

A KANSAS ROMANCE.

THE FARMER'S EUREKA DITCH "KNOCKED DOWN."

The Purchasers Paid Only \$10,000 for It—Cost a Million—Sad Story of a Collapsed Irrigation Scheme in Arkansas Valley.

NEBRASKA Farmer Says: The remains of the famous Eureka ditch in Kansas, which cost the investors an even million, was sold under the hammer a few days ago for \$10,000. The ditch was projected by the Arkansas Valley Irrigation company several years ago. It was to be 100 miles long, extending from Ingalls, in Gray county, through Ford, Hodgson and Edwards counties, to the town of Kinsley.

This gigantic scheme to reclaim a vast area of arid lands and make it one of the richest agricultural districts on the continent, relates a correspondent of the St. Louis Republic, was the conception of J. C. Soule, a wealthy bittern manufacturer of Rochester, N. Y. He had accumulated a large fortune in the bittern business, and in the early '80s went to western Kansas to find an investment for his surplus capital. He became an enthusiast on the subject of irrigation and made arrangements for utilizing the water of the Arkansas river to make the dry and worthless lands through which it coursed valuable for farming purposes.

After extensive surveys Mr. Soule decided on starting his enterprise in Gray county. Selecting an advantageous point on the banks of the Arkansas river for beginning his great irrigation ditch, he laid off a townsite and started a city, which, in his opinion, was destined to become the metropolis of the plains. He christened it Ingalls, after the then senator from Kansas. Gray county at that time was an unorganized prairie waste, but Soule caused the legislature to have it regularly organized, bringing to Topeka a powerful lobby.

This had not been accomplished before a syndicate of speculators was formed to profit from the enterprise of the bittern man, and a rival town called Cimarron was started. Upon the organization of the county, Ingalls and Cimarron became rivals for the county seat. A county seat election was held, which was typical of western Kansas. The two towns were about equal in population, and each exerted every effort to secure voters. Soule spared no expense in rounding up cowboys and floaters of all kinds to cast their ballots for Ingalls. Large sums of money were expended in this way by both towns, but the bank account of Soule was the larger and Ingalls carried the day.

The county seat question having been settled to the satisfaction of the promoter of the ditch, work on the canal was begun and pushed forward as rapidly as men and money could do it. The first excavation was commenced near Ingalls, and it was on such a grand scale that it amounted simply to changing the course of the river. At that point the river had a fall of eight feet to the mile. The fall of the ditch was but two feet to the mile, so that a gain of six feet was made in every mile of ditch dug. In twenty miles the canal had reached a point in the hills 120 feet above the river bed, and ten miles further east it had reached the divide and proceeded eastward on its course, carrying life to the parched lands, which at once yielded to its influence and were transformed from a sterile waste to an area of wondrous fertility.

No expense was spared in the construction of the great canal. At points on its line immense reservoirs were constructed to hold the surplus water, and at frequent intervals, large embankments and solid walls of masonry were built to carry the water over obstructing ravines. No enterprise that was ever put under way in the west had brighter prospects than this "Eureka Ditch," as Mr. Soule delighted in calling it.

Many towns were laid out along its course and water works and electric light and power companies were organized without number, all of which were to depend upon the ditch, for necessary power. The country which it traversed gave promise of soon becoming a new Eldorado. The population rapidly increased and a boom was inaugurated which has never before or since had its equal in the west.

About this time the people of Colorado began to investigate the subject of irrigation, and they, too, tapped the Arkansas river, the great artery through which the melting snows of the Rockies were being carried on their way to the Gulf. Ditch after ditch was cut through Colorado soil, and in a short time the supply of the Arkansas river was exhausted before the Kansas line was reached. As a result the "Eureka Ditch" went dry, the land near its banks in Kansas returned to its original arid condition, Ingalls, Cimarron and other towns brought into existence by Mr. Soule's enterprise lost their population, and the "Eureka Ditch" filled up with sand.

Mr. Soule also built a railroad forty miles long in the desert, extending from Dodge City to Montezuma. The only evidence that it ever existed is the two streaks of rust across the cheerless prairie. Soule started the town of Spearville and made it his headquarters. He organized a bank in every town that was built along his irrigation ditch. Three miles north of Dodge City he built a college, which cost him \$75,000. It was never occupied, and stands there today, deserted, the home of bats and owls.

While the "Eureka Ditch" has resulted so disastrously, it is not generally believed that its originator lost anything by reason of it. He succeeded in selling large blocks of stock in the company at big prices, and then secured \$1,000,000 from English capitalists from the sale of first mortgage bonds. With the failure of the ditch Mr. Soule abandoned Kansas and sold his bittern business in Rochester, from which he realized \$500,000. He has since died, and Kansas receives an occasional visit from his son, Wilson Soule, who has inherited his father's few remaining possessions in the Arkansas valley. The bondholders, it is claimed, propose to fully investigate the underflow theory. It is believed that a large volume of water flows oceanward beneath the surface, and that it can be tapped and brought into the bed of the big ditch. Should it be demonstrated that this theory is practical the roseate visions of the elder Soule may yet be realized by his successors.

NOT A DUDE'S BADGE.

Cane No Longer the Special Privilege of the Pop or Dandy.
"You know," said a discerning gentleman to an Atlanta Constitution reporter, "it used to be said that a man who carries a cane every day was an idler, a dawdler—worthless for all practical purposes. If you'll let me see how a fellow handles a cane, I'll tell you whether he is worthless or not. It's not in the fact of carrying a cane, but how it is carried that the significance lies. When a man comes into my office with a cane in his hand I watch him closely. If he sits and twirls it idly and aimlessly about on his fingers, he is a worthless idler. But if he walks in, puts it up against the wall and proceeds to business, there is something in him. You may hope for him. If he holds it firmly while he is talking to you and does not twirl it about, he's all right. The fellow who plays with his cane, swings it around, marks figures on the carpet with it, punches the furniture with the tip, isn't fit for much else. Yes, a decent, hard-working fellow can carry a cane all the time, and they do so, many of them, and the act does not indicate that they are idlers. But the fellow who goes around swinging his cane and playing with it is a nuisance anywhere you put him."

His Palmy Days Are Gone.

The juggling fakir, having been driven from more lucrative schemes, has been reduced to a very common level. One of the class who was recognized as having worn diamonds five years ago, and who was known as one of the most skillful shell-workers in the country, was the center of an eager group of boys in the rear of a big store at dinner hour Saturday. He was seedy and run down, and a wreck of his former days, indicating that the shell swindle is too well-known nowadays to be successfully worked. He had a basket in front of him, containing a number of small paper bags. In one hand he held a pretty gold ring, and this he pretended to put into one of the bags. Then he shook the pile up.

"Pick it out for a cent, boys!" he cried many times.
"It's in that one," cried one. "There it is," shouted another; and so the boys vigorously guessed, but they didn't produce the pennies.
When the observer left the decayed thimble-rigger was still monotonously and despairingly calling out:
"Pick it out for a cent, boys! There's no deception, and the lucky boy gets a gold ring worth \$50. Pick it out for a cent!"—Philadelphia Call.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Of the 68,000 postoffices in the United States, only about one thousand are self-supporting.

The Pueblo Indians are a moral race. They have resisted all attempts of traders to introduce whisky and playing cards in their midst.

About 12,000 acres of grain in Lane county, Kan., have been insured against fire, flood and tornado. This is a new kink in agriculture.

Feather beds were employed by the better classes in England during the days of Henry VIII, though they were considered luxuries and were expensive.

In 1890 the horses of the United States were valued at \$978,000,000. In 1895, though the number has increased over 1,000,000, the value was only \$576,780,580.

In the medical department of the University of Michigan the two students who stood highest were Melyll Shie and Ida Khan, girls from Kiangling, China.

The Sault Ste. Marie canal, between Lakes Huron and Michigan, now carries 20,000,000 tons a year, or twice the weight that passes through the Suez canal annually.

With a population of 3,725,000, Scotland has 6,500 university students, while with a population about six times as great England has only 6,000 university students.

A match-cutting machine is quite an automatic curiosity. It cuts 10,000,000 sticks a day, and then arranges them over a vat, where the heads are put on at a surprising rate of speed.

"Familiarity breeds contempt" is a proverb found in one form or another in every European or Asiatic language having a literature. Its earliest form is believed to be in the Sanskrit.

The first regular peal of bells hung in England was that sent by Pope Calixtus III. as a present to King's college, Cambridge, in 1456. For three centuries it was the largest peal in the country.

A strange freak of nature occurred at Bridgeton, N. J., on Tuesday, when the cat belonging to Mr. A. E. Robinson gave birth to a litter of five kittens all closely joined together. They all appear to be healthy.

HOBBIES OF FAMOUS PERSONS.

Queer Whims of Minds Given to Contemplating Important Matters.

A very peculiar hobby was that of an old woman who had been employed at court in the capacity of nurse, and who had a most extensive collection of pieces of wedding cake. The cakes to which the fragments belonged had been cut at the marriages of the highest in the land. The place of honor was given to a portion of Queen Victoria's wedding cake, and nearly every royal marriage that had occurred since the accession of William IV. was represented in this curious collection. Lord Petersham, a noted dandy in his day, had a hobby for walking sticks, and also for various kinds of tea and snuff. All round his sitting room were shelves, those upon one side laden with canisters of Souchong, Bohea, Congou, Pekob, Russian, and other varieties of tea. The shelves opposite were decorated with handsome jars, containing every kind of snuff, while snuff-boxes lay here, there, and everywhere. Lord Petersham prided himself upon possessing the most magnificent array of boxes to be found in Europe, and was supposed to have a fresh box for every day in the year. When some one admired a beautiful old light-blue Sevres box he was using, he lisped out, "Yes, it is a nice summer box, but would not do for winter wear."

Count Henry von Bruhl, a famous German diplomatist, busied himself in collecting boots, shoes, slippers, and wigs of all shapes, sizes, and fashions. This curious hobby was rivaled by that of a late King of Bavaria, whose collection of hats was unique. A King of Wurtemberg boasted the possession of above 9,000 copies of the Bible; and a nicotine-loving American reveled in a treasury of pipes, of which he could count 365 specimens in meerschaum, brier, glass, china, and clay. The Duke of Sussex, brother of King George II., had a pair of hobbies that were wide as the poles asunder. He was an indefatigable collector of Bibles and of cigars. Pope Pius IX. was a collector of slippers. He always had twenty-four pairs in his wardrobe, made of red cloth embroidered with gold, and ornamented with a solid gold cross. His chamberlain being strictly enjoined not to part with a single pair, however well worn they might be, to any of the many devout applicants for them. Wigs and walking sticks were the special vanities of Mr. William Evans, some time principal clerk in the prothonotary's office for Anglesea, Carnarvon, and Merioneth, and so highly did he value them that he bequeathed one of each to three different maiden ladies, for whom he had in turn felt a tenderness in early life. Another gentleman had a hobby for scarf pins. He is said to have kept a book containing as many pages as there are days in the year, in each of which a different pin was stuck. Every morning he fastened into his scarf the pin which occupied the space allotted to that particular date, returning it to its place when he undressed at night.

A Sub-Sidewalk Railway.

A novel plan for a sub-sidewalk railroad, to take the place of elevated roads for rapid transit, has been designed by a Chicago inventor. The road, as its name implies, is to be built under the sidewalk of the street, the space required being only eight feet in width by eight feet in height. At the curb line a wall is laid from one end of the street to the other. Under the other side of the wall the curb wall is parallel with a stone foundation for posts and a fence. On this foundation and on the base of the curb wall rails are laid. Iron columns are set on the inner wall supporting girders level with the top of the curb wall and marking the line between the sidewalk proper and the so-called area space. A wire fence connects the posts and separates the railroad from the area space. This space will be for stairways and entrances to basements. With the curb-wall, girders and bases of buildings for support, a prismatic walk is laid for the purpose of admitting light into the space below. Electricity is to be the motive power. The speed, the plan sets forth, will not be less than thirty miles an hour, and may in some cases be as high as sixty miles an hour. One of the advantages claimed for the road is that it will convert the basements of buildings into valuable property. This and other circumstances, it is believed would make the property owners readily give their consent to the construction of the road.

A Story Told in England.

One of the most valuable flocks of Southdown sheep in the United States is the property of Mr. Mansan Migg, the beet-root sugar magnate, says the London Tit-Bits. A peculiar fact in connection with the flock is that it is looked after, not by sheep dogs, but by six trained Spanish game cocks. They are armed each morning with spurs, and have so fierce a way of attacking any sheep that tries to run away or will not be driven that the animals are now thoroughly afraid of the birds and obey their directions perfectly. Mr. Migg's daughter brought the birds from the Canary Islands.

During the Transition Period.

She—Er—George!
He—Well, Laura?
She—I think we understand each other, George, but—but is it my place or yours to put the question, and ought I to speak to your mamma about it or ought you to go and ask papa?—Chicago Tribune.

Veterans.

Belle was asked where her little brothers, aged 4 and 2, were. She replied: "They are sitting on the doorstep talking over old-times."

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

SOME USEFUL RECIPES FOR THE CULINARY.

Vegetable Salads—Raspberry Vinegar—English Fruit Tart—Coffee Cake—Cherry Jam—Strawberry Tea Cake—Miscellaneous Etc.

VEGETABLE Salads.—In making vegetable salads, which are, especially in spring and summer, refreshing and conducive to appetite, the prerequisite is to select the very freshest vegetables, and the next important condition is that in your dressing no matter how many flavors are used, no one of them should dominate—a salad dressing should be an even blend of flavors. A further requisite is that the dressing should never be added to the prepared vegetables until you are ready to serve. Among the salad vegetables are lettuce, asparagus, dandelion, water cress, celery cauliflower, cucumbers, tomatoes, string beans, and very young lima beans. The nasturtium is useful to give tone and sharpness to the more tasteless sorts of vegetables.

English Fruit Tart.—Make without an under crust. Fill a shallow dish with one and one-half pints of seeded cherries; sprinkle with one cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of flour. Make a rich pie-crust and roll out a little larger than the top of the dish, but of the same shape. Prick it with a fork and spread over the top of the cherries, turning in at the edges. Bake about an hour in a moderately hot oven. The English sprinkle sugar over the tart before it is brought to the table.

Coffee Cake.—Beat half a cup of butter and a cup of sugar together until light, then add two eggs well beaten and one cup of milk, mix and add sufficient flour to roll out; this will take from three and a half to four cups. Measure three cups of flour first, add a teaspoonful of baking powder, and sift it. Knead this in and then add more if necessary. Flavor with nutmeg and roll out half an inch thick, cut into square cakes and bake in a moderate oven.

Strawberry Tea Cake.—Two eggs, reserving the whites of one, one cupful of sugar, butter the size of an egg, half cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda. Bake in three layers. Filling: White of one egg beaten very stiff, three-fourths of a cupful of sugar; beat again, then add half a cupful of fresh strawberries bruised to a pulp, and beat till stiff enough to stand alone. This gives a filling of a lovely pink color.

Cherry Polypoly.—Sift half a pound of flour into a bowl, add one-quarter of a pound of suet, chopped fine, and just water enough to make a dough that can be rolled out on a board. Stem and seed one pint of Morello cherries. Roll the crust nearly an inch thick, spread the cherries evenly over it and dredge them lightly with flour. Roll it up, put it in a floured cloth and pin it securely. Put it in a pot of boiling water and boil it, without stopping, two hours.

Blackberry Pudding.—Beat together the yolks and whites of three eggs, and when light stir in two cupfuls of milk, three and a half of flour, a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat all the while as the several ingredients are added, stir in a pint of blackberries and turn the batter into a greased mold. Cover closely and steam over a kettle of boiling water for three hours.

To Cover Jam Pots.—When the jam or jelly has become quite cold dip tissue paper or kitchen paper either in hot milk or in the white of an egg, let it get fairly saturated, but do not keep it in the liquid long, or it will break. Gently strain the paper over the top edges of the pot, press it into shape at the sides, and you will find in a few hours the paper will become firm like a piece of parchment. It effectually excludes the air.

Sarsaparilla Mead.—Three pounds sugar, three ounces tartaric acid, one ounce cream tartar, one ounce of flour, one ounce essence of sarsaparilla, three quarts water. Strain and bottle it, then let it stand ten days before using.

Rhubarb Fool.—Stew the rhubarb and then press it through a colander and return this to the fire. Beat the yolks of three eggs, remove the rhubarb from the fire and stir them all in, then quickly stir in the well-beaten whites, and turn into a dish to cool.

Was a Big Johnny Cake.
At an Oakland, Ill., barbecue recently twenty sheep, ten hogs, two fat steers, 700 loaves of bread and the usual fried chickens, pickles, fried cakes and other "fixins" were provided for the 50,000 people present. One of the old-timers there said that the Johnny cake reminded him of one that was baked at a barbecue in Hamilton, Ohio, during the presidential campaign of 1840. This cake, he said, was 26 feet long and two feet wide. It was cut in twenty-six pieces, one for each of the twenty-six states, and required four men to turn it. A Johnny cake twice as big as that would be required to supply the union now.

THE TRIPLE CALL-DOWN.

How a Bored Irishman Silenced a Crowd of Gossips.

There were four of them, as genial, good-natured, whole-souled retailers of old wives' tales as ever got together in the smoking compartment of a sleeping car. They had all fed well in the diner and settled down with the anticipation of enjoying a long evening of yarn swapping. They spread themselves over as many of the seats of the smoker as they could cover, and crowded into a corner, a large round-faced, jolly-looking Irishman, who was enjoying his after-dinner cigar. Somehow he wasn't amused by the stories. The narrators spread themselves, but they couldn't please him, and the bored expression on his face grew in intensity as the stories went on. The stories were not funny. Once in a while there was a gleam of humor, but for the most part they were commonplace or vulgar. But they seemed irresistibly humorous to the four, who pelted their thighs and wheezed and chuckled and roared as each in turn finished his yarn.

At last the big Irishman could endure it no longer, and he broke in with: "That reminds me of a farmer who caught three boys stealing apples in his orchard."
The original four turned toward him with a look of expectant triumph, ready to yell at the first sign of conclusion.
"He chased them," went on the Irishman, "and they all ran up a tree. 'Come down,' said the farmer, but they wouldn't."
"Will ye come down for once?" asked the farmer.
"We will not," answered the boys.
"Will ye come down for twice?"
"We will not."
"Will ye come down for three times?"
"So they all came down."

And with that the big Irishman winked at the only other man in the compartment who was not of the storytelling crowd. The yarn spinners laughed uproariously for a second or two and then a light went up, as the Germans say, and they stopped suddenly. They looked at one another for a minute, searching for the point, and then one said with a yawn and a stretch: "Well, I guess it's bed time. Good night," and the party broke up wondering.—New York Sun.

May Set Europe by the Ears.
Things are not going in China as John Bull wants them to. Russia is getting too firm a grip, and France has made a treaty that cuts squarely across his interests, and against which he is likely to protest. Now comes this killing and maiming of British subjects to complicate the situation, and call for a protest and perhaps something stronger from Great Britain. Japan's growing jealousy and fear of Russia enters into these complications to a very large extent, and Great Britain as Japan's next friend, is intimately concerned in the outcome of this bitterness of the conqueror of China toward the power which is trying to destroy the fruits of that victory. If Salisbury takes it into his head to demand from China territorial indemnity for these missionaries' lives, and as an offset to the advantage gained by France under her treaty, there may be a clashing of interests in the far east that will set all Europe by the ears.

Breezy Bits of Thought.
China is the biggest crop Japan has ever harvested.
Turkey must be up and Bedouin to stop the looting of her Arabs.
All the same, duck trousers are not the things to go into water with.
The diplomat who knows something should not open his mouth, for fear what he knows may escape.
Indianapolis people want the horse-hitching posts removed from their streets. They have a country village appearance.
MANNERS.

Alfred the Great said: "A king can afford to be polite."
Count de Lesseps was a true type of the French gentleman.
Calhoun was so absent-minded that he often forgot he was in company.
Monroe was, even in his own time, called "a gentleman of the old school."
Bancroft was rather reserved than otherwise with most persons whom he met.
Garriek was generally so quiet that he often created the impression of diffidence.
Milton was quiet and reserved in conversation, but thoroughly refined and well bred.
Dante was solitary in his habits, and by his austerity chilled most of those whom he met.
Henry Clay was said to have made the most engaging bow of any gentleman of his time.
Mohammed inculcated politeness in the Koran. He himself was one of the most courteous of men.
Pius IX, both before and after his elevation to the pontifical chair, was a model of studied politeness.
Beethoven was rude and gruff and seemed to be in a perpetual bad humor with himself and every one else.
Robespierre was urbane in manner and courteous, though brief, to those who approached him on business.
Byron was affable to his equals and to those whom he wished to please, but haughty and distant to most others.

The Duke of Marlborough said that he owed his success as much to his elegant deportment as to his talents.
Talleyrand owed his success in life to no small extent to the uniform courtesy with which he treated every one.
Andrew Jackson was rough in his manners, but could be polite when he pleased. He was always courteous to ladies.

Victoria Has a Fed.
Photography is one of the favorite amusements of the royal family. Queen Victoria has a fond for photographs and possesses a large collection of photographs of eminent personages. Some of them date back to the time when Daguerre first made his discovery, and many of these ancient pictures are so indistinct as to look almost like badly developed spirit photographs. All of the varied gradations in such pictures are exhibited, down to the very latest improvements. The Queen is very fond of looking at her collection.—Godey's Magazine.

New Consumption Cure.
Medical authorities in Europe are discussing a new serum for the cure of consumption, for which, as usual, great claims are made. So far the records of its use show at least that it deserves a trial. It is related that in eighty-three cases great improvement took place if cures were not made. That is quite as much as could reasonably be expected of any remedy.

HARD NUT TO CRACK.

The Peculiar Will That Puzzled the Pennsylvania Court.

One of the most peculiar wills ever upheld by a court was that of Samuel Eddinger, of Moore township, Pennsylvania. It has twice been construed by the Supreme court of Pennsylvania, which has now held that it conveys clearly the intentions of the testator, Mr. Eddinger was a man of advanced age, and died a few weeks after he made the will. His property was valued at only \$5,000, and a large part of that amount must have already been expended in upholding the will. The beginning of the document is apparently copied from a printed form, and the rest of it, entirely without punctuation, is in Mr. Eddinger's handwriting. The Supreme court says that the purpose of the will is to give \$1,000 to the son, then a life annuity of \$125 to his daughter and to devise the whole of his real estate to his son. As the personal estate amounted to only \$400 the court directed that the annuity be paid from the real estate. The words written by the testator as his last will and testament are:

"that is to say my Distre my son John he Shall have one thousand Dollars in Advance before any of the heirs shall have any money from my estate personal property first my Son John shall settle up all my Depts funeral Expense &c till all is paid my Son John he Shall Settle my personal property as soon as it is possible he shall pay of the money from my personal goods the half of the money to my daughter Margret and what is left from the Balance after the Thousand Dollars he tookt of for himself my Son John Shall pay to my Daughter Margret on Anually one a Hundred and twenty-five Dollars for her Natural Life time or as Long She will Liv in this World and my Son John he shall have all my Real Estate for his own property as soon as my Daughter is Dowery Densed my Son John shall not interest pay any longer not to her heirs and to no no body it be stopped."

STUDYING TO PLEASE HIM.

He Was a Finicky Customer, But the Waiter Was Anxious to Satisfy Him.

A man afflicted with the disease of finickiness, an exaggeration of the value of details, was giving his order for breakfast to a hotel waiter. The man was finical in the extreme, and the exactitude of his order respectfully amused the waiter, who was somewhat of a judge of human nature, inasmuch as he had served breakfast to many men, says Kansas City Star. Breakfast time is invariably when you get down to the bedrock of a man's true disposition. It is too early in the day, and he is too close to nature itself to have put on the little frills that he begins to assume along about 11 o'clock. At all events, the waiter understood and took his order respectfully, even servilely, without losing his own estimate of the man.

The man had a morning cough and sipped ice water as he gave his order. "Bring me a pot of coffee," he said. "And mind, it must be hot—hot and strong—don't forget to have it strong. And a sirloin steak, rare; remember, have it rare and no fat. I can't bear the sight of fat in the morning."
"Yessir, yessir. No fat," replied the waiter.

"And bring me some dry toast, hot, mind you; hot toast, and have it made from stale bread. I don't want it toasted outside and soggy within. Now, don't forget that."

"No, sir, all right; not soggy inside sir," echoed the waiter.

"And some sliced tomatoes," continued the man. "And take the chopped ice off the tomatoes and drain them. I want them dry, do you understand, dry. Now, don't forget that."

"All right, sir. Tomatoes must be dry."

"And, let's see! Yes, bring me some fried eggs. Fresh eggs, you know, perfectly fresh. And I want them fried on one side only. Don't forget that."

"Yessir, yessir, on one side. And which side, sir?"

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