

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

From the southland came a songbird,
Flying in the golden springtime,
Singing on the clouds at morning,
Singing to the sun at noontime,
Chanting to the stars at even;
Sang he loud with joy exultant,
Sang he low for love of God.

Ah! thou hapless little songbird,
Where are now thy songs of springtime?
Where are now thy flights at dawn?
Thou thy heart no more at noontime;
Chantest thou no more at even;
Pushed and dead thy song exultant,
Ah! the pathless ways of God!

—Wm. J. Duggett, in *The Current*.

MATTIE VAN WYCK'S STORY.

The fire burned low in the little home of the Van Wycks; nothing was heard but the ticking of the clock and the purring of the old gray cat. The night was frosty without, the tall pine trees cast their long shadows across the snow; everything seemed tranquil to Mattie Van Wyck as she looked out of the window, then going back to the stove stirred the scanty fire.

The Van Wycks were very well-to-do a few years back, Mr. Van Wyck having had quite a property left him; but being an easy-going man and not having the ability to make money, his property gradually slipped through his hands; and after selling his farm and paying his debts, left him but little. He decided to go West, and finally drifted up into a Northern town, buying a little home which took nearly all he had. He had worked hard in the pineries and kept his family supplied from day to day; but from severe exposure, contracted a hard cold and died, leaving his wife and four children to the mercies of a northern winter.

The oldest child, Mattie, was a bright, energetic little girl of 15. She was attending school, but would have to give it up for a while at least, and stay at home to help her mother, who by taking in sewing had kept the wolf from the door ever since her father's death. Mattie had sat up later than usual to do her sums, and now, with her chin resting on her hands, sat looking intently into the fire, wondering what she could do to help along. The problem was a hard one for a slender girl, and she gave it up for the night, and, locking up the house, took her light and trotted off to bed.

The next day was Sunday. After the frugal breakfast, the dishes were washed and the house put to rights. Mrs. Van Wyck got the children ready for Sunday-school, combed their hair, made them look as neatly as possible, all except Johnnie, who was a sturdy little fellow with black eyes and red cheeks. He had played hard and stubbed out his boots, so he would have to stay at home for a while till Providence or Santa Claus sent him some new ones. He made up quite a lip, and a big tear rolled down his cheek as he looked out of the window after his sisters; but "he must to dry his eyes and be a good little boy," his mother said, "for some day he would be a man, and take care of them all."

Johnnie caught the idea at once, climbed down from the window and busied himself helping his mother by bringing in wood, and in various ways; and was very happy. The day passed quietly and pleasantly; the children came home each with a fresh new book.

In the evening, as they were seated around the table reading, Mattie broke the silence by saying:

"Mother, I wish I could write a story. When we were at the library to-day I heard Lusia Foster telling Gertrude Manning that she had an aunt in Boston who wrote stories and made lots of money. Now if I could only do something like that how nice it would be."

"You might try, Mattie," her mother replied; "we never know what we can do till we've tried."

"If I only knew what to write about."

"Write about your home, brother and sisters," Mrs. Van Wyck suggested.

Mattie was quite imbued with the idea, and went and got paper and pencil. If she could only make some money, all herself, buy some new boots for Johnnie, some mittens for Amy; and Christmas would soon be here, and how nice it would be to surprise them all.

She sat down and began. It was not an easy task, but she kept diligently at it all the spare time she had, her mother being busy at the machine from early morning till late at night.

The close of the term was near at hand, and in three weeks—the holidays. Mattie looked pretty sober; she told her mother she had written about her home, but she thought the story needed a brighter side, and was afraid she would have to give it up. Her mother told her she had a good beginning, and not to worry any way, as she was a great help to her, and as soon as she could, would send her to school again. Mattie took her books and trudged to school with a heavy heart. She had planned so many little surprises with the money she would get, that to fail with her story was a bitter disappointment; but she studied hard and had her lessons. One day she noticed an unusual excitement among some of her schoolmates, and overheard one little girl saying to another "that Gracie Thornton was going to give a birthday party the next evening." Mattie thought no more about it, till on her way home a bright thought struck her; she walked more briskly and rushed into the house, exclaiming, "Oh, mother! Gracie Thornton is going to give a party to-morrow evening, and if I could only go." Her mother looked at her in amazement, and said: "Why, Mattie, I don't believe you want to go. Gracie Thornton belongs to a certain little 'set' who are wealthy and dress nicely like herself." "But I don't mean to go that way. I would like to go and help them some way, help pass refreshments, something like that. Mother, I want to see their elegant house, and then I can put it in my story, to brighten it up. Don't you think you can help me?" pleaded Mattie.

Col. Thornton was a wealthy banker then, had a fine residence and grounds. Mrs. Van Wyck had taken some sewing

ing to do for them, and this is how Mattie thought perhaps, her mother might interfere for her.

The next morning after she had gone to school her mother went over to ask Mrs. Thornton what Mattie could do, telling her that she greatly desired to help in some way. Mrs. Thornton was a kind, motherly woman, loved by all who knew her. She smiled, and told her to send the child over by all means; there might be something she could do, and she could enjoy the music. Mrs. Van Wyck thanked her, and went home feeling too grateful to speak almost, knowing how pleased Mattie would be.

Mattie's wardrobe was very limited. Her mother got out her best dress, a black cashmere that she had worn two winters, mended it in one or two places, then washed and ironed a little muslin apron, and waited to tell her the good news. Mattie clapped her hands with joy when her mother told her, and was so excited she could scarcely eat her dinner.

Evening came at last. Mattie put on her black dress and muslin apron; her mother looked through all her boxes, and found a piece of scarlet ribbon, just what she needed with her pale face, gray eyes, and brown, wavy hair. Mattie pinned it at her throat, and looked very pretty indeed. She kissed her mother, and, promising not to stay late, started for the Thornton mansion.

In her eagerness to finish her story she had thought of nothing else; but as she neared the house and saw it brilliantly lighted, and some of the little guests were beginning to arrive, she was seized with fear and trepidation. She passed by two or three parties, but was as unnoticed as if she had been a little autumn leaf rustling along. Once she thought she would turn back, then thinking of her story, if she could be successful how much she would do, drew her shawl closer about her and hurried round to the dining-room door and was admitted.

Mrs. Thornton was helping her daughter receive her guests, so Mattie sat down and waited to be useful. The dining-room door was partially open; she could hear the hum of voices and peals of merry laughter; it seemed like fairyland to her. The little hostess was tastefully attired in a white Swiss dress with natural flowers; there was Gertrude Manning, looking lovely in an embroidered overdress over pink silk, and Maud Leslie in a white tulle with a big sash, and Dot Kemington, a little brunette, in crimson silk resembling a tropical flower; and ever so many more. The boys were in dress suits, with white neckties and pumps; and as they commenced to promenade through the rooms Mattie's cheeks began to burn; she felt very uncomfortable, and wished she was at home with her mother, brother and sisters. Presently Mrs. Thornton came out and greeted her with a smile, and putting her arm around her told her to come into the parlors as they were going to dance the German, and asked her if she wouldn't like to see them and hear the music? She thought she would, very much. Near the door was the musicians' stand; they were almost concealed by a bank of ferns, calla lilies and vines. Mattie sat at one end where she could see the merry throng and not be seen, and told Mrs. Thornton she preferred this place to any other.

The band was playing one of Strauss' waltzes, and as the dancers glided in and out through the mystic mazes, Mattie sat with her hands clasped thrilled with rapture. The perfume of evening jessamine and tuberoses filled the air; the lights cast a rosy hue over the happy scene; smilax was twined over the lace curtains, and bouquets of roses were in every nook and corner.

After a while there was a stir in the dining-room, and Mattie went out to see what she could do. Mrs. Thornton, noticing her flushed cheeks and anxious manner, told her she could help serve refreshments, if she wished. Mattie rather dreaded meeting her haughty little schoolmates, wondering what they would say; but she was determined in her purpose, and went quietly along. Some of them glanced wondrously at her, and one or two gave her a suspicious little stare, but the orchestra was soon over; and when the musicians took their seats again, and there was a general bustling about, and Mattie slipped quietly out and ran home.

The days passed swiftly by, school was out, and the holidays were near at hand; the store windows were full of tempting articles, wax dolls with real hair, dainty work-baskets lined with crimson silk, and some with blue silk, each with a thimble, pair of scissors, and all the equipments for an industrious little girl; and there were sleds and hobby-horses for the boys, and Johnnie had spied in the next window a pair of boots with red tops that he thought would just fit him. Amy had seen some mittens like Kitty Myers', that she coveted, and Madge saw a story book in the book-store window, with a picture of a happy family on the outside, sitting around a table reading by lamp-light. It reminded her of their evenings at home, and she thought it would be a nice book to have.

Mattie's story was completed at last, and one morning, when she was going on an errand for her mother, she tucked it in her pocket, and stopping on her way, entered the *Pioneer* office. There were several gentlemen in, discussing the topics of the day. The editor came forward and asked her what she would like. She asked him if he wished to buy a story. He began to murmur something about an "oversupply," when her slender figure and face attracted his attention. He took the story, telling her he had not time to read it then, but if she would leave her name he would look it over. She gave her errand and went home.

Mattie and her mother were very busy, even the younger ones assumed little responsibilities, and all were as busy as bees.

Day after day passed till there were only two before Christmas. Mattie had been to the office time and time again, but no word from her story. She had almost given it up, when, one evening about dusk, as she was tak-

ing some sewing home to a lady on Summit avenue, she thought she would try once more. There was no need to give her name, for as soon as her eager face appeared, a large envelope was handed her, and Mattie knew she had received her doom. The stores were beginning to be lighted and people were hurrying to and fro with suspicious-looking bundles; an air of mystery prevailed. No one was more mysterious than Mattie as she made her way through the jostling crowd. She went straight to her room, lighted her candle, and opened her letter; when, what should fall to her feet but two new crisp \$5 bills! Her happiness was unbounded; her plans could all be carried out.

And what a merry Christmas they had. Johnnie scrambled out of bed as soon as he heard the first rooster crow to see what Santa Claus had brought him; when the first thing that caught his eyes was a pair of red-topped boots; "Just like those he saw in the window," he said. And there was a book for Madge, mittens for Amy, a new dress for Mattie, and fancy bags of popcorn and candy for them all. There was no more sleep in the Van Wyck household that morning. Mrs. Van Wyck was putting on her last shoe, when she uttered a little scream and they all ran to see what was the matter. When she examined it she found something rolled up in tissue paper which she had supposed was a sly little mouse. Undoing the paper a \$5 bill rolled out; then they all clapped their hands and showed each other their presents.

When dinner time came, their mother said she had a surprise for them. They all sat down to the table. She went into the kitchen and brought in a fine roasted turkey; and they peeped under a snowy napkin, and there was a large frosted cake, with frosted raisins on top. They were a happy family that day, and no one in the whole town was as radiant as Mattie Van Wyck; for she had found out that "where there's a will there's a way." —*Mattie J. Potter, in Chicago Ledger.*

Silent Pianos.

Joseph, the pianist, practices hours daily upon a dumb piano, and Van Bulow carries one with him in his travels to keep up his practice, and Liszt is said to use one assiduously. The object of substituting a silent instrument, which is said to be growing in favor with musicians, is to subordinate the sense of hearing in practice, and to protect the player from the nervous fatigue produced by the use of that sense, at the same time that the senses of sight and touch are employed. A skilled musician said recently that the exhaustion from practicing upon a piano was greater than most persons imagined. He doubted whether a street-paver was as much exhausted by a day's labor as a man who is obliged to practice all the afternoon. He favored the use of a piano that made no noise. He had heard a physician say that the nervous headaches of young women in musical conservatories were largely due to the din of practice, and it was often thought that this noise impaired the musical sense. The mute piano makes the performer depend upon his eye and his touch, and enforces more attention to the score, so that he will be able to get a notion of music upon sight reading.

There are some mute pianos in New York and several in Boston. The first one sent to this country came from Weimar, and after the model of this one others were constructed. The mute piano has a full keyboard, and has the appearance of an ordinary piano, but there is neither sounding-board nor strings within the instrument. The keys are weighted with lead, and provided with springs which cause them to quickly go back to their places when touched. The tension may be regulated so as to correspond with the piano to be used for playing the music with sounds. Then the touch need not be varied, and the sounding piano need not be used except to correct errors in the shading of notes. It is further claimed that it is economy to use a mute piano, as an expert will play havoc with a good piano in two or three years' hard practice.

The muscular and nervous strength required in modern exhibition piano playing is surprisingly great. Faellen, of Baltimore, has so worked upon the muscles of his fingers as to be able to surprise the acquaintances with feats of digital strength and nerve. Carreno, with a very small hand can crush the fingers of a strong man without moving her arm. This power comes from long practice, which to the devotee is limited only by endurance, and it is expected that the mute piano will increase practice, and accordingly develop more brilliant and difficult piano playing. The instruments are inexpensive, but are made only when ordered. A piano manufacturer says that they should not cost over \$25 or \$30, as one can easily be made out of a cast-off instrument. —*New York Sun.*

Destiny in Warts.

The fate of nations and men often turn on the merest trifles. It would be indeed curious if the destiny of England and Egypt was to be materially affected by the presence of two warts on the cheek of a Khartoum ship's carpenter. The occurrence of such a contingency seems, however, to be quite within the bounds of possibility. In his address to the Soudanese, Mohammed Ahmed wrote: "Has not God Himself given me the signs of my mission—the two warts on the left cheek which are spoken of in His book?" This cogent reasoning would seem to have had his effect, for the officers of the Kordofan army who joined his standard exhorted their companions to follow their example, declaring the mehti "is always smiling, and his countenance is beaming as the full moon. On his right cheek is a wart, and other signs which are written in the books of the law." There is, it is true, a grave discrepancy as to the position of the warts; but it might nevertheless have been better for the peace of the world if Mohammed Ahmed had been born without any warts at all. —*London World.*

AM the Village in Jail.

Pleasants county, in this state, is one of the most dead alive places that could well be imagined. It resembles one of the away back old Virginny counties, without any of the F. F. V. flavor about it. It is strange that such should be the case, for on the south it is bounded by Wood county, one of the wealthiest and most progressive in the state, and furthermore it is right on the bank of that great channel of commerce and civilization, the Ohio river. But the fact remains that its people are away behind the times. A little over a year ago the first railroad was run through the county, Senator Comden's Ohio river road. It has been the talk of the county ever since. Farmers walk or ride miles once or twice a week to see the trains whiz along, and at St. Mary's, the county seat, the entire town turns out morning and night, no matter what the weather may be, to see the trains pass. The engineers, conductors, and train-hands are to the people heroes of no ordinary type, and the passengers are gazed on with ill-concealed envy.

In fact, the admiration for the train-hands has grown so strong in the breasts of the younger fair ones of St. Mary's, and this feeling has been so encouraged by the train-hands themselves, that about ten days ago the town council met to consider the evil, and, finally, to abate it, passed an ordinance making it an offense punishable by a fine of \$5 for a train employe to wave his handkerchief or in any other way cheer up any maiden whose heart was probably yearning for the unobtainable or anything else. This ordinance tore the town up fearfully. The train-hands laid in an extra supply of handkerchiefs, and now there is a continual flutter of white from the train as it passes through St. Mary's. This bold defiance of the law has, of course, only increased the mad passion in the hearts of the fair. This town of St. Mary's, by the way, is a curiosity. The funniest thing perhaps is the jail. It is built of logs and, outside of the windows, which are indifferently barred, the jailer has built little pens of barbed wire so that in case a prisoner should happen to get out of the window he gets into a barbed-wire inclosure that would hold him possibly a minute.

St. Mary's has no roller-skating rink, and in its stead the people, when not watching the trains, have been wildly revelling in the festive game of dominoes, and it has been reported that the editor of the county paper was nearly ruined by losing 17 cents at one sitting. The town sometime since was divided as to the merits of the spider game and the block game. The spider game carried the day, however, and the block game is now almost a thing of the past. Recently a commercial traveler introduced to the residents the game of studhorse poker, showing how it could be played with the dominoes, and here is where the trouble began.

The conservators of the peace could stand dominoes as long as the name poker was not connected with them, but there the line had to be drawn, and last week the country was paralyzed by an avalanche of indictments from the grand jury against persons for playing dominoes. The postoffice was a great rendezvous for the players, and every one of them was caught. The minister of the town, Rev. R. H. Blouse, a prominent lumber-dealer, two young ladies from Parkersburg who were visiting there, and all the leading people of the town were captured. There is an old law in that county that forbids the playing of any game except cribbage, backgammon, chess, and bowls, and under this the arrest was made. What the result will be when the cases come to trial remains to be seen. —*Wheeling, W. Va., Cor. New York World.*

Boston's Impending Doom.

Amos A. Laurence, of Boston, recently said that his city had become a Sodom and Gomorrah. He is looking for its destruction at an early date, and making preparations to move here with his family, to dwell hereafter among God's chosen people. We have been afraid for some time to spend the night in Boston. It smelt like a doomed city to us, and we are glad to have our suspicions confirmed by such an authority as Mr. Laurence. Sodom was not destroyed for its immoralities. Immoralities will chastise themselves, but the people of Sodom grew ruder, and agnostic, and other people with their doubts. And they were destroyed not so much for the harm they had done to themselves as the injury they might do to others. Radicals and agnostics have minds constructed like the teeth of certain animals; when not at work upon that which nourished themselves, they are at work upon that which is destructive to others. They must gnaw all the time, and when not at gnaw on their own doubts, they exercise their teeth on someone else's hopes. This is the reason why it is to be destroyed. It would not be fair to have the faith of the rest of us upset, simply to make some gentlemen and ladies of Boston feel good about the influence they exerted upon inferior mortals.

It would be a good thing to have Boston destroyed on the day when the Radical and Agnostic clubs were in session. After the gentlemen and ladies had congratulated themselves on their emancipation from all ancient error, and had pledged themselves anew to follow truth like a squash-vine wherever she may lead, a gentle batter of brimstone and fire against the window might change the complacent talk to a rapid and incoherent repetition of the Lord's prayer. There is nothing like a little danger to exhaust the doubts from a man in a moment, and make him act as humble as a toad under an air-pump. —*Providence Journal.*

Value of Elephants.

There is about \$4,000,000 invested in wild animals in the United States, not including elephants. There are sixty elephants in the United States, ranging in price from \$3,000 to \$20,000. If an elephant is trained and acclimated it will bring \$20,000. But those that are stupid and can not be trained never bring over \$3,000 or \$4,000.

VANDERBILT'S WEALTH.

The Enormous Accumulation of the Chief Millionaire of the Day.

His fortune was at one time placed at as high as \$200,000,000, but a good judge lately said that he thought \$150,000,000 was now nearer the mark.

Still he is the richest man in the world. None of the Rothschild's ever had anything like his wealth. The banking business of that famous house still, of course, goes on in London, Paris, and Vienna, but it is now in the hands of young men of the Rothschild family, and its wealth has been distributed among quite a number of its members by will, as one by one the older men of the firm died. The combined capital of that family is now about \$250,000,000, and some writers have declared that Mr. Vanderbilt's fortune exceeded that of all the Rothschild's put together, but this is an exaggeration. It would not be at all surprising if Mr. Vanderbilt's wealth should, before he departs this life, fully justify such a statement, but for the present it is enough to know that he comes as near as he does to the figures mentioned, and that he is not only far richer than any single member of the Rothschild family, but is, as already stated, the wealthiest man in the world. None of the traders of antiquity of which we have any record, none of the present financial barons of France or England, none of the moneyed princes of Germany, Austria, or Russia, or of the world of haute finance, anywhere, can really compare with him in point of personal possessions. Old John Jacob Astor was his fortune of \$20,000,000 was, forty years ago, the Vanderbilt of his day, but even after making due allowances for the greater purchasing power of money in those times he came nowhere near the enormous accumulation of the chief millionaire of to-day.

His wealth is largely in government bonds and railroad securities. He takes an inventory of wealth once a year. In January, 1883, he told a friend that he was worth \$194,000,000, and added: "I am the richest man in the world. In England, the Duke of Westminster is said to be worth 200,000,000, but it is mostly in land and houses. It does not pay him 2 per cent." This was an unusual outburst of boastfulness on his part. A year ago he had \$54,000,000 in government 4 per cent. bonds, but the amount was afterward reduced to \$35,000,000, partly for the purpose of aiding his sons who lost \$10,000,000 by Wall street speculations. Later on, however, he purchased about \$10,000,000 more of the 4 per cent., and he has besides \$4,000,000 in the government bonds that pay 3 1/2 per cent. His government bonds are worth, as near as can be stated, \$70,000,000. He owned a year ago 240,000 shares of Michigan Central stock, 300,000 shares of Chicago and Northwestern, 200,000 shares of Lake Shore, 30,000 shares in the Chicago and Rock Island road, 20,000 in the Delaware and Lackawanna, besides some 20,000 shares in other railroads, so that in all he held, approximately, \$10,000 shares of railroad stock. A large part of these he still owns, though he is reported to have sold considerable Lake Shore stock.

He owns \$22,000,000 worth of railroad bonds, it is said, besides \$3,200,000 worth of state and city bonds, and has \$2,000,000 in various manufacturing stocks and mortgages. He valued his house on Fifth avenue at \$3,000,000, the art gallery being worth, with its contents, \$1,000,000. He sold Maud S. for \$40,000 last year. His ordinary expenses in a year, he has said, were \$200,000, but his ball given in 1883 cost him \$40,000 extra. Mrs. Vanderbilt's diamonds are valued at \$150,000. He wears none himself. A Wall street statistician, in referring to Mr. Vanderbilt's wealth, said: "From his government bonds he draws \$2,372,000 a year; from railroad stocks and bonds, \$7,394,000; from miscellaneous securities, \$576,695; total in round numbers, \$10,350,000 a year. His earnings are thus \$28,000 a day, \$1,200 an hour, and \$19.75 a minute."

This was a year ago, when his wealth was reckoned at \$200,000,000. The value of his securities has decreased since, through the hard times. The depression in trade has not improbably reduced his wealth nearly \$50,000,000, but his fortune and his income are of course still almost fabulous. —*Cor. Indianapolis Journal.*

The Minister to Denmark.

Prof. Rasmus B. Anderson, of Madison, the newly appointed minister to Denmark, was in the city yesterday. Before leaving Madison, he had received a large number of congratulatory dispatches from friends in Washington and different parts of the state, and when he reached Milwaukee many of his friends in this city took occasion personally to express their pleasure at his appointment. He has long been a personal friend of Postmaster General Vilas, and the latter has frequently said that Prof. Anderson ought to go abroad to pursue his literary studies, little thinking that he would be the means of enabling the professor to carry out his cherished hope. A short time ago a mutual friend asked Prof. Anderson which mission he would choose, that at Stockholm or that at Copenhagen, if he had his choice, and he replied, "Copenhagen." He preferred the Danish capital because it is the seat of the university and because of its libraries, art galleries, and the other superior facilities which it offered him in his chosen literary pursuits. He did not know at the time that the salary attached to the Stockholm mission was \$2,500 more than the Danish minister receives, but he is not inclined to express very great regret on that account. He expects to leave for his new field of labor within a few weeks, although he is not yet able to fix the date definitely, and his family will not join him in Copenhagen for some time. He has no thought of making his residence abroad permanent, and will not dispose of his pleasant home in Madison.

Many years ago Prof. Anderson was an apple-peddler in Milwaukee, and among his customers then was Alexander Mitchell, who conceived a warm affection for the boy, which has not

been dimmed by time. It was from Mr. Mitchell that Prof. Anderson received one of the first of the many congratulatory messages that have been sent him since his nomination by President Cleveland as minister to Denmark. Prof. Anderson received his education entirely by his own efforts. For many years he has been a regular contributor to literary periodicals and because of his translations of leading Scandinavian authors and his works on Norse mythology and literature he has been called "The father of Norse literature in America," and his name has become a household word among all American Scandinavians. He has been successful in business as in literature, and as a general supervising agent of a leading life insurance company, since his retirement from the university faculty, has evinced great business ability and sagacity. Without neglecting his official duties, he expects to find time during his residence at Copenhagen to continue his study of early Norse history, and says that he hopes to introduce to the English reading public some young Scandinavian writers who are now unknown to fame outside of their own country. He has several literary works projected or partially completed, and some of these he will no doubt finish during his residence abroad. —*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Adams' Eccentric Costume.

John Quincy Adams made but one visit to his home in Massachusetts while he was president. He was absent from Washington about three weeks, and Mr. Clay took charge of the government during that time, temporarily holding his office in the executive mansion instead of the department of state. The day after the president left Washington, writes Ben: Perley Poore to *The Boston Budget*, Mr. Duff Green, editor of *The Telegraph*, advertised him as a runaway, and offered \$10,000 reward for his capture.

During this visit of Mr. Adams to Quincy he was somewhat remarkable for the eccentricity of his costume. One morning, a gentleman from Rhode Island, Mr. Cranston, afterward a member of congress, arrived at the residence of Mr. John Marston with a letter from his son-in-law in that state, Mr. Henry De Wolf, requesting him to present the bearer to the president. Mr. Marston was on the point of leaving home for Boston, and Mr. Cranston and himself proceeded together in the stage to the president's. Soon after their arrival the president came in from his garden attired in a short jacket and pantaloons of striped jean, and a chip hat of the value of five cents. Mr. Marston, who had no time to lose, as the stage was waiting, presented Mr. Cranston to his excellency with the words: "This, Mr. Cranston, is the president of the United States." Mr. Cranston, agast at the curious figure which confronted him, exclaimed: "This the president of the United States!" and Mr. Marston took his leave, not without some curiosity to learn the termination of an interview so unfavorably commenced.

Aged 105.

The Lexington (Mo.) Register contains an interesting biography of "Billy Blue," who lives in Lexington township, and who celebrated his 105th birthday on the 12th inst., from which the following extract is taken: "Billy Blue" was born at Winchester, Va., March 12, 1780, and belonged to the Hopkins family there. He remained single until he reached his 70th year, when he married Susan Haskell, whom he purchased of Capt. Thomas Hook, of Hampshire county, Virginia, father of Mr. Joseph Hook, of this city, for whom he paid \$500 in installments. Six years after his marriage he came to Lafayette county with Joseph Hook, and has since resided here, a portion of the time peddling milk, and though he carried the inevitable milkman's bell, he seldom used it, making known his coming by the cry of "Milk, missus." His wife, some years after he was settled here, deserted him, and left with Col. Deitzler's troops. Billy had not entirely paid the full amount of the purchase money at this time, but nevertheless liquidated the balance due, which only amounted to \$20. Billy Blue now lives about six miles from Lexington, on Mrs. J. G. Suddath's place, where he enjoys his humble home with his second wife, whom he married some ten or twelve years ago. Mrs. Harriet Sparks, widow of Thomas Sparks, Henry C. Branch, who knows Billy well, and lives near him, says that, though thirty-five years the senior of his wife, he is not so feeble as she; that he does all the chores about the place, such as cutting firewood, etc. He does not wear glasses, uses chewing tobacco only, and drinks all he can get.

Matrimonial.

Maude—"I intend to marry a banker when I marry, and then I'll wear a sealskin saque for every month in the year, and my toilets will be the admiration and envy of the feminine world."

Belle—"I intend to marry a plumber. Then I will not have any anxiety about the bursting of banks and other corporations. The water pipes will have to do the bursting for my husband. And you can depend on it that my toilets will be bang up."

Blanch—"You're just terribly off, girls. I intend to marry an editor. Then I won't need any nice toilets. But you'll see me appear in the paper next morning resplendent as Solomon in all his glory. And your poor earthly raiment will just crawl into a corner and hide its diminished head. You're welcome to your bankers and plumbers, but I'm looking around for a nice eligible editor, and when I get him you can wager a six-button pair of gloves that I'll make my female acquaintances just weep with envy."

Maude—"Oh, how awfully nice! I'm going to marry an editor, too."

Belle—"And so am I." —*Washington Hatchet.*

There is much talk of the proposed reconstruction of Tokio, the expense of which is estimated at something like \$60,000,000.