

**A ROYAL AMERICAN.****MURAT'S GRANDMOTHER WAS A YANKEE.****This Relative Was Also a New Jersey School-Ma'm—Recent Death of the Young Man Recalls Many Historical Incidents.**

HERE was American blood in the veins of young Prince Louis Napoleon Murat, who has just succumbed to fever while serving as orderly officer to Gen. Duchesne, the commander-in-chief of the French expedition in Madagascar, says the New York World. For his grandfather, Prince Lucien Murat, after having jilted King Joseph Bonaparte's daughter, Princess Charlotte, married that young lady's handsome governess, a Miss Fraser of Philadelphia. This of course entailed a quarrel with the ex-king, who at the time was living at Bordentown, N. J., and the newly married couple were left to their own devices, the first eighteen years of their married life being full of strange vicissitudes, their children being born amid downright want and something akin to starvation. Thus they were left in such straits for money that Prince Lucien was actually forced to accept employment as the driver of a milk wagon in Trenton, while his wife eked out a scanty subsistence as a schoolma'am.

Of course, the coup d'état at Paris and the ascent of Napoleon to the throne changed all this, and on Prince Lucien's return to France with his American wife he was gratified with the title of prince and granted a handsome allowance by the emperor. Of his three children one is the duchess de Mouchy, who for so many years was the chief friend and confidante of Empress Eugenie. Another was Prince Joachim Murat, formerly a general in the French army, and who was engaged for a time to Miss Caldwell of Washington, while the third, Prince Achille, famous for the duel which, while a young lieutenant of hussars, he fought at Marseilles with the colonel of his regiment, the Marquis de Gallifet, married a lovely and wealthy Armenian of the illustrious family of Dadian, who brought him vast estates in Russia.

Prince Achille, who had been born in New Jersey, and who, like his brother and sister, spoke French with an American accent, committed suicide a few months ago while in Russia, and his young son, who held a commission of sublieutenant in the Twenty-fifth regiment of French dragoons, has now followed him to the grave.

Prince Louis Murat's death serves to draw attention to the revival among the titled classes of France of the taste for foreign adventure so conspicuous two centuries ago, and to the existence of which in those days France owed the possession of her then magnificent colonial empire. Thus, the due d'Uzes died a couple of years ago while engaged in the exploration of the Congo valley in central Africa; Prince Henri d'Orléans, son of the due de Chartres, is engaged in the exploration of Central Asia; the due d'Estissac died while sheep farming in Australia; the prince de Conde, son of the due d'Aumale, likewise died in the antipodes. Young soldiers bearing the illustrious names of De Gontaut-Biron, Fitzjames, Comminges, MacMahon, have won crosses of the Legion of Honor and medals on the battlefields of Cochin China and Tonquin, while the marquis de Gallifet, the marquis de Massa, and Count Arthur Lauriston, the fidus achates of the famous viveur, the due de Grammont-Caderousse, earned their spurs and their stripes on the battlefields of Mexico.

**Has Blacklisted Insanity.**  
The following story is told of John Brennan of Stevens Point as a criminal lawyer. The story goes that a farmer who had killed his wife in the northern part of the state sent for Mr. Brennan to defend him, offering to deed him his farm if he would take the case. Brennan wanted his pay in advance and so the farmer made over the property to him. The murderer was a most brutal and cold-blooded one and Brennan knew that there was but one plea that might save his client from a life sentence and that was insanity. The trial was one of the fiercest ever fought in a Wisconsin court. The attorney for the defense occupied a whole day in his closing address to the jury and the effort was a masterly one. The jury found the man insane and he was sent to Oshkosh. Once there he improved rapidly and in a few weeks was discharged. His first act was to sue Brennan for the recovery of his property on the ground that he was insane at the time he deeded it.

In the face of his own argument that the man was insane Brennan could do nothing and the farmer won the case. Brennan has blacklisted insanity as a defense for murderers.—Milwaukee Journal.

**A Remarkable Conversion.**  
The presence of Hon. M. W. Ransom, United States minister to Mexico, at the Metropolitan, caused a friend of his to relate a remark made by an old-colored man down in North Carolina, who was a life-long friend and admirer of the ex-senator. When the old man heard the news about Gen. Ransom's appointment to the Aztec court, he exclaimed: "And so they have planted Mars Matt a minister,

Among meat courses calf's liver en cibet makes nice change. Eight ounces of liver sliced half an inch thick and four of very thinly sliced bacon, one Spanish onion, and a pinch of dried herbs will be required. Flour the slices of liver and fry lightly on both sides; transfer to a stew pan, with the bacon, previously fried, on top; slice the onion and fry in the bacon fat; sprinkle these over the liver and bacon; add the seasoning and herbs; pour the fat from the frying pan, rinse it out with a half pint of stock, and pour this over all. Cover with a close lid and simmer slowly for three-quarters of an hour.

**Satin Underskirts with Lace Insertion.**

The new underskirt has many charms and the pretty silk creation decked with lace is a costly article, but nevertheless a triumph of art. Silk underskirts are advancing in favor, and from the plain silk to the richest satin with lace insertion find ready demand. Silk skirts for spring will supplant the heavy, stiff, and weighty moreens recently revived.

**No Alliance with Evil.**  
The congregation of a church at Fillmore, Cal., has invited its pastor to resign because he accepted contributions for church work from sporting men and saloon-keepers.

Cardinal Melcher's death, following closely on those of Cardinals Persico and Bonaparte, will keep alive the superstition that cardinals always die

**DELIGHTS OF TRAVEL.****How Great a Commotion a Fire Makes in a Little Town.**

My most amusing experience—from a retrospective point of view—occurred upon my first visit to Lorain, Ohio some ten years ago, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. I arrived at night, and the proprietor of the only hotel in the place put me to bed with a man who inhaled with a basso-profundo snore and exhaled, as near as I could judge through a tin whistle. I did not sleep well, and in the still night, when the landlord put his head in the door and remarked "Fire" in a tone of voice which made the furniture jump up and down, I nearly awoke. A few minutes later, the landlord repeated the remark with so much emphasis that my bed fellow arose with alacrity, and, poising momentarily on one ample but sultry foot upon my thoughtful countenance, he stepped lightly into the street taking part of the window-sash with him.

As the room began filling with smoke it suddenly occurred to me that the fire department consisted for the most part of four buckets of water and a chorus of hoarse shouts. I therefore decided to retire from the room. The other guests seemed to feel the same way about it and as I reached the hall I noticed a dignified, elderly lady from Sandusky going swiftly down the stairs seated upon a sample trunk of a young man from Toledo. Outside all was commotion. Strong, brave men were ringing the town bell, while noble-hearted women were wringing their hands. A young lady from Berea clothed in a Gainsborough hat and an air of deep concern, was gadding madly up and down the street with a pillow under her arm. An investigation disclosed that a large amount of excitement was being wasted over a small amount of fire. The trouble was caused by cigar sparks, which flew into a hair mattress—a defective "flew," so to speak. The fire was extinguished by throwing the mattress out of the window. It fell on the town marshal and knocked him senseless, after which the town once more lay down to sweet dreams of future greatness.

**Clever Scheme of a Woman Writer.**

Kate Douglass Wiggin-Riggs has a novel and clever idea in dispensing her autograph. She sends out to all askers therefor a little card bearing a quotation from one of her popular stories and her signature. With this is folded up a printed slip also signed by her. This is delightfully written and says, in effect, that she is glad to send the "inclosed card to any reader of her work, both because appreciation is pleasant and also because it enables her to ask a favor in return." "If you are a child," she goes on to say, "will you send 25 cents, if an adult 50 cents?" to a certain free kindergarten in which Mrs. Riggs is interested.

**SETTLED THE DIFFICULTY.**

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Carter removed his hat, walked out about ten paces from the crowd and told old Uz to go ahead. Findley removed his hat and walking out in front of Carter said, "With deliberation and emphasis: "Mr. Carter, if this earth was one piece of parchment and the sea one basin of ink and every quill upon earth was one quill and I had the power to use that quill, that parchment and that ink, I would fall short, sir, of being able to describe the corruption of your old heart, sir."

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To Bore for Oil in Kentucky.

Preparations are making for extensive prospecting for oil in ten counties of eastern Kentucky next spring. The indications of the extension of valuable oil fields in that region are said to be promising.

**A Dangerous Custom.**

Many papers, especially those in New England, are falling into the habit of prefixing a man's profession or occupation to his name. "Lawyer Smith," "Rector Brown," "Grocer Jones," and "Jeweler Robinson" are forms in constant use; and pretty soon, if the mannerism continues, we may have such descriptive designations as "Donkey Engine Builder Smithson," "Articulator of Skeletons Brownson" and "Renovator of Old Clothes Jonas."

**To Make Calf's Liver En Cibet.**

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**BATTLE OF RAT AND SNAKE.****In Which the Rat Comes Out Second Best.**

A unique rat-killing match occurred during the voyage of the steamer Alameda, which arrived from Australis yesterday, says the San Francisco Examiner. The battle was between a rat and a snake, and the snake won the fight through superior science and good generalship.

The reptile is the property of B. Rey one of the passengers, who has been touring the colonies for some time. It is about five feet in length and the body is perhaps an inch and a half in diameter.

About two weeks ago the owner of the pet decided that it was time for him to eat. A rat was caught in a trap and then was sent over the ship that there was to be fun. The rat-trap was taken into the smoking-room and a string tied to the leg of the rat, while Mr. Rey had his pet brought out.

The rat and the reptile surveyed each other calmly for a few moments, the string on the leg of the former being given full play and the snake lying on the floor at full length, with his head elevated just the least bit.

The rat made a sudden nip at his enemy's head and, missing it, jumped back. The snake dodged and waited for another feint. It came very quickly. Mr. Rat missing again and getting back to his corner with alacrity, where he squatted and wondered what he ought to do next. The head of the snake began moving slowly to and fro. Then, like a flash of lightning, it shot out and the reptile's fangs were fastened in the neck of the rodent. Round and round through the air whirled the supine body, and in less time than it takes to tell it the snake was coiled about the rat.

The reptile did not relinquish his grasp on his victim for five or six minutes, by which time the rat was dead. The snake then slowly uncoiled and proceeded to devour its quarry. He stretched out at full length on the floor and swallowed the rodent head first. The snake is at the Palace Hotel with Mr. Rey.

**Settled the Difficulty.**

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