# THE SONG OF THE DAY, | not care to. Perhaps above writing it

"TA-RA-RA BOOM-DE-AY" AND ITS REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

The Origin of the Station New Exclusive-'s thousanding the Public Attention-He Characteristics and Protonsions-How it Was sent to England.

The dear public is never quite so happy as when it goes daft over a rong. At present it is deriving supreme satis-faction and entertainment from a ditty entitled "Tarara Boom-de-ay," which has made the regulation conquest of receipt of emoluments amountail stages, all orchestras and all classes the trifling sum of \$150 weekly. of anciety. It echoes in the drawingof the poor, it is heard between the acts of the sublimest tragedies as wel



as most modern comedies; it sells by thousands; no farce or vaudeuille is complete without it, and it has supslied a new allusion to the daily press And it is one of the silliest songs that have caught our frail human fancy since the day of that transcendent effort of mortal absurdity, "Shoo Fly." These are the words of the American

version of the song-in which the refrain is spelled "Ta-ra-ra Boom-der-e," with an accent on the e. These are the verses originally sung, and still sung in a farce comedy called "Tuxedo."

A sweet Tuxedo girl you see, Queen of swell society, Fend of fun as fend can be When it is on the strict Q. T. I'm not too young. I'm not too old, Not too timid, not too bold, Just the kind you'd like to hold, Just the kind for sport I'm told. CHORUS -- Ta-ra-ra, Boom-der-e. (Repeat 8 times.

I'm a blushing hed of innocence, Papa says at hig expense, Old maids say i have no sense, Boys declare I'm just immense, Before my song I do conclude, I want it stractly understood Tho' fond of fun I'm never rude, Tho' not too bad, I'm not too good. CHORUS-Ta-ra-ra, Boom-der-c.

Heaven forgive us! and heaven for-give Mr. Henry J. Sayers, the author these lines, for comprehending so well the profundities of popular taste! This, then, was what was wanting to delight the English-speaking peoples, to occupy their intellects and to satisfy

their craving for musical pabulum!
To tell the truth, if this were all any doggerel might do. But doggerel, though it always has its following, is not sufficiently persuasive by itself to occupy all the vacant moments of the race. What is there necessary to a "catchy" tune? What are its elements? In some proportion and in some degree it must have three things-melody, rhythm and originality. Of these requirements, by the way, the first and the last would seem to be the require-ments of civilization. Rhythm has been demanded by man in all ages and stages of evolution. Libraries might be written on the meaning of this fact. Why was the drum the earljest medium for the expression of human emotion and inspiration? There are 5,000 answers to this question, de-ducible from the works of various philosophers, living and dead, one of the simpliest of them being, Because the soul is a form of motion. (This, howsoul is a form of motion. (This, however, does not prove that Galileo was primarily responsible
for the forging-of-the sword motive in "Siegfried") As to melody, there is a pretty German legend
that all music was created by the Almighty at the beginning of the world,
and that men are finding bits of it
which they call tunes. When all the
tunes are found, and when the majestic,
sublime whole of harmony is known to sublime whole of harmony is known to us, then we shall have the millennium -because there will be nothing more for the Germans to do. Perhaps this egend may furnish an indication why some composers are so religiously ex-set in finding the same tune.

"Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay" is an old song.
There are two kinds of old songs.

here are the old songs which everybody knows and there are the old songs which only a few people know. In former days the second sort of songs was more widely known and sung than at present. Learned students, like Thomas D'Urfey, Esquire, even collected them into books, words and all, for the better distraction of melancholy, plow-boy poets, like Burns k their music hodily and se like Burns, ew and sentimental words to them. omething of the practice of Burns has een borrowed by Mr. Sayers—though ord forbid that Mr. Sayers' verses should be compared to those of a senti-mental Scotchman. Thus one reason



LOTTIE COLLINS.

why "Ta-ra-ra Boom de-ay" was such a success when Miss Gilroy sang it for the first time in its new dress in Chicago was that there were people in the audience who had heard it before and recognized it as an old favorite of some five or six years' standing. But, for all its success then and afterwards it regulation its real author has never comt its real author has never com orward to claim it. Perhaps he die

London a lumediate acquissesses in the pretentions of 'In vara Boomsto ay" atili remains remurbable enoughit is an great a bit as "The Hogis Man. which was immensely its superior but the manner of its transmission to Eng-land was very simple. Mess Lottin Colline, who was seen and liked here a couple of seasons ago as a skirt dancer and balled singer, was sent the song by her husband. She made a few slight alterations in Mr. Sayers' Words, changed the spelling of the refrain to that now generally accepted, and upon presenting it to the attention of the limitah public, became a music half star at once. She is said to be now in receipt of emoluments amounting to

The success of the song in London increased its popularity here, but it did not diminish its object, cheerful, un disguised inanity.

#### FLYING RIFLE BULLETS

Soldiers Will Need Protecting From the Far-Reaching Missiles.

Commenting on the penetrative powers of the small arms lately introduced into the armies of all the great powers, Col. Lonsdale links states that the minimum thickness of ordinary soil affording protection is thirty inches, while single brick walls, after being struck a few times, no longer afford any cover. The new German rifle ranges up to 4,000 yards, and at 900 yards the bullet will penetrate ten inches of fir or pine and fourteen inches of sand. At 450 yards the bullet can pierce three or four ranks, and at 1,300 yards a man may no longer consider himself safe, even if the bullet has already penetrated two of his com-

With regard to "smokeless powder," the same authority observes that, though the report of the rifles when fired is heard, it is very difficult to see whence the rifles are fired. Under certain condititions no trace of smcke can be distinguished. Minor acts of surprise, he considers, will be more frequent in the future, and will often partake of the nature of ambuscades. Very small bodies of cavalry, inti-mately connected with infantry, forming in action patrols of the latter will, therefore, be necessary, and it will no longer be possible to discover well posted batteries.

On the whole, Col. Hale considers that only a war can absolutely decide what the effects of the improvement in small arms will be. One thing, however, is certain-that is, that the difficulty of leading troops has considerably

#### MRS. WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

Wife of the Governor of Ohio a Woman of Estimable Qualities.

William McKinley, Jr., is the laughter of the late James A. Saxon, a wealthy citizen of Canton, Ohio, and completed her education in that town. Her brilliant and amiable qualities won the admiration of Maj. William



UMS. WILLIAM N'RINGSY, JR.

McKinley, then a prominent lawyer of Canton, and January 25, 1871, the the couple were married in the Canton Presbyterian church, of which Miss Saxton was a member. Major and Mrs. McKinley made Canton their home, and their first child was born on Christmas day, 1871. The death of Mrs. McKinley's mother caused the family to remove to the house of father, where they remained until the Major's election to Congress in 1877, since which they have spent most of the time in Washington. Mrs. McKinley's delicate health prevented her from participatington. Mrs. ing in the gayeties of Washington, but her "at homes" at the Ebbitt house were always enjoyed by her circle of friends. Mrs. McKinley shares her husband's political views and has always sacrificed her personal comfort and pleasure to the advancement of his public interests. She is of medium height, and slight, graceful figure, with s sensitive face that grows wonderfully sweet and animated as she becomes in terested in conversation. Though an invalid for so many years, ill-health has not affected her bright and sunny temperament, and the domestic life of Gov. McKinley and his estimable wife is one of unalloyed happiness.

### NEWSPAPERS PROHIBITED.

One of the Pleasures Ordinary People Have Above Queen Victoria.

Queen Victoria isn't allowed to handle a newspaper of any kind, nor a magazine, nor a letter from any person except from her own family, and no member of the royal family or house-hold is allowed to speak to her of any piece of news in any publication.

All the information the Queen is per-

mitted to have must first be strained through the intellect of a man whose business it is to cut out from the papers each day what he thinks she would like to know.

These scraps he fastens on a silk sheet, with a gold fringe all about it, and presents to her unfortunate ma-

The silken sheet with gold fringe is mperative for all communications to he Queen.

Anyone who wishes to send the Queen a personal poem or a communi-Queen a personal poem or a communication of any kind except a personal letter, which the poor lady is not allowed to have at all, must have it printed in gilt letters on one of these silk sheets with a gold fringe, just so many inches wide and no wider, all

These gold trimmings will be re-turned to him in time, as they are expensive, and the Queen is kindly and thrifty, but for the Queen's presence they are imperative.

"ie the old plow handle with twine buy a \$20 willow baby carriage up-bered with plush and blue silk.

THE GOOD GRAY POET'S BODY PEACEFULLY BLEEFING.

White His Soul Wonders Through the Vast Eren of Spore That Had a Place in all His Sweet Sentiments An Humble Tribate.

"A great man-a great Americanthe most eminent citizen of this repubover the bier of Walt Whitman, at the faneral services in the Harleigh cemetery of Camden, on the occasion of the good gray poet's funeral. This exaggerated enlogy was characteristic of its object, concerning whom his contemporaries are divided between two esti-



WALT WHITMAN

mates-one rejecting him altogether, the other according most enthusiastic acceptance and exalted faith. But there can be no doubt whatever as to the place held by the "good gray poet" in the hearts of his friends, of his townspeople, of all with whom he came in personal contact during his full active life. He was the peer of the greatest, the friend of the most lowly, the sympathizer with the degraded and suffering and the champion of the oppressed. He loved, and was beloved by children. So it befell that, on the sunny March morning when his body lay in simple state in the little cottage of Mickle street, in the city of Comden, New Jersey, where the last heroic years of his life had ebbed away, a continuous stream of people during four hours passed in and out of the door, coming reverently to look their last on the face of the superb old man, whom they were accustomed to call, in preference to any other title. "Friend Walt"

Fond singer of 'My Captain," and the dooryard illac flower in plaintive measures moulded on the nation's darkest hour.
Thy name clasped close with Lincoln's must be

dear to chant and rhyme. Until spring forgets its blossoms, and the birds their pairing-time.

11.

Prairies broad, things autochthonic, and the common leaves of grass, Small and large alike in value, honeyed, tender,

sad or crass.

Stirred the tyre shaped large to freedom and to sturdy, untaught power;

Health it breathes and robust vigor, and it strikes the present hour.

III.

Nothing falls unprismed of wonder in the spectrum of this muse— Singing joundly of sunlight, shadows, too, it well can choose;
Its vision beams full-orbed upon the soul and Washington was born at Pope's Creek, inmost thoughts of things.

And who has an ear to listen hears its deep Æolian strings. IV.

There's a rhyme of the drum-tap, and a chant for poor or brave; Here a touch of sturdy manhood, here a grad all smooth and suave; Not a note, if struck by nature, does it finically

If great Pan the choré accepts the poet will not rule it out.

Now, when springtime's soft caresses bring once more the Hiac's bloom, Garlands fragrant with its odor shall be laid

Where civilian and soldier may for ages pause and pass.

And where the epitaph of nature will be simply

leaves of grass. On a wooded hillside in the Harleigh cemetery, two or three miles out east-ward from the city of Camden, Walt Whitman's mausoleum had been built, under his personal supervision, during the summer months preceding his last illness. It is a massive vault of granite, with a front like the Cyclopean door-way to Agamemnon's tomb at Mycense, as depicted by Dr. Schliemann. The being fine, a throng numbering fully three thousand persons went out to the cemetery to attend the burial services, which consisted entirely of short addresses, interspersed with readings from the Bible, the classics, and the writings of the dead poet himself. The trappings and the pomp of woe were noticeably absent. In short, it was such a funeral as befitted one who had written so bravely as he had about death. The most notable address was that of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. The other speak ers were Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, of Philadelphia; Dr. Maurice Bucke, of Canads (Whitman's biographer); and



M. T. B. Harned, of Camden. Listening to the earnest words of these eminent friends of the dead poet, and watching the sympathetic faces of the hushed multitude around, while the blue-birds sang a joyous requiem in the beeches over his tomb. it was not difficult to share the conviction eloquently expressed by Dr. Brinton, that one day Camden's chief glory would be

AT WHITMAN'S TOMR, shat is had given Walt Whitman a me, and set up his tomb as a shrine for generations to come. Jos! Beaton pays the following tellente to the

#### NAUGHTY COWS.

They tlet Drunk on Apples and Dance the Cantum.

Whenever there is a big apple crop the Connecticut over mapt to get on a big drunk. It is easy for her to gallop over the pasture wall into the occurred. the fills herself with fruit, then takes spin through the town, sicking up her heeta shaking her horns and tip-ping over things. Finally she tumbles in a heap and rells over on her back, with her hoofs waving windly in the It takes a cow about three bours to recover from the primary symptoms of intoxication. There are plenty of apples in the State this fall, and several cows have been drunk.

J. P. Treadwell, who dwells in a fine house at South Norwalk, never saw a cow tipsy until a few days ago. Then, in the middle of the afternoon, he saw his handsome Jersey, that had been pasturing in a lot in the rear of his residence, cutting up extraor-dinary pranks. She swaggard dinary pranks. She swaggard about the lot, tossing her head, kicking up her heels, went down on her knees once or twice, and finally stopped prancing and gazed fixedly at her owner in a blear-eyed style. Mr. Treadwell was alarmed, for he thought some strange disease had attacked her, so be sent for the South Norwalk veterinary surgeon. doctor gazed at the cow for a moment sprawling about on the ground, and said sententiously: "She's drunk. Where did she get her jag?"
Then Mr. Treadwell remembered

there was a big apple tree in his lot, most of whose fruit had been blown to the ground that day. "That's what's the matter,"commented the veterinary man. "You just let her alone and she'll come round all right in a few hours." The Jersey came to before night, but she had a grived and wondering look all next day.

At Hartford the other night eight cows pranced down woodland street into the crewded Kingsley street, where they got mixed up with all the city traf-fic. Police Officer Reed arrested and ran them into Lawyer Chaseland's yard on Sigourney street. They stayed there until after midnight, and then several persons from the Deaf and Dumb asylum came, correlled the animals and drove them back to the asylum quarters, where the deaf and dumb men reported they belonged. They had been eating apples.

### At Washington's Birthplace.

The foregoing cut is from the current Century. It gives some idea of the proposed memorial to be erected by the United States government to mark Gen. Washington's birthplace. Gen



near Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland county, Va., Feb. 22, 1732. The house was burned long ago; a few bricks of the old kitchen chimney are still to be

## A DOCTORED ELEPHANT.

Queen Jumbo Has the "Thumps" and Is Plastered Accordingly.

Queen Jumbo and Baldy, the ele phants, attracted several thousands of people, old and young, to the park in san Francisco the other day.

The day was cold and lowering over-head, while the earth was damp, but the children fondled their big friends as enthusiastically as ever, and ex-pended all the small change to be had in corn and peanuts with as much bandon as though the sun had been shining.

Queen Jumbo had a bad time a little while ago with the "thumps." When a child suffers from chills and then becomes fevered and has lung trouble, it is pneumonia, but when an elephant suffers in the same way the trouble is thumps.

Queen's huge bulk shivered and shook, and she whined complainingly until Keeper Pett began to give her medicine. The first dose was two gal-lons of whisky with five ounces of quinine, and he had much trouble in etting Queen to take it. The dose did little good, and Queen grew worse until "thumps" were plainly to be de-

Then it was a case of life and death, and the keeper set to work in a hurry. He built a big fire in the elephanthouse and hung blankets to it until they were red-hot and then wrapped them around Queen.

Another man put 100 pounds of strong English mustard into a barrel and mixed it with water, like any other mustard plaster is made. The mustard was then spread on coth and the monstrous plasters applied to Queen's

Soon her ladyship showed signs of uneasiness. She felt along her sides with her trunk, stepped about constantly, and seemed to wonder what was the matter. As the mustard took hold more severely Queen tried to tear away the bandages, and when jabbed by the keeper's hook she began began screaming like a steam whistle.

The plasters were left in position for three hours and then removed, and Queen again wrapped in hot blankets and dosed with whisky and quinine. After awhile she began to perspire, as elephants always do, through the trunk and her keeper knew she was saved.

Sometimes their expanse of wing is fourteen feet, though the average is about ten. They live on the summits of mountains in air so rare that men's vitality is reduced so that they cannot regions of perpetual snow or the tropical gardens at the base of mountains.

# OUR MILLIONAIRES.

AMERICA'S WEALTHY CITIZENS IN ONE GREAT ARRAY.

John D. Buckefeller Beads the finiden List-His Fortune Estimated at \$125,con.con W. W. Aslor Follows With Russel Sage a Good Third-

From one of the best-posted men in the financial world it is learned that the increase in the commercial capital of the country during the past ten years is \$10,000,000,000. In 1880, it will be remembered, the census reports'showed a total of something over \$10,000,000,000 as the amount of capital invested in business in the United States. It was



the president of one of the leading commercial agencies who said only a day or two ago that he believed that sum had been increased to \$50,000,000,000. It will be interesting, therefore, to ascertain just what proportion of this amount is in the possession of the mil-lionaires of the country.

To give a complete list of these would be impossible, but an approximate estimate shows that there are 150 men in this country who have on an average over \$20,000,000 each. One estimate made recently was that seventy men in this country owned on an average \$37,-500,000 each. In this estimate, however, no attempt was made to get the great wealth of the varied industries of the country. No attempt was made to get at the vast wealth concentrated in the hands of the very few men who control the coal output of the great Pennsylvania mining regions. Yet it is a fact that the 194,062 acres of coal, iron and timber land owned by the Philadelphia and Reading Iron and Coal Company is really in the possession of three men, who may be said to control the real output of the country.

No attempt has ever been made to get into a list of this kind the vast wealth controlled by a few men in the whisky trust. The brewers of this country have always been omitted from these large lists, and yet such men as Adolphus Busch of St. Louis and Mr. Pabst of Milwaukee are by their own admission worth from \$8,000,000 to \$10,-000,000 each.

When, furthermore, the vast fortune of the individuals in the mining regions of Michigan and Wisconsin, in the flour district of Minnesota, in the bullion section of San Francisco, in the mining region of the northwest, in the dry goods interests, in the iron interests, in the grain interests, in the packing interests, in the insurance interests and in the newspaper properties of the country are added to the inventory, it will be evident that 150 men an indefinite number of names, from \$15,000,000,000 to \$20,000,000,000, or well over a quarter of the amount

estimated as the capital of the business interests of the country.

A similar list could be made up for almost every large city in the country, with the possible exception of Brook-

lyn, which only has two millionaires.

The most interesting fact developed in the investigation of the millions controlled by individuals in New York is the revelation that Russell Sage is today a richer man than Jay Gould. Talking with a gentleman who has had occasion to consult both men on this matter the writer was given the information that within the past two years the wealth of Mr. Sage has increased enormously, and that it might be safe to say that many of his largest investments have netted him as high as 20 per cent. would say," said the gentleman, "that Russell Sage is worth \$90,000,000 and that Mr. Gould would have nothing left should be lose \$80,000,000.

In the list which is appended the name of Hetty Green appears with the usual \$40,000,000. While it is a fair estimate, it is learned from several reliable sources, that her fortune is now nearer \$50,000,000. It is not two months since Hetty astonished her banker by appearing in a new kind of cardigan. She had taken a butler's frock coat, cut off the tails, sewed buttons on the lapels, and she insisted that it was the cheapest and best cardigan she had ever had. This is men-



RUSSELL SAGE

tioned to show that Hetty is still saving her ponnies. Here is an interesting list of millionaires of the country, although necessarily incomplete, whose fortunes are \$20,000,000 or over:

John D. Rockefeller, New York, \$125,000,000; W. W. Astor, New York, stand. The condor sits on its eggs stand. The condor sits on its eggs seven weeks. It nourishes its young for a year before allowing them to leave the nest. It has a swift flight, a keen eye, and can adapt itself to the tate. California, \$60,000,000; Charles Pratt estate, New York, \$55,0000,000;

York, \$50,000,000; Fred W. Vanderbill. New York, \$25,000,000; William Astor. New York, \$15,000,000; John Mont New York, \$25,000,000; John Montgomery Nears, Heaton, San,000,000, Lonis C. Tiffany, New York, \$25,000,000; C. P. Huntington, New York, \$20,000,000; John I. Blair, Baivertown, N. J., \$30,000,000; William Rockefeller, New York, \$20,000,000; William Rockefeller, New York, \$20,000,000; Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, New York, \$20,000,000; Mrs. Hetty Green, \$40,000,000; A. Pacler estate, \$70,000,000; Monses Taylor estate, \$70,000,000; Monses Taylor estate, \$50,000,000; R. A. tor estate, \$50,000,000; R. A. Stevens, New York, \$50,000,000; Brown & Ivos. Providence, R. I., \$50,000,000; P. D. Armmir, Chiengo, Ill., \$40,000,000; P. Goelet estate, New York, \$40,000,000; T. A. Scott estate, New York, \$33,000,000; J. W. Garrett estate, \$35,000,000; G. B. Roberts, Philadelphia, Pa., \$50,000,000; Ross Winans, \$30,000, 000; F. B. Coxe, \$30,000,000; Claus Spreckles, San Francisco, \$20,000,000; R. J. Livingston, New York, \$30,000, 000; Mrs. Hopkins-Searies estate, \$30,000,000; S. V. Harkness estate, \$30,000,000; R. W. Coleman estate, \$30,000,000; I. M. Singer estate, \$30,000,000; Percy Pyne, New York, \$30,000,000; A. J. Drexel, New York, \$25,000,000; J. S. Morgan, New York, \$25,000,000; J. P. Morgan, New York, \$25,000,000; Marshall Field, Chicago, \$25,000,000; J. G. Fair estate, California, \$25,000,000; E. T. Gerry, New York, \$25,000,000; Gov. Fairbanks estate, New York, \$25,000, 000; A. Schermerhorn estate, New York, \$25,000,000; O. H. Payne, New York, \$25,000,000; John T. Davis, St. Louis, \$25,000,000; F. A. Drexel estate, Philadelphia, \$22,000,000; I. V. Williamson estate, \$22,000,000; W. F. Weld estate, \$22,000,000; Jabez A. Bostwick, New York, \$30,000,000; Theodore Haveneyer, New York, \$20,000,000; H. O. Hayer, New York, \$20,000,00 000,000; H. O Havemeyer, New York. \$20,000,000; W. G. Warden, New York, \$20,000,000; W. P. Thompsom, \$20,000,-000: Mrs. Schenley, \$20,000,000; J. B. Haggin, \$20,000,000; H. A. Hutchins, \$20,000,000; W. Sloan estate, New York, \$20,000,000; E. S. Higgins estate, \$20,-000,000; C. Tower estate, \$20,000,000; William Thaw estate, \$20,000,000; Dr. Hostetter estate, \$20,000,000; William Sharon estate, \$20,000,000; William Sharon estate, California, \$20,000,000; Peter Donohue estate, \$20,000,000; Henry Hiiton, New York, \$20,000,000; Andrew Carnegie, New York, \$20,000,000; H. Victor Newcombe, New York, \$20,000,000; John Jacob Astor, Jr., New York, \$20,000,000; Mrs. H. McK. Twombley, New York, \$20,000,000; William C. Whitney, New York, \$20,000,000; The Misses Furness, New York.

\$50,000,000; Cornellos Vanderbilt. New



II. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

\$20,000,000; Darius O. Mills, New York, \$20,000,000; David Dows Stall, New York, \$20,000,000; Mrs. Bradley Martin. New York, \$10,000,000; Hiram Walker,

of the country control \$20,000,000 based largely on the great investment and each, or a total of \$3,000,000,000, and all over the country. Every city in the country has its list of millionaires, generally comprising those in the control of the street-car, gas and water companies of the respective localities.

### STRANGE WEDDING RINGS.

They Are Made of Brass and Weigh as Much as Thirty Pounds.

The Bayanzi, who live along the Upper Congo, have a strange custom which makes life a burden to the married women. Brass rods are welded into great rings around the necks of the wives. Many of these rings worn by the women, whose husbands are well to do, weigh as much as thirty pounds, and this burden must be carried by the poor creatures as long as they live. Frequently one sees a poor woman whose neck is galled by the heavy weight, and in places the skin is rubbed off by the ring. This is a sure sign that the ring has been recently welded around the neck. After a short time the skin becomes calloased, and then the strange ornament produces no abrasion. The weight is a perpetual tax upon the energies. In every crowd of women may be seen a number who are supporting the ring with their hands, and thus for a time are relieving their weary shoulders of the burden. A ring is never put around a woman's neck until she is believed to have attained her full physical development. Once on it is no easy mat-ter to get it off. The natives have no files, and, although they can bammer a lot of brass rods into one, it is very difficult for them to cut the thick mass of metal. Women who increase largely in flesh after the rings have been placed on their necks are in danger of strangling to death, and instances of this sort have occurred. The women, however, regard the curious ornament with pride, imagine it enhances their importance and beauty, and wear their burdens with light hearts. Brass is the money of the country, and in putting it around their wives' necks the men are certain that it will not be stolen or foolishly expended.

How Do They Spank Him.

Spanish Court etiquette is a fearful and wonderful thing. It allows certain of the grandees to put on their hats in the presence of their sovereign, while it forbids anyone to touch the person of the sovereign under all sorts of penalties, and, in consequence, there is a good deal of difficulty about chastising the present very juvenile monarch when he shall deserve it. The Queen of Spain, we know, "has no legs," and for practical purposes the King of Spain has no — birchable surface.

We are familiar with the rush of the express train as it flashes past us at the rate of sixty miles an hour, but light actually travels 11,179,560 times as