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The Commissioner of Agriculture. Peck's Sun.

Dr. Loring, the new commissioner of agriculture, in place of the enthusiastic Le Duc, is said to be the handsomest man in public life at Washington, and that his beauty is fully equal to that of Nicholas Smith, the husband of Ida Greeley, though of a different type. Smith is a pronounced blonde, with dreamy blue eyes and hair of a radiant red, while Loring is a brunette, tall and tiger like. His dark eyes flash an imperious flash, as he comes suddenly upon a monster pumpkin or Hubbard squash at a country fair, and he handles an ear of corn in a rakish and piratical sort of way that mashes a country girl as though a New York building, built on contract, had fallen on her. Like Conkling he has made attitude a study, and clothes himself in a freezing air that carries an uncomfortable chill to all his subordinates. "Bring me a package of turnip seed?" he hisses through his set teeth, in a manner that causes a menial to tremble and turn pale. He entered his office for the first time the other day, and found his desk, the one recently occupied by Le Duc, covered with what appeared to be clover hulls and dirt, and he inquired what it was. "Tea," said a humble servitor. "Tea!" thundered Loring, "tea! Out with the accursed stuff and don't let me see any more of it!" He did not care so much about the tea, but he wanted to give them a specimen of his style. Pursuing his investigations, he came upon a couple of tons of cornstalks, from which the juice had been extracted, and then he let himself out. The storm raged, lightnings flashed, the groans of the dying mingled with the yells of the victors, and freedom shrieked as Kosciuszko fell, and the cornstalks were dumped out on a dray and carted away. There is a firm hand at the helm of the ship of state, in the agricultural department at Washington, and the country can rest in security.

Absolute Faith.

The first wife of Emile de Girardin had the most absolute faith in his powers. A few days after the revolution of 1848 a lady who was greatly distressed about political events and troubled as to the future went to see Mme. de Girardin, whose parlor was exactly underneath her husband's study and work-room. "Oh! my dear friend," said the visitor, "what terrible times we live in! What awful events! Who can extricate us from them?" "There is only one. He who is above (*l'ahaut*) can do it!" responded gravely Mme. de Girardin. "Yes, that's so—the good God, you are right!" "No! I am speaking of Emile!"

Cardinal Newman, of England, is an excellent musician, and plays the violin with exquisite skill.

A dentist had his feelings terribly harrowed up the other day when a farmer came in and asked for a draw tooth.

A Hot Joke.

Detroit Free Press.

A tailor on Fort street east got hold of a red-hot idea the other day. He heated up his goose to the blistering point, and placed it on a bench at his door with a sign reading: "Only twenty-five cents." In a minute along came an ancient-looking colored man with an eye out for bargains, and as he saw the goose and read the sign he made up his mind that he had struck it rich. He naturally reached out to left his bargain, and that was where he gave himself away. The tailor almost fell down with his merriment, but it didn't last over sixty seconds. At the end of that time the victim entered the shop and began a sort of gymnastic performance which did not end until the tailor was a sadly mashed man and his shop in the greatest confusion. The two were fighting in front when an officer came along and nabbed both, and both were brought before his Honor together.—The tailor appeared with a black eye and a finger tied up in a red rag, and the African had a scratched nose and was minus two front teeth.

"Well?" queried the court as the pair stood gazing at him.

"Well, I shall speak first," replied the tailor, "I likes to have a shoke somedimes, and so I put dot goose out dere. It was all in mas, and I am werry sorry."

"I couldn't see whar' de fun cum in," said the other. "Dis yere han' an all burned to a blister, an' I won't be able to use it for two weeks."

"Did you put that hot goose out there for a joke?" queried the court.

"Yaw—it was only a shoke."

"And were you joking when you entered the shop and made things hum?" he asked of the other.

"No, boss, I wasn't. I'm an ole man, an' not much giben to laffin' an' cuttin' up. When I let go of dat goose I made up my mind to mash dat tailor flatter dan a billyard ball. It was my first fout for forty y'ars, but I'd got de bulge on him an' was usin' him up when de officer stepped in. No, boss, I wasn't jokin' 'bout dat time."

"Were you very tickled?" he queried of the tailor.

"Vhell, I was tickled until he pitch into me."

"You were the only one who had any fun out of it?"

"Vhell, I 'spose so."

"Then you'll have to foot the bill. I shall let him go and fine you \$8."

"Dot ish pooty high?"

"Yes, but it was a rich joke, you know."

"Maybe she vhas, but I guess I let dot goose cool off now. Here is five, six, seven, eight dollars, and now I shall go home. I bid you goot day."

The model of the statue of Mr. Gladstone, which is to be erected in East London, has been completed by Mr. Bruce Joy, of Faltham. It is a little over nine feet high, and represents the great statesman in the act of addressing a vast assemblage.

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