Millions of dollars are being expended for protection, for decorations, and for music and entertainment. The town is guarded all around, and no person is allowed to enter or to leave without a pass, and every person who enters the town is under police surveillance, has his lodgings pointed out to him, and he has to have everything he owns searched, to guard against dynamite. These crowned heads will be overcome with nervous prostration, and their bodies will be on nettles until they are once more safe home, and within their castles. They are "loved" by their people, and yet they expect to be murdered any minute. They will be dressed in purple and fine linen, decorated with precious stones, and live on the fat of the land, after some subject has tasted of each dish to see if it is poisoned, and they will seem to be having a real nice visit, but they will expect every minute to have their hands blown off by dynamite, or be shot, or poisoned. Why should they take all this trouble, and run so many chances, and go to so much expense, simply to talk together for a little while, when for a penny they could send a postal card containing all they want to say? The telegraph or telephone could do the work, and the great men could breathe freely, which they cannot do when they meet as proposed. What business man in America, or what laboring man who is earning a fair living, would change places with the Czar or Emperor? America has lost two Presidents by assassination, but it was the work of cranks. Even with this record before us, our presidents go where they please unprotected and unarmed. The American president rides about the capital, and the country surrounding it like any private citizen, with no fear, while an emperor, to take a ride, has to be surrounded with an army. The American president takes a tomato can full of angle worms and goes off to the woods fishing, with one or two companions, and is in no more danger than a private citizen. An emperor, to go fishing, would have to surround the spot where he fished with an army, and then he would feel that he was afraid to get a bite for fear if he pulled on the fish it would be connected with a mine that would blow up the lake. Poor emperors, we feel for you.—Pec's Sun.

## Off the Bench.

"Our want column"—more backbone in our public men.

Text for anthracite dealers—"the weight of the transgressor is hard."

A good many federal officers are getting into reduced circumstances.

Is there no air-brak that can be applied to long-winded speakers?

Why is a common sort of man like suicide? 'Cause he's a fellow, d'e see?

An agent's sign near a street-cleaner's dump-heap on the East River reads with literalness, "Real estate for sale."

Why does no public benefactor found an asylum for the insane? Sanctums and pulpits are inadequate.

"The question of the day"—Is this hot enough for you? The ditto of the night—How did the thermometer stand to-day?

Figs are not sweetened to preserve them, Johnny; they are only dried up in their own sugar, like elderly maidens. The worms are planted in them later.—The Judge.

## Caught in a Ghost Trap.

Several experiments have been tried by persons anxious to secure a ghost and to receive the reward offered by the Society for Physical Research for a live ghost delivered on the society's premises. One man residing in a haunted house covered the middle of the floor of a room in which a ghost was in the habit of walking with an inch of soft and very tenacious asphalt. The following night the ghost, who was an unusually large one, tried to walk over the asphalt and stuck fast in it. The experimenter instantly rushed to the ghost with wiles of witch hazel, and, as he might have expected, stuck fast himself just out of reach of the ghost. The latter, after a few minutes of struggling, extricated himself and disappeared, but the investigator remained glued to the spot all night, and was pried out by the servants in the morning.—Household Words.

## Was the Man.

As Colonel Billson was going down the steps he met a suspicious looking boy with a lot of bills.

"Is Colonel Billson's office up stairs?"

"Yes, but I'm not in—or rather the colonel's not in."

"Ain't you the man?"

"No, my son."

"I'd like to find him. I've got a telegraph money order for him."

"Let's see. Who is the man you want?"

"Colonel Billson."

"I thought you said Colonel Billings. I am Colonel Billson."—Arkansas Traveler.