

### THE DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER.

Worn and weary, seedy and sad, an editor sat him down,  
"Mid work and rubbish, paper and dust,  
With many a wrinkled frown.  
He sighed when he thought of his paper bills,  
His rent and board and wood.  
And groaned when the copy friend yalled  
out, as he there in the doorway stood.  
"What do people fancy," he said, "an editor  
lives upon?"  
Air and water, glory and debt, till his toil-  
some life is done?  
"I'll stop their papers, every one, till their  
honest debts they pay,  
And mark their names off the mailing book  
for ever and for aye!"  
"Take this copy, double lead, and mark  
with a pencil blue,  
And send to all who are in arrears from  
10 years down to 2."  
And then to the copy hungry boy he hand-  
ed a pencil and a pen,  
Of hieroglyphics, straggling, wild, all tangle-  
d and lean and tall.  
When scarce a fortnight had dragged its  
length of tired-out hours away,  
There came to the heart of the editor a  
gladsome joy one day:  
"Twas only a letter from Gordon's Mill, in  
a hand both weak and old,  
But out of it fell a treasured coin, of solid,  
beautiful gold!"  
The letter claimed his interest, then, and  
so he slowly read  
The scrawled, but simple and honest words,  
and this is what they said:  
"Dear Editor: I read the lines you marked  
and sent to me.  
So I send this piece of gold and ask if I  
will agree  
To send my paper right along, and forget  
the debt I owed.  
For I've took your paper for twenty years,  
and so far as I know  
I never owed no man a cent till about  
four year ago.  
When my po' wife died, and the crops was  
bad, and the fever laid me low.  
"And time ha'n't never been the same to  
little Liz and me—  
For we are all that's left behind—and since  
my eyes can't see,  
She always reads the paper, and it's been  
our only cheer,  
And brought us all the news and fun we've  
had for many a year.  
"I'm getting old and feeble, now, and  
down with the rheumatiz,  
And there's the paper left to me: just that  
and little Liz.  
We couldn't live to lose it now, it's been  
with us so long,  
Till its very name is music, like an old-  
time happy song.  
"This twenty-dollar piece of gold will  
pay for all I owe,  
And what is over and above, just keep and  
let it go  
Toward paying for the paper till a bright-  
er better day:  
And send to Liz, she'll need it then, when  
I am called away."  
Glad and thankful the editor was, as a  
knew that there was one  
Who loved and could appreciate the work  
that he had done.  
He felt that life was not vain, and  
smiled through happy tears.  
And then on the mailing book, he wrote:  
"Paid up for twenty years."  
—Margaret Andrews Oldham in the N. Y. Sun.

### HALOS AND SUN DOGS.

Arthur K. Bartlett in Detroit Free Press.  
Among the various phenomena of nature that occur unpredicted and unannounced to mankind there are few more interesting to scientific students, and probably none so deceptive and commonly misunderstood by the general public, as the luminous colored circles occasionally seen around the sun, and more frequently around the moon, known respectively as the solar and lunar halo, which, with the complicated appearances they sometimes present, have long attracted the attention of meteorologists, and were, until within a comparatively recent time, extremely difficult to explain. Though more frequently observed in the polar regions, there are few persons of mature age, residing in the temperate latitudes, who have not, at some period of their lives, witnessed one or more exhibitions of these curious and beautiful phenomena.  
There are probably no phenomena of nature, either in the heavens or on the earth, about which the people are so profoundly misinformed, and regarding which so many erroneous notions seem to prevail, as the occurrence of solar and lunar halos, together with the anomalous appearances usually presented by them, though the amount of ignorance relative to such phenomena is not surprising when we consider their puzzling nature, and the deceptive features they invariably exhibit, which at one time the wisest philosophers were unable to correctly interpret and explain.  
Whenever, under favorable conditions, we observe a luminous circle of the various prismatic colors around the moon, the sky within the circle being much darker than it is upon the outside (which is the peculiar feature of a lunar halo), an observer is very naturally led to believe that a ring of light does actually surround the moon's disc, while inside there is but little, if any light at all, the sky being dark and unilluminated, and that portion just outside really brighter, though less bright than the ring itself. Now, it is in this belief that we are deceived by appearances, and that the perplexing nature of a halo is illustrated; and yet people will claim, as "seeing is believing," they have an ocular demonstration that a real, luminous circle does surround the moon, and that the dark sky inside receives no light from the moon's disc, being actually without any illumination, as it appears to be. But paradoxical, as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that the circle of light appears there in its anywhere else around the moon, and only seems to be for the reason that owing to the refraction of the moon's light at an equal distance from her disc, on all sides, more of the luminous rays reach our eyes from the portion of the sky where the circle or ring is seen.  
The lunar halo, which by many is

regarded as a remarkable and unexplained phenomenon of the moon, is to meteorological students neither a mysterious nor an anomalous occurrence. It has been for many years thoroughly understood, and at the present time admits of an easy scientific explanation. It is due to the refraction and dispersion of the moon's light through very minute ice-crystals floating at great elevations above the earth. It is an optical illusion, and originates, not in the vicinity of the moon—24,000 miles away—but just above the earth's surface, and within the aqueous envelope that surrounds it on all sides.  
A lunar halo, or circles of prismatic colors seen around the moon, never occurs except when the sky is hazy, and presents a dull, leaden appearance. Usually only one circle is seen surrounding the moon, and it is always of large size, being about forty-five degrees in diameter, or eighty times the apparent diameter of the moon, corresponding to one-half the distance from the zenith to the horizon. The sky within the circle is always apparently much darker than it is for some distance on the outside—a feature which is the peculiar characteristic of a halo when seen under the most favorable conditions—and the circle exhibits the seven prismatic colors seen in the rainbow, the inner edge being red and quite sharply defined, while the other colors are more or less mingled and superposed, so that the outer edge of the circle is nearly white and usually not very clearly defined.  
Sometimes a number of large circles are seen around the moon, presenting a peculiar and very complicated appearance, and they are seldom concentric as in a lunar corona, but intersect each other with mathematical exactness, exhibiting a structure that is often wonderful to behold. A true halo is never produced when the sky is perfectly clear, as a slight haze is essential to its appearance, and the phenomenon is visible only under rare and peculiar atmospheric conditions. In connection with a halo, white bands, crosses or arches are sometimes observed, which also result from the same conditions of the atmosphere at great elevations above the earth.  
A halo may form around the sun, as well as around the moon, and all the curious phenomena above described are similarly observed; but a halo is most frequently noticed about the moon, for the reason that we are too much dazzled by the sun's light to distinguish faint colors surrounding its disc, and to see them it is necessary to look through smoked glass, or view the sun by reflection from the surface of still water, by which means its brilliancy is very much reduced. When a halo is seen around the sun, a white circle passing through the sun and parallel to the horizon, is sometimes observed, which is known to meteorologists as the "parhelic circle," from the fact that parhelia or mock-suns, are frequently noticed in connection with it. These phenomena, which are frequently called "sun-dogs," are faint images of that luminary, appearing at one, two or more points in connection with a halo, and at those parts where the circles cross each other, or cut the parhelic circle, above-mentioned. Such appearances, which are also noticed about the moon (known as mock-moons, or moon-dogs, are more frequently observed in the polar regions, and are produced by the extra light concentrated at the point where the circles intersect, and there being at those places a double cause of illumination, presenting the singular phenomenon of a faint white disc, resembling that of the sun or moon. Parhelia, or mock-suns, are generally on the side toward the sun. They sometimes have a prolongation in the form of a tail several degrees in length, which coincides in direction with that of the parhelic or horizontal circle.  
A halo may be produced artificially, and its appearance beautifully illuminated by crystallizing some salt (such as alum) upon a glass plate, and then looking through the plate at the sun or a bright light, when the luminous circles above described will be observed. The formation of a circle of light around the sun or moon and the production of the dark circle to which we have referred, may also be illustrated by an interesting imaginary experiment, which is thus described by Prof. Loomis, in his "Treatise on Meteorology," an authoritative work on the subject of atmospheric phenomena: "If we conceive a beam of light to be admitted through a small aperture into a dark room, and to fall upon a large number of ice-prisms having angles of 60 deg., and occupying every possible position all the incident rays will be deviated from their first direction, but in no case will the deviation be less than about 22 deg.  
A large number of spectra will be cast upon the opposite wall but opposite to the aperture through which the light is admitted there will be a circle of 22-deg. radius, upon which no spectrum can fall, and the red end of each spectrum will be turned toward the center of the circle. If the number of the spectra be sufficiently great, they will together form a circle of 22 deg. radius, bordered with red upon the inside; but beyond the red the different colors will be so superposed as to produce a light nearly white. \* \* \* The circle within the halo is much darker than the space without it, because from no part of this circle can a ray of the sun, refracted by the ice-prisms, reach the eye of the observer."  
The small circle often seen around the sun and moon when a light, fleecy cloud passes over them, is known as a corona, and should not be mistaken for a halo, which is much larger and more complicated in its structure, as explained above. These two phenomena are frequently confounded by inexperienced observers, but they exhibit peculiar features by which each may be easily distinguished from the other. Both exhibit the seven prismatic colors, but in a corona the colors are reversed, the red being on the outer edge instead of on the inner edge, as in a halo; and the circles of a corona, besides being smaller, are concentric

with each other, the inner one being small, the diameter of the second being double, and that of the third triple the diameter of the first. The structure of the corona is quite simple, and never exhibits the attractive features observed in a halo, which is a phenomenon of comparatively rare occurrence, while a corona may be seen every time a light, transparent cloud comes between us and the sun or moon, and is produced by the diffraction of the rays of light passing between the minute globules of vapor in a cloud. What we have said regarding the size of a halo will alone enable an observer to recognize this phenomenon and distinguish it from a corona. Prof. Loomis says: "The mean of eight-three measurements of the radius of the red circle of a halo is 21 deg. 36 min., which is almost identical with the radius computed from theory."  
The diameter of the luminous circles of a corona is not always the same, and while they are never large, the diameter of the first red ring varies from 3 deg. to 6 deg. and that of the second ring from 5 deg. to 10 deg. A corona like a halo, may be easily produced artificially. If we sprinkle upon a pane of glass a small quantity of lycopodium, or any very fine dust of nearly uniform fineness, and then look at the moon through this glass, we shall see it surrounded by luminous rings of prismatic color, precisely like those that are formed by a cloud; and if on a cold winter evening we breathe upon a pane of glass, the breath will condense into very small globules and freeze. If we look at the moon, or even at a street-lamp through this glass, we shall see a similar system of colored rings, having violet on the inside.  
More solar and lunar halos are usually seen in winter than in summer, owing to the favorable conditions at this season for the formation of ice-crystals in the upper regions of the atmosphere, upon the existence of which such phenomena depend for their production and the singular appearances they present. During the past winter the frosty condition of the atmosphere was particularly favorable for the production of these phenomena, and many exhibitions of the kind were observed in various portions of the country where such appearances are uncommon, and have seldom, if ever, occurred before. Many reports of such phenomena appeared in the newspapers, some of the exhibitions having been unusually interesting and remarkable, but none of the accounts published—with one or two exceptions—explained the phenomena correctly or mentioned their real nature, which was evidently not known or misunderstood by the writers.  
Of all the numerous weather proverbs current among the people those relating to the phenomenon of a halo should be included with the few for which there is considerable scientific foundation, justified by actual experience and observation. There is perhaps no better known or more popular weather prognostic than that pertaining to the lunar halo, which has long been recognized, even among scientific persons, as an almost infallible sign of foul weather, and reliable indication of an approaching storm. One of the old familiar proverbs relating to the lunar halo is expressed in the lines:  
"When round the moon there is a bright  
The weather will be foul and rough."  
Prof. John Westwood Oliver, in a recent article on "The Moon and the Weather," published in Longman's Magazine, says: "The halo is an old sign of bad weather. Of sixty-one lunar halos observed in the neighborhood of London, thirty-four were followed by rain within twenty-four hours, nineteen by rain within four days, and only eight by no rain at all."  
As a halo is never seen except when the sky is hazy, it indicates that moisture is accumulating in the atmosphere, which will form clouds, and the popular notion that within the circle indicates the number of days before the storm will occur is without any foundation whatever, and the belief is almost too absurd to be refuted. In whatever part of the sky a lunar halo is seen one or more bright stars are always sure to be noticed inside the luminous ring, and the number visible depends entirely upon the position of the moon. Moreover, when the sky within the circle is examined with even a small telescope, hundreds of stars are visible where only one or perhaps two or three were perceived by the naked eye.  
In Prof. Loomis' "Treatise on Meteorology" may be found a clear and complete description of the phenomenon, fully illustrated and scientifically explained. There is an excellent popular article entitled "The Lunar Halo," in Prof. Proctor's admirable work, "Flowers of the Sky," which contains an excellent engraving, illustrating the one-ring halo, most commonly observed, and showing the dark circle around the moon, which is the characteristic feature of a lunar halo, and is thoroughly explained in the above-mentioned work, together with many other paradoxical features and curious illusions associated with the wonderful phenomenon.  
Crown Prince William has requested Mr. Carl Schurz to thank the Americans and the Germans in America for their expressions of sympathy on the occasion of the death of Emperor William, and also for the sympathy manifested by them for Emperor Frederick in his suffering.  
Minister Pendleton has entirely recovered from the effects of his recent stroke of paralysis. He has quitted the hospital and is perfectly competent to resume his diplomatic duties.  
Faulkner of Indiana, chief of the record division, pension office, is a friend of Voorhees. Secretary Vilas recently removed Faulkner for trying to dictate to the postmaster general. Faulkner has been reinstated on the demand of Voorhees at the order, it is said, of the president. And Vilas and Dickinson, two cabinet officers, have both been rebuked.  
Carl Schurz is making arrangements for a banquet in Berlin, at which will assemble leading men in politics, science and literature.

### MRS TREMAINE'S MONKEY

"I wonder," I said, as I was looking out of the window of Jack Trevor's lodgings, "why that girl's rushing up the street without her hat."  
"Ah!" he said, coming to the window. "I thought it must be she. She's catching the monkey. I expect she misses me now sometimes. You didn't see which way she went, did you?"  
"No," I said. "Is she addicted to hunting monkeys?"  
"Only the monkey," he replied. "I used to do it once."  
"Dear me!" I said. "It's a fashionable amusement in the neighborhood, then?"  
"No," he answered, mournfully. "I was engaged to that girl once, and that beast of a monkey broke the engagement off."  
"Were you," I asked, "cut out by the monkey, then?"  
"A man," he said, "must be very young to make a remark like that?"  
"Who is she?" I inquired.  
"Oh, she's Miss Tremaine," he said. "I'll tell you the story, if you like. It will be a warning to you never to get engaged to a girl who keeps a monkey."  
"At present," I said, "there is no girl of the sort in my mind's eye; but it's better to be prepared for all emergencies."  
"I got engaged to Miss Tremaine," he said, "about three years ago. I met her at the tennis club and dances and around the place generally here, but I had never seen much of her at home, and I was unaware even of the monkey's existence. As soon as we were engaged I was introduced to Jacko. He was a small monkey, of ordinary appearance, and was not, at first sight, prepossessing; but in the Tremaine household he was a family fetch. It's curious to notice the dominant influence in different families. Sometimes it's the baby, sometimes the butler, sometimes a first husband's memory, and sometimes the daily paper. But in this case Jacko reigned supreme. Capt. Tremaine, who was very dead, had bought the beast, and it was concerned in a touching death-bed scene, or something of the kind. At any rate, Mrs. Tremaine regarded it as a sacred relic of the dear deceased, and lavished all her love and affections on it. I well remember the first night I saw Jacko, and discovered the habit that eventually wrecked an engagement. It was a stifling evening, and I suggested to Maud the desirability of opening a window. 'Oh, no,' she said, 'we never can have the windows open in the evening. Jacko would get out.' My first hint of Jacko's habits was enlarged by Mrs. Tremaine's frequent and objectionable intrusions to inquire as to the beast's whereabouts. A man in the first rapture of an engagement naturally dislikes the intrusions of some one else in pursuit of a monkey. The next morning came round—they live a few doors from here—and I told me that Jacko had just escaped, and would help catch him? I found him about lunch time, and overhauled him after a long and exciting chase. As seemed obvious, I caught him by the tail, and the brute bit me and went on for another half-hour. Mrs. Tremaine explained, reproachfully, that Jacko always bit people who touched his tail."  
"For some months Jacko continued to be a nuisance at home and abroad. When he escaped, which he managed to do about once a week, I was expected to secure him. This generally happened in the morning, when the windows were open and the tradesmen were calling, and at first, on these occasions, I did not reach chambers until the afternoon. Afterward I became quite an adept at catching him. His plan of campaign was to wait until the pursuer was quite close and then jump about twenty yards. I bought a large butterfly net with a long handle, and he never got the hang of that. When I had discovered this invention I was comparatively happy, and I wrote with dread for the time when Jacko should escape after dark, and I should be compelled to hunt for the brute through the watches of the night, on the peril of losing the regard of the Tremaine family. Jacko's nomadic habits were, I may explain attributed to a desire to find his dead master. At last the event that I dreaded occurred. One cold winter's evening Jacko disappeared while the cook was interviewing her favorite policeman at the back door, and got well away. The cook received a month's notice on the spot, and I was at once put upon the track of the animal. Mrs. Tremaine was much annoyed because I wished to put the boots on before starting, and even Maud seemed only anxious for the monkey's health. After tramping through three or four miles of streets I experienced what I at first regarded as unexpected good luck. The brute came tearing around a corner, and in a second he was in the butterfly net. I was just preparing to return, elated that the run had been so mercifully cut short, when a crowd also came around the corner headed by an angry and breathless Italian. I soon discovered the connection of events. The Italian could not speak much English, but I gathered that he claimed Jacko as his monkey, his carissimo monkey. The crowd, who had become excited in the chase, and who imagined that I was attempting to cheat a poor, ignorant foreigner out of his only solace in a strange land, demanded that I should give the monkey up. The vision of Maud's face, if the sacred animal spent the night in the possession of an untrustworthy Italian, rose before my eyes, and I distinctly declined to relinquish Jacko.  
"In the course of conversation with the crowd I lost my temper and a considerable portion of my clothes, and by the time that a policeman arrived, I suppose my appearance did justify him in conveying Jacko, the Italian and me to the police station. There I spent a most miserable night. My utmost entreaties failed to induce the police to send to Mrs. Tremaine to bail me out. I think their malevolence was prompted by the policeman who had been so rudely interrupted in his tread with the cook.  
"In the morning we appeared before his worship. The Italian and I were charged with creating a disturbance,

and assaults and breaches of the peace, and that kind of thing, and, as far as I remember, the police threw in a charge of drunk and disorderly conduct against me. His worship asked to see the monkey, and when they brought him in, lo and behold, there were two Jackos.  
"After some explanation, the magistrate dismissed the charges against us, with a caution, on the ground of excusable mistake. And, indeed, it was most excusable. Apparently, the Italian had really lost his monkey, and whether it was his monkey or Jacko that he had been pursuing when I encountered him, I do not know to this day. At all events, the police had captured the other monkey during the night, and had shut the two up together. There they sat, two ugly, grinning, indistinguishable creatures, both grating according to the evidence, of aggravated assaults upon the police.  
"When we were released from the dock the magistrate asked me to remove the monkeys. The Italian and I stared at each other blankly. He knew, no more than I which was his property. Of course, it was useless to consult the police about their identity. As the magistrate pointed out, there is no presumption either in law or in fact as to the ownership of two strange monkeys. I appealed to him to decide the question himself, and he pointed out that it was the duty of the police to restore property to its owners, but only if he was not Solomon, but only a police magistrate, and that he doubted whether even the loosest of laws could throw much light on the subject. The matter, he thought, was eminently one to be settled out of court.  
"At first I tried to solve the difficulty by buying out the Italian's claim to either of the monkeys, with the idea of sorting them afterward. But he, also, it appeared, had a romantic attachment for his carissimo monkey, and he declined my overtures with fervent protests to most of the saints on the register. The whole thing, he seemed to think, was a base attempt on the part of a foreign, brutal government to trample on the rights of an Italian citizen, and to confine his monkey to the dungeons of the Zoo. Then I offered him his choice of the two, and this might have saved all trouble if Mrs. Tremaine had not arrived at that moment to inquire for Jacko, and had not learned of the whole affair from a communicative inspector.  
"Neither Jacko nor the alleged Jacko showed the faintest signs of recognition. Indeed, they almost at once devoted themselves to a sanguinary fight. In which Mrs. Tremaine intervened, with considerable injury to herself. Then she turned to me, and I could scarcely remember that she considered me responsible for the whole difficulty. For a quarter of an hour I had a really lively time. Mrs. Tremaine hectoring the Italian, and the Italian obligating Mrs. Tremaine. Neither of them understood a word the other said, and I had to act as interpreter and buffer.  
"Eventually, I made the best terms that I could. The Italian agreed, for a consideration, to allow me to keep both monkeys for a week, during which we might discover their identity. Mrs. Tremaine quite readily agreed to the proposal, for she was confident that no monkey but Jacko could possess Jacko's virtues. I was more doubtful, believing that the virtues were few enough to be common to many monkeys. And so it turned out. Both monkeys made themselves quite at home, over-ate themselves equally, stole as cleverly, and what was most remarkable, searched with identical persistency for the deceased Capt. Tremaine. Twice that week I had to capture two monkeys, and when they were both in the butterfly net, they nearly killed each other. Mrs. Tremaine used to look at them by the hour, and sob, and call Jacko softly. They both answered to the name, if there was any food about, and at other times preferred to be the other monkey.  
"At the end of the week the organ-grinder appeared punctually, and a heart-rending scene followed. No decision had been come to until the morning of his arrival, and then Mrs. Tremaine and Maud differed as to which was the real Jacko. The question had to be decided somehow, and, thinking it really rather little while we were young, I suggested that we should toss up. The stippancy of the suggestion annoyed them and led them to recrimination, but at last we agreed to decide by lot, that being a Biblical way out of the difficulty, and suitable to the occasion. The organ-grinder went on his way contentedly and I hoped the affair was at an end. But I was very much mistaken. No sooner had he gone than Mrs. Tremaine and Maud became alike convinced that they had given up the real Jacko. They said they were now certain of it. Poor, dear Jacko was sitting on a barrel organ in the cold street and engaged in the degrading occupation of collecting coppers, and monkeys were so liable to consumption, and what would dear papa think if he were alive?  
"I stood this for about ten days, and then I went to the Italian again, having obtained his address in case of further complications. His affections were now apparently extended to both monkeys, for he consented to an exchange for a further consideration. Surely, I thought to myself, Maud and her mother will be content now. But no, the thing began all over again. The former Jacko was their darling, and they'd given him up when they'd got him safe, and it was by my advice and all my fault. Twice more I exchanged these monkeys, and then, at last, even my patience failed. We quarreled and we parted, and I've never spoken to her since. That's why I say, never get engaged to a girl who keeps a monkey."—Pick-Me-Up.

### Sleep the Great Boon.

From the Manchester Guardian.  
Sleep, the friend of the weary, is none the less a capricious friend, and can not always be summoned or dismissed at pleasure. How we sigh for her in vain sometimes, as the dreary small hours—would they were much smaller—of the night succeed, and we rapidly succeeded by others; too long for tired patience, too short as they bring us nearer and nearer to the getting-up hour. And again, what an effort it requires to shake off the drowsy mantle which the goddess wraps around us sometimes in spite of ourselves. The day's task is not finished, the lecture or the sermon is still proceeding, nay, the sun has not half run its course, we have not yet dined, and there we are, nevertheless, overpowered with languor, and falling hopelessly on to the sofa cushions asleep.  
When a child is overtaken with drowsiness unexpectedly it can generally be allowed to yield to the claims of nature; the elders are perhaps thankful to see the restless little mortal compelled to tranquillity for a brief space. So, too, if you are not quite well your half-hour's nap is respected. But if business is waiting you, you know yourself whatever the cause of your fatigue you must not sleep; the work must be done though you have but one eye open. Possibly you do wish just then that if to do nothing were really your destiny you could anticipate it by commencing it at once.  
Your dog or your cat dozes cosily on the hearth-rug, and your, your lord and master, so superior in intelligence and wisdom, can not arrange matters so as to enjoy the same privilege when so disposed. As well be a quadruped at once!

### Husbands and Wives.

From the St. James Gazette.  
I wonder whether any question between men (whether men of genius or otherwise) and their wives can ever be understood from outside. Since the wife of the immortal Scanzarelli resisted the intrusion of the impertinent gentlemen who interfered with her husband in the act of beating her, wives and husbands have been very little apt to deal with. I remember long ago a man who chose to confide in me his grievances in respect to his wife. There was nothing (short of guilt, which was out of the question) of which he did not accuse her. She made him go to balls and dance attendance when he was longing to be in bed. She paid no attention to his tastes. She preferred her own people to every comfort and convenience of his. After listening to a long tirade of this description I ventured mildly to suggest that poor, dear Mary, though she might be a little wilful, was, for instance, not half so culpable as young Mrs. Jones or that middle-aged Mrs. Robinson. My friend jumped up furious. "What!" he cried, "Mary like Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Robinson? You may think as badly as you please of her, but if you suppose I'll sit here and hear my wife compared to—" it did not matter whom. He was a great friend of mine, but I thought he would have devoured me. Mary, he had just been declaring, had broken his heart; but to have said there was any one worthy to be put on the same level with her! These are inconsistencies which everybody must have met with. Supposing, however, that I had put down my friend's grievances against his Mary, what an unhappy couple all their friends would, with gratified commiseration, have believed them to be.

### Great Eaters.

"The eaters of my time," wrote Careme in 1832, "were the Prince de Talleyrand, Murat, Junot, Fontanes, the Emperor Alexander, George IV., and the Marquis de Cussy. Men who know how to eat are as rare as great cooks. Look at the great musicians and physicians," he goes on with enthusiasm, "they are all gastronomers; witness Rossini and Boieldieu, Broussais, and Joseph Roques." The last named backed this up in his treatise on Edible Mushrooms, maintaining that doctors who make a name—Corvisart, Broussais, and half a dozen others—are epicures for their patients' sake as well as their own. They can get a convalescent to eat when nobody else can, a fact which explains their success. Modern London, too, we are proud to say, can boast its successful medical gourmets. De Cussy—it is vain to expect an authority from him—said that Leonardo da Vinci, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Baccio Bandinelli, Guido, and Raphael were all noted gourmets, a fact which has not yet perhaps had its weight in estimating the naive abstinence of the dreary Raphaelites, who might even have been vegetarians almost to a man to judge from the type of their landscape gardening. None of the foregoing great men had the beatitudes of dying at a table like some of the smaller fry. Dr. Gastaldi, a man with a wit and a palate so often met with in the Almanach des Gourmets, died with a champagne glass in his hand and a joke in his mouth. Grimod de la Reyniere's great-grandfather's death was exactly alike—in a fit of laughter, his lips still wet with Ay. Here is a fact for Mr. Galton; financial instincts, too, were hereditary in this family of farmers-general of the revenue.—The Saturday Review.

The department of state is informed by the United States minister at Tehran that the government of the Shah, in addition to sending a Persian minister to the United States, as heretofore reported, has determined to appoint a consul-general to reside in New York, and that an American citizen, resident in that city, will probably be chosen for the office.

Sir Wm. Ritchie, chief justice of the supreme court of Canada, came down to the senate endowed with the power of the deputy governor general, and assented to several bills passed this session. Among them was the act to ratify the fisheries treaty, which thus becomes a statute of the Dominion.