SKATING.

Bright the silvery star rays glisten
O'er the meads, asleep in snow,
And the pines, that lean and listen
To the river's rythmic flow,
How our glad hearts leap and lighten
When the winy air we feel,
As upon the bank we tighten
To our feet the gleaming steel!
Then, while song, in thrilling chorus,
Wakes the forest arches gray,
Down the shimmering stretch before us
We're away!

Clinging beech leaves, growing crisper With each clear-skied frosty night, Gossip now, in laughing whisper, Glory in our-sudden flight. Do they dream in trust how tightly As we speed our hands entwine Do they note in love how brightly When our eyes meet, hers outshine? Do they see the blushes stealing O'er the softly rounded cheek? Can they sound the depths of feeling When I speak?

We're away!

Backward blow her tiny tippet's Tassels as we dash along, And her happy heart lets slip its How my longing breast is smitten By her eyes that beam with wit! Is it strange I want the mitten When her hand is in the mit? Lo! the drowsy night wind, telling Secrets with its lover's art. Sets the tide of passion swelling In my beart.

With a look that makes me bolder, Up she glances in my eyes, Nestles nearer to my shoulder With the sweetest of replies. Queenly Luna we discover Rising o'er a giant fir, (She has smiled on many a lover Since Endymion smiled on her!) And she, looking through the boughs with Mild astonishment at this. Sees us seal our lovers' vows with-Just a kiss!

HEAD OF OXEN RUN.

It was a day fitted by the gods for an exploration. There was a sharp, wild tinge in the December wind; there was an alluring haze on the distant hill, our uncertainty we appealed to a native, and the great, fleecy clouds, rolling from horizon to horizon, invited us onward. "Let us find the head of Oxen Run," my friend had said to me, and I had willingly agreed. We had tramped to the place where it rippled merrily | Pumpkintown; so that the end of Oxer along its fertile valley, and had seen it | Run was the beginning of Pumpkinlounge lazily, as if tired with its long journey, into the Potomac. We knew that at its mouth it was quite a presumptious stream, but its source was an unsolved mystery. The maps did not aid us, for on the only map which dignified it with a place, it began with a few uncertain curves, as if the map- a proprietary interest in the land. He maker did not really know whether he was one of the farmers who donated

An hour's walk across the Anacostia bridge, past the little village of Good Hope, and thence along the Ridge road, brought us to a rough and rustic bridge. Leaning on its unsteady rail, we looked down into the clear waters of the run. Even here the stream was quite wide, and hurried along with that air of independence and self-assertion, which as in a child, is only acquired some time after birth. "I do not think its source is more than two miles from here," said my companion, whereupon the stream with all its ears open, laughed louder than ever.

It was perhaps a good omen that in a few moments we found some persimmons. If, as Thoreau says, raspberries are the best food for ascending a mountain, surely persimmons are the proper sustenance on a winter's walk when one is exploring a stream. They have such an out-door-flavor; they are wild, they are juicy, they are sweet. They impart to one's blood a wintry exhilaration, the combined essence of sunshine and frost. When I tramp in the spring-time I find that I carry off something from the sapplings against which I brush. I imbibe the inspiration of the new sap in their veins. I catch something of their elasticity, their power to lift themselves back to be once more tall and shapely, though they were bent to the ground. A subtle spirit imparts a lithesomeness to my troduction, and do not belong to the step. But in winter the persimmon imparts hardiness and endurance. I of the population (probably a majority) heart, that like itself, was hard and which is a sole of leather, raw-hide, or sour, into a sweeter morsel for the enjoyment of the world.

in the landscape as we follow the mean- used by this class of people, and as evdering of the stream. The hillsides are ery man is his own shoemaker, and the warm and brown, the sumach is still climate requires no protection for inred and the smilax berries are blue; the step or ankle, the national sandal is tall sedge grass is as yellow as a field in harvest time, and there are bits of able and healthy shoeing that can be green in the sheltered hollows of the worn in this country. brook. The tints may not be prettily blended, but they are well defined, and you feel that Nature, even in winter is equipped otherwise without regard to not wholly given over to monotony and expense, still wear the leather sandal in death. Beneath the warm covering of preference to shoes, not solely for the dead leaves I found a clump of green sake of economy, but because it is conclover, doing its best to keep up the sidered generally healthier, keeps the pulsations of its tiny heart until the feet in better condition, is more easily springtime. This life and this beauty repaired or replaced, and makes easier would have been hid from us forever | marching. but for our search; but the death and corruption in yonder field is advertised to the whole country by the half-hun- descent and such of the Indian popula-

A mile further on the stream is not so wide or deep. Here, for the first has inherited from their Indian as well time since we left the road, we meet a as their Spanish ancestors remarkably human being-a boy. He looks at us small, well-modeled feet and hands, in mute surprise. His hat is thrown upon which they pride themselves con-

"When will we reach the head of this

zon. It began for him in the remote Boston Commercial Bulletin. Somewhere and ended in the more distant Faraway. And yet, so far as it related to his own environment the stream had a peculiar interest for him. ing for the same purpose, and on be-ing discovered had torn it down out of these noxious calumniators?—Town pure vexatiod. Did we believe a rab- Topics.

bit could be a ghost? We did not. The boy was not so positive. Over in yonde field a rabbit was frequently started by the dogs. It ran for a certain distance and then disappeared, leaving no trace There was no hole, it simply vanished

Even this lonely tract, therefore, was on its way to civilization. It had its tragedy, its social events, and its super

What a chase that stream led us Sometimes it would leave its narrow. gravelly bed and spread itself out over several square yards of swamp. Ther would we think that we had pinned our game and congratulate ourselves upor the capture. But upon the other side of the swamp, when we had made the circuit, we find a fresh trail, leading heaven knew where. And so, along hillsides, and across fields; by untravel ed roads and a fresh looking grave yard, we followed the stream, watching it grow more sluggish every minute. We rested for a while under some pines but the pine aside from its poetic murmuring, is not the warm resinous tree that it is in summer. Besides, these were stunted, stubby pines, not tall and graceful. Through their silent aisles no bird flitted, and their everlasting shade was only broken here and there by uneven splashes of sunlight. Out ir the open there were bluebirds, detached pieces of the azure sky above us and chickadees and sparrows; and once -but only once—a sparrow-hawk. The crows, too, were to be heard every little while, uttering their loud "caw." A

hardy typical bird is the crow. Emerging at last from a clump of woods we came upon a clearing with s settlement and a road beyond. The stream, now dwindled to a mere ditch. led us to the road and across into a hollow, marshy and overgrown with thickets. Had we at last reached the end of our search? The answer would have been easy had not a ditch or the bed on a stream, leading further back into the country, awakened some doubts. It a thrifty farmer with the air of a retired veteran. Yes, in the hollow by the roadside was the head of Oxen Run Holly spring, so-called because the man who once owned it was named Holly; and the settlement was called town. The old man was garrulous and kind. Not content with guiding us to the spring, now filled with leaves and fallen into disuse, he must needs tell us all the ancient lore of the country and his personal experiences. The fact that his great grandfather was a king's surveyor and was one of the very earliest settlers in Maryland seemed to give him land for the Marlboro' pike and the road was now, he told us with frank pleas-

ure, paying eight per cent. But the little collection of houses had for me an interest for me of which the old man could know nothing. Ofter had I read in John Burroughs' "Winter Sunshine of a walk wherein Pumpkin town largely figured. Often had I inquired for it, but never before now had found it. The neat, white-washed houses, with a suggestion of prosperity about them; the little tavern, where sign of crooked letters informed the passing public that "we will dance the Old Year out and the New Year in,' and where "cheese" is spelled with four "e's" and "which" was minus an "h' -all these, being part of Pumpkintowr were indelibly photographed upon my memory. Thus had I found more than I searched for; the gods had filled my cup to overflowing. What more was there to ask? Absolutely nothing, and turning our faces homeward, the dome of the capitol was soon in sight .- Henry Litchfield West, in the Current.

A Shoeless and Stockingless People The 10,000,000 inhabitants of Mexico use almost entirely home made boots, shoes, gaiters, slippers and sandals so far as they wear any foot-covering at

Shoes in Mexico are & European innational costume. A large proportion wonder if it has the power to change a do not wear shoes at all. The sandal woven maguey fiber, strapped to the bottom of the foot with strings of the There is considerable color to be noted same material, is the only foot covering doubtless the most economical, comfort-

In proof of this, the infantry regiments of the Mexican army, armed and

The shoe-wearing population of the republic is chiefly of European origin or dred buzzards who rise in alarm at our tion as by education and association approach. ions and modes of living. This class back from his face, and he stands with his hands thrust into the pockets of his homespun suit.

siderably; consequently a handsome and elegantly shaped shoe is more esteemed in Mexico than a sound and substantial one, and commands a readier sale. Hence, the cheaper shoes made in the country, if not so strong and du-The reply was prompt and decisive. rable, are more carefully modeled and To the boy the stream was a sealed book | several sizes smaller than the average beyond the hills that bounded his hori- trade shoe made in the United States.

Modern Vampires.

Vampires are not wholly fabulous In the hole in front of us he had caught | Modern society shelters malignant bethe largest iron-back mullet which that | ings who live by sucking the blood of the country had ever seen. It the dead. During the past week they was so large that he thought it was a have even found sustenance in the dou snake, and he had to kill it with a stone. | ble bereavement of an honored states Then, had we noticed a broken dam man. They have opened a maiden' below? Yes. Well, the boys had made | coffin to feed their love of scandal, and that dam for a swimming pool; but have sought to tarnish anspotted repu some negro girls had used it one morn- tations with their lying tongues. I

ENGLISH POLITICS.

Henry George on the Situation in Ireland and the Prospects-His Be-

lief in Gladstone's Sincerity. Few men have given as much thought to the Irish problem as Mr. Henry George. He was asked what he thought of the intimation that the land question would be brought forward in the hope that it would take the place of the home rule agitation.

"I think the position of things is the other way," responded Mr. George. "The land question is more important than the political question. The English government in Ireland has from the first had for its purpose the maintenance of the landlords. That has been the reason of all its tyranny. The and kept down, not because English statesmen wished to do that out of mere wantonness, but that it was necessary to preserve the hold of an alien class upon the lands that had been wrested from the Irish people, and to-day the real obstacle to the granting of free control of their own affairs to the Irish people is that it would mean the dispossession of the landlords. Irish landlordism is not merely in large measure a British interest, but it is part and parcel of the same system which exists in Great Britain, and as I say in a recent article on this subject. 'The dominant class in Great Britain have the same direct concern in maintaining Irish landlordism as the slaveholders of South Carolina would have had in preserving a suc-Carolina.' An Irish parliament to-day would not, like the Irish parliament of the last century, be a parliament of the landlords, but it would be a parliament in which the landless would be domisation whatever to the landlords. This s the real difficulty which besets Eng- in inculcating orderly and cleanly hab-

settled. What may be done during this parliament will only help to still further radicalize opinion. The Irish further radicalize opinion. The Irish movement is, in reality, a great social and there, the dish should be removed. revolution, but it is only a part of a revolution which has commenced in England and Scotland.'

can not be settled until the British

land question is settled?" "What I mean is that until British landlordism loses its power it will never consent to concede to Ireland the political rights which will alone satisfy the feeling that has been aroused in that country, and that, therefore, the final settlement of the Irish question must mean the destruction of British landlordism is now fighting for life, and will fight desperately, and while the land movement in England and Scotland in creases the anxiety of the dominant class to settle the Irish questien, it also makes anything like full concession more dangerous to them. While they might be willing to sacrifice the Irish landlords completely, as they did practically in the Irish land act, the danger to them is that this would only hasten

"What about the land movement in England and Scotland?'

"It is already much stronger than can be understood from the English press, and is rapidly increasing every day. Not only are Scottish crofters and English agricultural laborers awakening o the truth that God made the land for the whole people and not for a few landlords, but the masses of the cities and towns are also begining to realize that the land question is at the bottom of the social injustice from which they suffer. The correspondent does not exaggerate the want and misery that exist in all the British cities. I do not think that there is likely to be any dangerous uprising in many great cities before the winter is over, as he says, for the organization by which such physical menifestations of discontent can be repressed, is too strong. Not only is there bitter suffering, however, but a capidly-growing feeling that this suffering is the result of social injustice, and forces are gathering that before long will completely overthrow the reign of

class privilege in great Britain." "Do you join in the suspicion that is apparently entertained by the Irish members of parliament that Mr. Gladstone is not sincere in his alleged desire to give Ireland home rule, and do you think his insincerity is evidenced by the

cabinet appointments he has made?" "I think Mr. Gladstone is entirely sincere, though I think him the sort of man who can do the most contradictory thing with equal sincerity, and I believe it is not merely his wish, but his ambition now, to give Ireland the home rule little brood had lighted on the snow and which, in his opinion, ought to satisfy her, but whether he can go or will go as far as the Irish people want is another question. As for his cabinet-it probably represents the best combina- Presently a mouse emerged from his tion he could make. No Englishman has gone further than John Morley in ran along on the bank. Instantly one expressing his belief that the Irish peo- little snow-bird, not heavier, perhaps, Morley, I fear, is hampered with the battle, "Then," said Mr. Vaughan, superstition that the Irish landlords "there ensued one of the most interestmust, in any event, be secured, and, as | ing encounters I ever beheld. The b rd minister the duties of his office to the self as best he could, and twice threw

dividual in the world, this is a task that in my opin on transcends even his great powers. Mr. Chamberlain rather represents the element that must come to the front before a final settlement is possible. I think whatever Mr. Gladstone can do will result as the land act. What really began in the land league movement was a great revolution-a revolution more important and far reaching, than the French revolution in the last century—and revolutions are not to be stayed by half-measures. The difficulty about compromises in such Ireland for some time. So, a little while ago, such a measure as Mr. Giffen now proposes would have had the same effect. Now I think it is too late even | ful efforts. for that. Nor do I think it can be seriously proposed to buy ont the Irish Irish people have been disfranchised landlords without bringing the question of getting rid of the British landlords as well into practical politics, and they will never be bought out. The proposition that a whole people should buy from a few of their number the right to live on their native soil raises too distinctly the question of the origin of property rights in land to admit of being carried out.

"But," concluded Mr. George, "the subject is too vast and important to be fully treated in an off-hand interview. What I have said is fragmentary."-New York Herald.

How a Dog Should be Fed.

The puppy, when just weaned, should be fed four, five, or even six times a day, and from two months to four months of ressful insurrection of slaves in North age, four times; after that three times, to the age of nine to twelve months, ac cording to the breed-the smaller varieties reaching maturity soonest; after that twice a day is enough, a full meal it. He sat quiet a few moments, when aant, and which would inevitably be being given each time, until maturity responding to their calls, he rose with soon led by men bent on restoring the is reached. Regularity as to time is land to the people without any compen- important in feeding, both because it assists health and is a considerable help ish statesmen in the settlement of the its. Minute calculations have been made as to the amount of food required "All hopes of the settlement of this by a dog, with the result of conflicting question at the present session of par- statements of opinion, ranging from liament must prove futile. Although one-twentieth to one-twelfth of his prepared to make what they deem own weight per day, and it is often large concessions, no English party is stated in this form—one ounce of food yet prepared to go far enough for a for every pound the dog weighs. Expermanent settlement. I think the po- perience convinces me that in the mat litical question can not be settled until | ter of quantity of food the scales are the land question is settled, and that better dispensed with, using instead the the Irish land question can not be set- dog's appetite as the correct measure; tled until the English land question is I therefore always advise that a dog The composition and quality of the food is the next point claiming consid-"You say the Irish political question I think it necessary to refer to theories

eration. In reference to the first point, propounded by Dr. Billings, V. S., of Boston, Massachusetts, in two lectures delivered in that city, and reproduced with apparent approval by that section of the American press which specially deals with canine matters. I have not the text before me, so cannot quote with verbal accuracy; but, briefly stated, Dr. Billings, founding his argument on the admitted fact that the dog is a carnivorous animal, declared he should be fed entirely on flesh, and even went so far as to say that farinaceous food was poison to the dog. The English practice for centuries-from the time of that excellent huntsman and discourser on dogs and their treatment, Edmund de Langley, of the early part of the fourteenth century, confirmed by such practical writers as Turberville and Gervase Markham, of the sixteenth, Cox, Jacobs, and others, of the seventeenth, and all the masters of hounds, huntsmen, game-keepers, kennel men, and every other person who has kept; dog since—is dead against Dr. Billings's theory, which, indeed, should rather be named a "crotchet." For dogs there is no more wholesome food than the mixed scraps from the table, consisting of meat, bones, bread, and vegetables, and when there are more dogs kept than there are bones and scraps for, the broken victuals should be taken as the standard of the component parts of that

which has to be further provided. In regard to pet dogs kept by ladies, the great mistake often made is to overfeed and feed too richly. It is a mistaken kindness to feed dogs on rich, fatproducing diet; and to give sugar and sweet cakes and puddings is to certainly destroy the powers of the digestive and assimilative organs; and anything that produces excessive fatness will bring on asthma, to which disease pugs and other short-faced pets are especially prone. Occasionally we meet with, in all breeds, a dog that is a dainty feeder. These have to be coaxed to eat, a little at a time being given, and a tonic of iron and quinine with gentian given daily for a week or two at a time.—Hugh Dulziel, in Harper's Magazine.

Snow-Bird and Mouse.

A few days ago, says The Rockland (Me.) Opinion, Mr. A. L. Vaughan was watching a flock of small, dark-gray snow-birds. Those who have seen them know how diminutive they are. The was flitting from one place to another, pecking at the stray seeds that lay scattered about. Their anties were watched by Mr. Vaughan with much interest. winter quarters beneath the snow and ple ought to have full liberty to man- than the mouse, but full of courage, age their own affairs; but even Mr. swooped down on the mouse and pitched

NATURE'S BEST BEVERAGE.

Flash of Eloquence from a Man of Genius-A Gem from the Late

Emery A. Storrs. Few men have had the wonderful capacity to sway popular audiences with their eloquence possessed by the late Emery Storrs. As a public speaker he had few equals, and thousands have been thrilled by his burning words. His personal appearance was not prepossesstimes is that they always come too late. | ing, oeing small in stature, but he was A few years before its passage such a a man of genius, and when he was measure as the Irish land act would aroused his imagery, his earnestness, have stayed the agrarian movement in and his remarkable command of language was irresistible. Those who heard him can never forget his wonder-

In the celebrated whisky trials of 1876 he was chief counsel for Gen. Babcock. He was thoroughly enlisted in behalf of his client as he always was. He had the faculty of impressing those with wnom he came in contact with in the courts with the enthusiasm he felt for his clients. He made an earnest and eloquent appeal to the jury, and obtained the verdiet of "not guilty" about which so much was said at the time. In the evening, after the trial was over, Mr. Storrs and a number of lawyers were gathered in social intercourse, probably feeling enthusiastic over success in the case in which they had engaged. It was doubtless a merry party. One of the lawyers present fished out of his pocket a newspaper clipping, a copy of John B. Gough's celebrated apostrophe to water, and read it aloud. When he had concluded Mr. Storrs joeularly observed, in substance, that that was nothing,-

that he could beat it himself. Thereupon the lawyers began to chaff him, and called upon him to try a glass in his hand ready to begin. A stenographer who was present and knew him well, believing that he would say something good, took out his note-book and pencil, preparatory to taking it down. He did so, and has preserved his notes. They have never before been published, and it is through his kindness that we are able to produce them. We are sure they will be read with interest by thousands. Holding up the glass, Mr. Storrs be-

"How do you expect to improve upon the beverage furnished by nature? Here it is-Adam's ale-about the only gift that has descended undefilled from the Garden of Eden! Nature's common fires! Not born among the hot and noxious vapors and gases of worms and retorts confined in reeking vats, placed in clammy barrels and kegs, stored in malarious cellars full of rats and cobwebs! No adulteration fills it with sulphuric acid, spirits of niter, stramonium, other deadly drugs and poisons, until it is called 'forty rod death' and bug juice,' 'fusel oil' and 'Jersey light-It is not kept standing in the fumes of sour beer and tobacco smoke and saloon, exposed for weeks and months before it is drank to the odor of old cigar stubs and huge spittoons. Virtues and not vices are its companions. Does it cause drunkenness, disease, death, cruelty to women and children? Will it place rags on the person, mortgages on the stock, farm, furniture? Will it consume wages and income in advance, and ruin men in business? No! But it floats in white gossamer clouds, far up in the quiet summer sky and hovers in dreamy mist over the merry faces of all our sparkling lakes. It veils the woods and hills of earth's landscapes in a purple haze, where filmy lights and shadows drift hour after hour. It piles itself in tumbled masses of cloud-domes and thunderheads, draws the electric flash from its mysterious hiding-places, and seams fire. It is carried by kind winds and falls in rustling curtains of liquid drapery over all the thirsty woods and fields and fixes in God's mystic eastern heavens His beautiful bow of promise, glorified with a radiance that seems reflected out of heaven itself. It gleams in the frost crystals of the mountain tops and the dews of the valleys. It silently creeps up to each leaf in the myriad forests of the world and feeds and tints each fruit and flower. It is here in the grass blades of the meadows, and there where the corn waves its tassels and wheat is billowing! It gems the depths of the desert with its glad, green oasis, winds itself in oceans round the whole earth, and roars its hoarse, eternal anthems on a hundred thousand miles of coast! It claps its hands in the flashing wavecrests of the sea, laughs in the little rapids of the brooks, kisses the dripping, mosscovered, old oaken well-buckets in a countless host of happy homes! See these pieces of cracked ice, full of prismatic colors, clear as diamonds? Listen to their fairy tinkle against the brimming glass, that sweetest music in all the world to one half fainting with thirst. And, so in the language of poor old man Gough, I ask you, brothers all, would you exchange that sparkling glass of water for alcohol, the drink of the very devil himself?'-Knoxville (Tenn.) Journal. Major Poore's Wedding.

Maj. Ben: Perley Poore's wedding was a part of a quadruple affair, his bride's sister and both of her two brothers were all married on the same day, and the Major's father-in-law thus had his home depopulated at one hymeneal stroke. Peore says that in his own case he was never quite certain that he was married, there was so much con-I said before, here is the real difficulty. alighted on the back of her adversary fusion during the ceremony. He had heard. An enterprising missionary to That it is possible even for him to adspitefully. The mouse defended himpassed the preceding night in Washingthe tribe was bent upon the conversion ton, and he and his friends had not insatisfaction of the people I do not be- off his winged foe. The bird renewed tended to retire at all; "and so," the lieve. The difficulty is inherent in the the attack savagely, and by a well-di- Major says, "when I reached the church situation itself, in the fact that it is still rected blow destroyed the sight of one held that an Englishman or a Scotch- of the mouse's eyes, but the little four- realized what was going on. I was man, picking up a stick, bent down and realized what was going man must be the virtual governor of footed creature did not give up the bat-Ireland."

You think, then, that Mr. Gladstone has a real ambition to settle the ques
The bird was victor, and, seizing her the wrong woman; and then I noticed to drew a large circle around the first, and, victim by the extreme tip of the tail, that I was standing right over a big pointing to it, said: 'That's what white "Yes, I do. But although he is to-day the most powerful man in Great Britain, and, with perhaps the exception of Bismarck, the most powerful in-dred feet away."

she arose, not without much difficulty, and, holding fast to the mouse, flew into the top of a tree some two kundited away."

open register in the floor, and I was desperately afraid that when I took out the ring I might lose my grip and drop it down that register."

man know; but outside of that Indian know as much as white man-know nothing. The Indian's doctrine is my doctrine," ended the orestor.

OTHERWISE AND PERSONAL

CONGRESSMAN LITTLE, of Ohio, is one of the biggest men in the house.

PRIVATE SECRETARY LAMONT has been summoned to his home, in New York, by the serious illness of his

GEN. BINGHAM wanted to have the honor of introducing the bill to pension Mrs. Hancock, but New York was reached before Pennsylvania in the call of states, and Editor Pulitzer got ahead

WILSON BARRETT, who is coming to America next season, is gratified no doubt to read in The St. James's Gazette that he "is sure to be the craze there"-that is, on this our Uncle Sam's side of the sea-next year.

It is not generally known that Wordsworth, the poet, sat to Haydon as a model for his great picture "Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem." But he did; and Havdon's original study of the poet has just been sold in London.

LEOPOLD FREDERICK, heir apparent of the duchy of Anhalt, who died after a sudden illness at Cannes, on the 3d inst., leaves only a daughter 1 year old. The ducal crown of Anhalt accordingly goes to his elder brother, Leopold Edward, a lieutenant in the Prussian army.

Louise Michel is writing a new book, "Les Microbes;" a novel in which the scientist, the revolutionist, and the capitalist of to-day are traduced. In the plot of the story, "each one dies for the idea for which he lived," except the capitalist; and he lives on in order to supply "the wherewithal" to a coming and new genera-

MRS. JAY GOULD is rather short in stature, though plump and comely. Her face denotes intelligence, and was doubtless very pretty when she was young. She is thoroughly domestic in her tastes, and has devoted her time to her home and children. She spends two hours a day with her three small boys, and carefully inspects all the books they read.

In the course of a conversation between W. S. Gilbert and Frank Burnand, editor of Punch, the former said: "Burnand, I suppose you receive quantities of funny copy from outside people, don't vou?" Burnand was off his guard, and replied, "Lots." Gilbert's hard face relaxed a little as he added. "Why the deuce don't you put some of it in Punch, then?"

LOVALL FARRAGUT, a son of the late Admiral Farragut, has written to Capt. James D. Johnson, offering to return to him the sword he surrendered to his father on the 5th of August, 1864, when the confederate ship, Tennessee, was captured in Mobile bay. The offer has been thankfully accepted by Capt. Johnson. The weapon was made by a citizen of Mobile, who inscribed the captain's name upon the blade.

Miss Mary Thompson, an English authoress, who came to America in December, 1884, with letters from Earl Granville, John Bright, and others, to John Sherman, Justice Field, ex-Secretary Lincoln, and the British representatives, has begun suit for \$15,000 damaegs against a Catskill hotel-keeper. Miss Thompson alleges forcible and shocks the wide air with vivid lines of | ejection from the hotel last summer. and defamatory talk by the defendant after she had gone.

THE recent visit to Connecticut of St. John, the temperance apostle, has been productive of some ugly eruptions of republican temper. When he visited Hartford the president of the senate snubbed him, and the speaker of the house declared he much preferred "to give a reception to Judas Iscariot or Satan. And now the dignified United States Senator Hawley writes a long letter to The Hartford Courant, in which he denounces "Mr. St. John" as "not only a falsifier, but an ignoramus."

HIRAM ATKINS, chairman of the demperatie state committee in Vermont, says that the fight against the re-election of Senator Edmunds has already begun and that nearly all the leading republican "workers" are committed to the opposition. He predicts that most of the counties will send a majority of anti-Edmunds men to the legislature, and says that only one daily paper and but very few weekly papers are favorable to Edmunds. Edmunds' lukewarmness for Blaine is said to be the cause of the opposition, but it is understood to be engineered in the intetest of J. Gregory Smith, president of the Vermont Central railroad.

"My views regarding religion are not generally understood," said Col. Ingersoll recently to a select circle of friends. "I am credited with a good many ideas that I never entertained. I am very much like an old Indian of whom I have of this particular savage. One day c on the plains the good man plied th nan, picking up a stick, bent down and doctrine," ended the orator.