GOTHAM'S LOVELY LASSIES,

And Why Fifty Thousand Bachelors are Afraid to Tackle Them.

Visions of Loveliness Returning from the Seaside and the Mountains,

Once More Bewildering the Broadway Dudes and Smiling Sweetly on the Boys,

Who Say they are "Elegant to Call Upon, Tip-Top to go the Theatre With,"

"First-Class to Spend Money On,—But— How Can We Marry Them and Still Live?

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Sept, 25, 1885.

"Hello, Cholly, how are you? See you got back from the beauties of Saratoga, Catskill, etc., right s de up with care."

"Yes, Spirto, got back. Hang Saratoga and the balance. I'm tired of it all. It's an infernal bore, all the whole business, and I'm all broke up."

"Lost your heart, evidently, this season. Who's the fair one? Might as well confess."

"Yes, lost it again, and this time for keeps, and my head and peace of mind as well."

"What's the row? Can't you get the lady's heart in return?"

"I've got it, and there's where the trouble comes in. If I hadn't got it, and knew I couldn't get consent, it wouldn't be so bad. You see I can't possibly marry, couldn't think of it for a minute on my income, and there's no prospect of an increase that I can see, so I'm in a fix."

"What is your income?"

"Well, about $2,500 per anum, at present."

"Marry the girl."

"What! Do you really mean to advise a man to marry on such an income! Why, it wouldn't more than pay rent for the apartments my girl would want to live in. Do you know what it costs to get married and live in New York in any sort of shape, and with any sort of a stylish girl. It can't be done on less than $5,000 a year, and if you havn't got that much at least, the old man wouldn't think of it, even if the girl would, which is very doubtful. No siree, no marry for me on $2,500 per year, not if I konw it. Now if you really want to

"NO MARRY FOR ME."

know something about the geography of married life in New York City just look around among your friends and see how few of the boys get married, and the number is decreasing every year, too. I tell you it is a dangerous thing to marry nowadays in this city, and the boys know it by heart. There's at least fifty thousand of them that havn't married and never expect to, in this city alone, and I am one of the unhappy band. So long, there's Miss Carrie R., just returned from Newport, and I want to see her. See you later."

And as Miss Carrie R., connected with some of the best revolutionary blood of Gotham, bowed sweetly, he joined her and they walked up Broadway. Miss Carrie was certainly a

MISS CARRIE R.

stylish and handsome young lady, and as they walked away I couldn't help thinking of the graceful swing she gave her body, and the neat fitting dress which she managed with so much finesse that it seemed born a part of her, tilted backward and forward, swung from side to side, clung lovingly round her aristocratic waist, and jealously hid from sight everything but the tips of her evidently eight or ten dollar boots.

What did her get-up cost? How much did her guardian angel, otherwise her well-to-do uncle, lay out on that swing of her dress? Evidently it was gained only through a long series of seasons at different watering places, and high-priced ones, as you don't find just that peculiar undulation at any second-rate hotels, and it cannot be learned in a single season. That swing alone is evidence of an expenditure of at least five thousand dollars at high priced watering places. Her hat must have cost something like $25, at a low estimate, and six in a season is none too many. Kid gloves run about four pairs per month. Dresses, well, heaven and the wearer only knows what they cost, to say nothing of the numerous unmentionables not visible to the outward gaze but nevertheless there, and probably costly, provided one could judge the inside from the out. And so a young man with an income of $500 per year couldn't think of marrying a lady brought up in this way, and she wouldn't think of marrying him. First class to talk to, splendid waltzer, just the sort of a fellow to meet at a summer resort where young men were scarce, nice to talk sentiment to under the summer stars—but to marry—what an idea, and the old uncle would swear in seven languages if he thought his ward had any such intention, but—she hadn't.

Can it be possible that there are fifty thousand bachelors in New York City—bachelors of marriageable age who expect to remain so through life. It is undoubtedly so, and this, too, in spite of the fact that the ladies outnumber the men two to one at almost all the summer resorts, and that our streets are fairly crowded and jammed every Saturday afternoon, especially Broadway and Fifth Avenue, with throngs of the most stylish, good looking and generally admitted heart breakers in the land. What is the matter with the boys? Why is it that there is apartment building after apartment building fitted up exclusively for men, and no ladies admitted, while every prominent flat building in the city, like the Dakota, the Chelsea, the Valencia, etc., etc., all have their suits of rooms known as "bachelor apartments," and well filled with jolly single gentlemen of marriageable age who havn't any more idea of marrying in this life than they have of swinging golden harps in the next—men who enjoy life for all there is in it—generally men who have made their pile, and have enough to marry on if they so desired—men who belong to the Union League and other clubs, and men who have become wedded to a life of celibacy through what?

Through the generally believed and growing opinion that a man without considerable money to back up the experiment has no business to marry and attempt to live in New York city—that the man who does do so puts a millstone around his neck that will eventually sink him in the slough of despond, hold his nose to the grindstone through the balance of life, dress the woman he loves in shabby clothes, and bring up his children in pinched circumstances and among unfavorable surroundings.

"Sam, why is it that you have never married?"

Sam Thaxman, a jolly bachelor of some forty well spent winters, a member of the Lotus Club, and who is abundantly able now to marry, having grown grey in the service of the ladies of his acquaintance, had stopped in front of me on the corner of Twenty-Third street and Broadway, in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the general loafing place of the swell dandies who wish to ogle the ladies as they pass, for here Broadway crosses Fifth Avenue, and if a man will only linger there long enough he will meet all the friends he has in the city, since all who are able to walk pass this spot at least once a week.

"That's a funny question and demands a serious answer. I never found a girl whose nose just suited me."

"Pshaw. What is the reason, seriously speaking?"

"Well, seriously speaking, the same thing that keeps the boys generally from marrying—a wholesome fear of the hereafter.

"Explain yourself."

"Stand here with me a minute, watch the ladies that pass by, and listen to what I have to say to some of them whom I know. You know I am a privileged character, and they won't take offense if I ask questions. You see that lady coming across the Avenue, I mean that elderly maiden lady, with the enormous hat and military looking suit. That's the lady I rent my apartments from. She belong to the past tense, as the boys say, and will never see the sunny side of forty again. She's as prim as they make 'em, and as proud as Lucifer before he fell like the snowflake. Here she is, and I'm going to astonish her.

"Bung Jure, Madam Juvee. May I ask you a question on an important matter for the benefit of my friend?"

"Bon Jour, Meestair Thaxman. Certainlee, certainlee."

"Madam Juvee, what would you require in a husband?"

"MON DIEU! MEESTAIRE THAXMAN."

"Mon Dieu, Mistaire Thaxman. Tell youwh frien' zat I wouldna' marree ze bes' man zat leeves in ze worrl."

And with a sarcastic glance at me she passed by like an insulted tornado.

"Whew, good heavens, she thought you wanted to marry her and refused. Ha, ha, ha, that's a good one, a'n't it. Ha, ha, ha, ha," and he laughed until I could have forsworn his friendship forever.

"Well, the next one you tackle, just me out, if you please, and perhaps you get more information and have less spo at my expense."

"I'll do it, and here comes the very lad we want to see. She's as winning and pretty as can be found in Gotham, spent this summer in the Adirondacks, and will break your heart in three evenings, if she wants to. What she will have to say about wedded bliss will be entertaining."

"Why, Mr. Thaxman, how do you do. I havn't seen you for an age. I thought you promised to come up in the mountains before we left."

"So I did, Miss Catlin, but the fact is that I am no longer a free man, and havn't been since spring. I'm engaged."

"Engaged, Mr. Thaxman: Why didn't you give me a chance. Who is it? I'm dying to know who's going to get married. Havn't had an invitation to a wedding this summer."

"WHO IS IT? I'M DYING TO KNOW."

"Why don't you get up one on your own account, Miss Catlin? Can't you find the right one?"

"Oh, my, yes. I found a dozen of the right ones this summer, but I couldn't marry all of them you know, and so here I am, still in the market, and autumn is here, too. Well, I suppose I'll have to wait till your fiancee quarrels with you and then fall back on you, after all," with a roguish twinkle in her eyes.

"What kind of a man do you want, Miss Catlin, anyhow, and what do you expect to marry him for, if I may ask?"

"For love, Mr. Thaxman, pure, unadulterated love, and I want a man that I can really love, and waste my affection on. A real, live man, too. None of your Jim dandies that loaf about street corners, carry silver headed canes, and look like golden calves or brazen images."

"So you really would marry for love alone."

"Yes. Every time."

"But, suppose the gentleman was poor."

"My dear Mr. Thaxman, I'm certainly going to marry for love if I ever marry at all, but,—well—to be candid with you I don't think I could love a poor man. Come up to-morrow evening and tell me all about your engagement, won't you; and now farewell till I see you again," and with the sweetest of smiles she tripped gaily away up the Avenue.

"She's right. She's no business to marry a poor man. She'd break her heart in a year if she couldn't have what she wanted, and that's the trouble with most of them," said Sam. "Her father is a broker who once had considerable money, but I guess most of it is spent, or soon will be, for he's a risky speculator, and has made some bad breaks in the market lately. However, here comes a young lady of a different stamp. I'll explain before she arrives that this girl is an organist, or rather has been an organist and is now a music teacher. If she got away for two weeks this summer, and took it out at Ashbury Park, it is probably all the vacation she had. Just for curiosity I myself would like to know what her ideas of matrimony are."

"Good morning, Miss Linton. I haven't seen you all summer. Where have you been putting in the time, may I inquire?"

"Mr. Thaxman, good morning. Real glad to see you. As to putting in time this summer, why I've had an elegant time at Saratoga, Newport, and in August we went to Cape Mry,—but—my name isn't Miss Linton. I've changed it, you see."

"Married, Miss Linton, or Mrs.——"

"MY NAME ISN'T MISS LINTON."

"Yes, Mr. Thaxman, married, and Mr. and Mrs. Devlin will be pleased to see you at the Windsor Hotel any time you may wish to call. You see, George, that's Mr. D., is building a new house on the Avenue, and it is so very elegant that it will take several months to complete it. We're going to furnish it from Paris direct, and quite up to the latest designs."

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs Devlin, on your marriage; but it surely cannot be George Devlin, the retired merchant, that is your husband."

"It just is, though, and we would like to see you very much. Call when you can, Mr. Thaxman, and good-bye" and the visitor vanished up Broadway.

"Well, well, well. So poor old Devlin, who retired so long ago that the street has forgotten him completely, has married this young lady of twenty five or six. Why, he must be at least seventy-five or eighty, and I haven't heard of him before in five years. Got lots of money, though. Do you wonder that I am single after this, and that I don't marry. I've seen this thing of money, position, blood, ancestry, and "pure, unadulterated love" for twenty years, and it is getting worse every year. I tell you the reason I never married and never will marry can be summed up in a few words: I never found a girl with a nose just to suit me. Good morning," and he passed away, striking the ground viciously with his rattan cane as he walked.

Pondering deeply on what had passed, I walked slowly home and met Kitty Wayland just entering the door. Kitty is a niece of the lady of the house, and a great favorite with the boarders. She was just returning from a trip to the country. Fresh air would give her fresh ideas, perhaps, and besides she wasn't over sixteen

"Kitty, what is your idea of married life? Give a serious answer, for I'm puzzled."

"Good gracious, you aren't going to propose I hope."

"GOOD GRACIOUS! YOU AREN'T GOING TO PROPOSE!"

"No, Kitty, not to-day. But what do you know about proposing, anyway?"

"Well, I just know this much, that the man who proposes to me and expects to get me will have to have a pretty solid bank account, for I'm going to live in one of the handsomest flats in this city when I marry, and keep up with the best of them."

"Wouldn't you marry a poor man if you loved him, Kitty, and be satisfied with a small apartment over in Jersey City?"

"I wouldn't marry the best man living if he hadn't money, and I wouldn't live in Jersey City if they'd give me the whole place. You don't think I'm going to marry and be a maid of all work, do you, just to please some man."

"Kitty, are those your irrevocable sentiments?"

"They certainly are, so if you've got any poor young man picked out for me, bring him around and I'll give him the grand bounce to-night before it goes any farther. I believe in nipping these things in the bud. Ta, ta, and don't forget to bring him around soon," and she skipped up stairs.

The problem of mating the bachelors and the maidens still remains unsolved.

SPIRTO GENTIL.

A Cruel Deception.

Colonel Trover, of Hyde Park, tells a good one at the expense of his wife's mother, who is sojourning with him.

A lady called upon his wife one day last week, and after swapping the usual gossip about the trouble with hired girls and the amount of paradise represented by the fall bonnet, the hostess invited her guest to take a glass of wine. She consented, and the Colonel's wife went out to get the nectar, to the great delight of her mother, who has an exceedingly good lip for the "rosy."

She found a bottle in the refrigerator, but to her chagrin it only contained about one good square drink, and she could not find the key to the wine closet.

What to do she didn't know for a minute or two, but her woman's wit finally came to the rescue, and she was saved from embarrassment.

Pouring the wine into a glass for her guest, she loaded a couple of others to the muzzle with cold coffee for herself and mother, and so placed them on the tray that there could be no mistake in delivery.

When the tray was passed to the mother-in-law she reached over abstractedly and picked up the glass of deception prepared for her, without a thought of the cruel disappointment in store. Raising her eyes to heaven as she dropped into that beatific state of mind to which the old toper is exalted whenever he finds himself about to crook his elbow to some purpose, she brought the glass to her lips, took a sip, and immediately felt as though she had dropped from the clouds and landed in a blackberry patch.

Trover's wife says the expression that came out on the face of her deluded parent, when the chilling truth burst upon her, was a sight that would have made the gods weep.—*Chicago Ledger.*

JAPAN TO-DAY.

Ex-Minister Bingham's Account of the Condition of Affairs in that Empire.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

After an almost unbroken residence in Japan for nearly thirteen years, John A. Bingham of Ohio, ex-Minister for the United States to the imperial court at Tokio, has arrived in San Francisco on his way home. He has been relieved by Minister Hubbard. Mr. Bingham's last duty in Japan being to induct his successor into his office and present him to the Emperor. Ex-Minister Bingham arrived by the Rio de Janeiro, and spoke most freely and entertainingly on a variety of Japanese topics.

"Japan's progress," said the ex-Minister, "has been simply marvellous. When the present Emperor came to the throne sixteen years ago the country was governed and ground down by the Daimios, who were nothing more nor less than feudal lords, ruling their serfs with rods of iron, and imposing on them a military duty which they turned to quarrelsome and robbing account. At one blow the Emperor swept away this Oriental counterpart of European mediævalism and Japan leaped at a bound from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century."

"How was this wonder brought about?"

"I shall make the same answer to you, sir, that I have before made to a similar question," replied the ex-Minister. "It was accomplished because the people believe that the Emperor is just what his name signifies, 'Tenno,' the 'Son of heaven.' All the traditions of the country points to this, the beliefs of the people went that way, the astonishing wisdom of the youth—he was but sixteen at the time of his succession—confirmed the belief, and against what he did and ordered there is no resistance. Thus the Tenno was able to accomplish impossibilities, or what would be impossibilities with another monarch. At present the Japanese are enjoying the fruits of the new order of things, and as one example of the unusual blessings which the people enjoy I may mention this, that in the Island of Nippon alone, with an area greater and a population equal to that of England, there are more small landholders than there are in the 'right little, tight little island.'"

"Then Japan is a free country?" we asked.

"Yes, and no," was the response. "The people enjoy many of the blessings of free men, out the empire itself is largely under foreign control. Three European States, England, France, and Holland, but England first and principally, are the masters of Japan's foreign policy. To an extent of which this country has scarcely an idea, Japan is ruled by Europe. The Emperor is bound down by treaties by which England gains almost everything and Japan gains almost nothing. With a Privy Council that feels the weight of the European finger in everything it does, constantly menaced by the gunboat policy, and with customs duties so minimized that they are not enough to pay the expenses of the department, Japan is by no means free, and is not likely to be so without a little vigorous aid from us. Some time or other the United States will see the riches that lie in Japan; will see, for instance, that together they might rule the silk market of the world. It is true our commerce with Japan has risen from thousands of dollars to millions, but the existing trade is nothing to what it should be—is only an indication of what it might be. The fact is, the commerce of the Pacific is not yet appreciated by the American people, and, mark my words, some fine year, when Europe is at peace and is rolling in rich harvests, the United States will look longingly to the great countries of the Orient to relieve her of her surplus."

Opposed to Bathing.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

He had laid down a package which he had just finished tying up, and wiped his hand with the front of his vest. He stood behind the counter of a South Side grocery store. His face was broad and red, and overflown with good nature and perspiration. He looked as though he might weigh two hundred.

"So you would like to see a man who is opposed to bathing would you? Well, here he is; take a good look at him. He is never sick and never had a cold."

"You don't look as though you would go into a rapid decline soon."

"No; and I don't feel like it. I am 45 years old and weigh 195 pounds. I am opposed to bathing. If a man wants to open up the pores of his skin once or twice a week and lay himself open to the attacks of disease, let him do it."

"How long ago did you discover this principle of hygiene?"

"If you mean when did I stop bathing about ten years ago. Not entirely mind you. I take a light invigorator twice a year, just to keep my skin fresh you know. May be this is too often, but I find it agrees with me best. I get into a tub on the first of January and again on the 4th of July. Now you are laughing, but remember, young man, I am older than you and have had more experience. Did you ever see a cow bathe? No, I thought not. A cow refrains from bathing by instinct, yet they are as clean an animal as lives. I merely take a rough towel every night and rub myself down and change my clothes often. If the cholera starts here this season I think I can defy it. I never had a contagious disease in my life, yet I have attended to people who had small-pox, and have been among contagious diseases of all kinds."

Dr. de la Granja, who has worked officially on the royal cholera commission in Spain, says the mortality has been greatly underestimated, and that there will be no abatement of the disease until the cooler weather of December.

THE IDES OF MARCH.

It was the 15 of March and a premature equinoctial raged throughout the city streets. A young man who had just seated himself at his breakfast, when some fond recollection stole over him which led him to investigate the weather. He went to the window and gazed at the storm wfth ever-increasing dismay.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated, "here's a pretty mess." He scanned the heavens in all directions, but the outlook was hopeless. Catching up the Herald he eagerly sought for Old Prob's views on the subject. But the clerk of the weather was way off. Old Prob said "clear and cold." With a sniff of contempt at such prognostications, he laid down the paper and devoted himself to his breakfast.

The door presently opened and admitted a small, crisp old gentleman, as blooming as a May morning in spite of his 65 years.

"Morning, Richard," said he

"Morning."

"Seasonable weather, eh, Richard? Something electric in a day like this; sends the blood tingling through your veins, and so on. Well, what's the news—war declared? Pass me that paper, Dick."

The old gentleman's cheerfulness was singularly offensive to Richard considering his own low state, so he hastily swallowed his breakfast and straggled down to business, mumbling unpleasant things about the weather all the way. Martin Davenport, Dick's uncle, was an importer of woods for household interiors. He was wealthy and a bachelor. If one was to believe all he said he detested women, and daily declared that if Dick ever married he must say good-by to his uncle. Richard was his bookkeeper on a slender salary (lest he should be led into temptation,) and in love with the dearest girl in the world. He hadn't told her so because, all things considered, it was useless. His uncle enjoyed rude health, so there were slim possibilities in that direction.

The fact that connubial bliss was at present out of the question was the immediate cause of his perturbed spirit. At this very moment he was pacing the office floor in rage. He had invited his fairest fair to accompany him to the play of "Julius Cæsar," at Booth's Theater. The tickets were purchased days since. Dick pulled them from his pocket as if hoping some miracle had changed the date. But no; March 15, in clearest type, met his despairing gaze. He groaned aloud.

"What the devil's the matter with you, Dick?" said his uncle who had just dried his feet and was preparing for his morning work.

The wild idea of throwing himself upon his uncle's mercy crossed his mind, and without thinking of the possibility of being ridiculed, he exclaimed, "Uncle, I'm in a box."

"Box! What kind? Now don't say financial Richard; it's no good," and the old gentleman chuckled, gleefully.

"You see, it's like this, Uncle Martin," Richard went on, not as glibly as he could have wished. "I've asked a young lady to go to the theater to night, and it's raining great guns.

"Well?"

"She lives in Brooklyn. Storms, you know, and I ought to take a carriage. To hire a carriage to go over there, and then to wait for us and all that, would take a lot of money, and I'm strapped. Had money enough yesterday, but I forgot all about to-night's engagement and paid a bill, and this miserable $2 dollar bill is every blessed cent I've got. What shall I do, Uncle?"

"Beware of the ides of March, Richard," chuckled the old gentleman, and he turned his back to the wretched young man and occupied himself with the mail.

Dick felt suicidal. He might send word that sudden illness prevented him, etc., but she probably wouldn't believe it. He plunged his hands into the depths of his trousers pockets, he stared out at the rain imploringly and defiantly by turns, as if he could influence the elements by one expression or the other.

Finally in despair he was about to go to work when a messenger boy brought him a letter, the reading of which caused a grin of delight to creep over his handsome face. He heaved a tremendous sigh of relief, and murmured: "That was a close shave!"

At this point Mr. Martin Davenport threw down his letters, exclaiming:

"What are you up to now, Dick? How's a man to read with you snorting like a steam engine?"

Dick Davenport's soul was simply overflowing with gratitude, and he was ready to pour forth the sequel of his recent woe, so he exclaimed impulsively:

"Such luck! I've a letter from the young lady. You know—"

"What young lady?"

"Why the young lady I asked to go to Booth's to-night."

"Death in the family and begs to be excused? You're in clover, Dick."

"Oh! no, uncle, it's—but, here, you read it."

With a very wry countenance the old gentleman gingerly took the missive and read:

"Dear Mr. Davenport: In consequence of the rain, which I do not wish to deprive me of the pleasure of this evening's engagement with you, I write this to tell you that I will spend the night with my aunt, Mrs. Bently, at No.—West fifty-third street, and you may call for me there. It will save you a wet journey to Brooklyn, and will also be much nicer about getting home.

"Don't be offended if I say my aunt's house is so very convenient to the horse cars that if you call for me with a carriage I refuse to go at all. This is not a whim, but a principle. I hope you know me well enough to believe that I mean precisely what I say.

Very truly yours, ANNIE FIELDING.

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed the old gentleman, as the note fluttered to the floor. Dick had been furtively watching the effect of his dear girl's letter upon his uncle, and when he saw the thoughtful, softened expression of his countenance, fondly hoped his relative, in this moment of weakness, would put out a twenty dollar bill, and say: "Go it my boy; don't let her wet the soles of her dainty feet." But no such honeyed sweetness fell upon his ears; nothing but a soft, long-drawn whistle issued from the old man's lips.

"What do you think of her, uncle?" asked the young man, with an anxious smile."

"Why she must be unusual, Dick."

Dick went to work with a light heart, but the old gentleman was busied in thought all day. He had had a new revelation of womankind.

By evening the wind ceased and only the rain fell quietly and steadily. The young people went to the play most prosaically in a horse car, like ordinary mortals, and enjoyed it not a whit the less.

"People will think we are married," thought Dick, jubilantly, as with Annie tucked under his arm he hailed a car for home when Julius Casar had been properly stabbed, orated and duly disposed of in regular style.

"How came you to write that note, Annie?" asked Richard, unconsciously using her Christian name.

"Well, to be candid, to take a carriage all the way to Brooklyn and back, or even right here in the city is terribly expensive, and I thought it was possible you could not afford it. Not that I thought you absolutely hadn't the money, you know"—apologetically.

"Oh, of course not!" exclaimed our hero, with gusto.

"Only," she continued, "I like things to be consistent. And, besides, I did want to go so badly."

"Was that the only reason?" anxious to keep her talking.

"Well" and she smiled, merrily, "perhaps I wanted to show that I was 'fast colors.'"

Dick wanted to hug her. She was adorable. Nothing but his impecuniosity restrained him from popping the question on the spot, But, if his lips were silent, his eyes were unquenchable, and she—well, she was a woman, and consequently this species of communication was quite intelligible to her.

When Richard finally let himself into his uncle's gloomy, old-fashioned house, he was surprised to see a light in the old gentleman's sitting-room. Thinking he might be ill, he hastily mounted the stairs and entered the room.

His uncle was yawning over a book, and on the table was a dusty bottle of rare old wine that that was the pride of his life and only used on the rarest occasions.

"What on earth are you sitting up for, uncle?"

"For you. What do you mean by keeping me out of bed till this late hour?"

The expression on his face would have been quite the proper thing, and a thing to be expected in a wife, but in an uncle, it was so supremely absurd that Richard almost doubted his uncle's sanity.

"Dick," said the old man, solemnly, "this has been a devilish long evening, but I have stuck it out and determined not to go to bed till we drank the bride's health."

"What bride?" asked Richard, convinced now of his uncle's delirium.

"Why, yours," roared the old man. "Aren't you going to marry her? If you don't I shall."

"But, financially, you know," gasped Dick, "I am not—"

"Richard," said his uncle, pouring out the wine in two beautiful, Venetian glasses, "I resign the business to you. To-morrow I shall retire. I expect to stop at home to watch the young madam and keep her out of mischief."

The wine was drunk in silence except for the usual indistinct mumbling.

The old man's eyes softened; his thoughts went back a generation, while to Dick the golden fluid conjured up visions of passionate bliss, in which a pair of blue eyes and a golden head figured extensively. When Annie Fielding came to be mistress of the old house she had two lovers instead of one.

Kilpatrick's Fun.

On our way to Fredericksburg, in 1862, writes a soldier in the Missouri Republican, we had encamped for a day and late in the afternoon our attention was attracted by the music of a band in a grove only a half a mile away, which kept playing one lively air for so long a time that some few of us proposed to go over and see what the fun was about. At this time Kilpatrick was lieutenant-colonel of the "Harris fight cavalry," afterward called by prejudiced infantry "Kilpatrick's thieves." When we reached the grove a very funny sight greeted us. The band was still playing, but nearly exhausted. Kilpatrick, elevated by standing on a barrel head, was shouting directions to at least 50 darkey men, women and children, old and young who were dancing a breakdown in true Virginia style, the sweat pouring off from them. The band leader appealed to Kilpatrick in behalf of his windbroken band, but in vain. "Kil" shouted back, "Play till you wear the darkies out," then yelled to the darkies, "Keep it up, boys and girls; you will beat that band sure."

Aye, there stood the man who was afterward celebrated in history as Gen, Killpatrick, the raider, prompting the most amusing dance ever witnessed. No modern minstrel troupe has ever equaled it. His officers were just as he was, and one of them passed around the hat, to which the spectators responded liberally; then, just as the band blew a last and dismal blast, Kilpatrick threw the contents of the hat among the contrabands. Such a scene! down on all fours, scrabbling, pushing, shouting and screaming, until the last silver piece had been secured. Kilpatrick came down from the barrel, and in his ever genial manner shook hands with us, saying: "Gentlemen of the 6th, I am glad to see you. You will excuse this little party, for it is not often that we have such fun, and at the same time give active employment to the contrabands."