

**The Awkwardness of Being a Prince.**

The Prince of Wales is placed by fate in the most difficult position of any English subject. Labeled incessantly, continuously and malignantly, silence is imposed on him by reasons of state. If he patronizes the drama, for the neglect of which the queen is persistently blamed, the prince is depicted as a trifler, who finds in the society of mummery relief from the tedium of a wasted life. If he encourages our national sports, he is a profligate and is compared with royal predecessors, whose conduct would certainly not commend itself today even to the staunchest supporters of monarchy. If he does not lavish money he does not possess, he is said to be stingy. If he makes an outlay on a church at Sandringham or a hall at Marlborough House, he is a spendthrift. Unworthy friendships are attributed to him with men upon whom he has never set eyes or with whom he may perhaps have exchanged a casual word. If he plays a game of cards, he is a gambler.

Pierce as is the light that beats upon a throne, the cruel and searching illumination of the prince's life inflicts on him the disabilities and responsibilities, while denying him either the power of the throne or the privileges of a private station.—Harper's Magazine.

**The English Broom.**

One of the botanical oddities of Massachusetts is the existence of the English broom, which grows in only two places—in Sterling, this county, and in Salem. It is not a native plant, and how it got across the water is a mystery. Perhaps some horsetick colonist caused it to be sent to him, that the hills about his new home might have the familiar appearance of the old country. It is a beautiful golden yellow in color and grows in a compact, spiralkike plant, with blossoms close together. So thick are the stalks that the pastures are like sheets of gold, and at first sight seem to be buttercups in masses. Archaic people brought some of it into the city and proposed to make a display of it at the exhibition of the horticultural society.

Every one has heard of the broom English and Scotch literature is full of it. It was the flower of the royal house of Plantagenet. In fact, the name Plantagenet is the French for broom plant a genet. Their ancestor, the Count d'Anjou, wore a string of broom as a badge, therefore their name. The name broom is given it because of its usefulness for the purpose.—Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.

**A Bismarck Duel.**

A duel in which Bismarck was once engaged had a very amusing origin. It occurred when he was chief secretary of the Prussian legation at Frankfurt. He went much into society, and one Christmas attended a big ball. During the height of the festivities Bismarck's attention was directed to an exceedingly pompous individual who strutted about the room. This was a M. de Clancy, a noted French duelist. Later on this important individual took part in a dance, but having omitted to leave his hat at the proper place had to perform to hold it out almost at arm's length while he danced. The spectacle tickled Bismarck immensely, and as the Frenchman came sailing majestically along Bismarck stepped forward and dropped a coin into the hat. A duel was one of the next day's events. Though it was with pistols Bismarck escaped unhurt, while his adversary was wounded.

**Seeing the Sights.**

Even in these days of liberal education young women sometimes show how confused are the ideas shut up in their heads. Illustrative of this is the naive blunder which Edmondo de Amicis recounts in his story of a voyage from Genoa to Buenos Ayres:

The captain of the steamer which numbered the charming young blunderer among its passengers met her one morning and said: "Signorina, we cross the tropic of cancer today." "Oh, indeed!" she cried, with enthusiasm. "Then we shall see something at last."

**A Wedding Announcement.**

This is how the editor of the Humboldt (Kan.) Herald recently announced his marriage: "Mr. F. A. McCarthy (that's us) and Miss Nannie Fisher (that's more of us) were united in marriage Wednesday, July 27, at 10 a. m. The ceremony was followed by a sumptuous repast, which we have only a faint recollection of. Some way events seemed to crowd on each other then, and God has given us the best earthly thing within his gift. The joy in a sweet wife is too great to be described—too sacred to be spoken of."

**Too Much Eating.**

Gluttony has its victims, hardly less numerous than other vices. To overeat is to overburden the digestive organs to such an extent that it will be impossible for them to perform their duties properly. Deleterious products are created, and health is finally destroyed. A prominent judge used to say such men dig their graves with their teeth—and it is so. On the other hand, there are those who eat too little. All extremes are evils that experience should govern.—Exchange.

**An African Mother-in-law.**

A native has been committed to the high court for trial for mutilating his mother-in-law by cutting off her ear. The native averred that his mother-in-law had attempted to entice her daughter away from him, her lawful husband, to some other native, and he took the extreme measure of cutting off her ear as a gentle hint to mind her own business.—Gwelo Times.

**Not Wanted.**

"I have here," he began, "a little poem, the child of"— "Sorry," interrupted the editor, "but I couldn't think of taking a child away from its parent."—Harlem Life.

**England With the Heavy Hand.**

England has inflicted far greater land disasters on her redoubtable neighbor, France, than all the military monarchies of Europe put together. English armies for 120 years ravaged France, while England has not seen the fires of a French camp since the battle of Hastings. English troops have twice taken the French capital, an English king was crowned at Paris, a French king rode captive through London, a French emperor died in English captivity and his remains were surrendered by English generosity. Twice the English horse marched from Calais to the Pyrenees, once from the Pyrenees to Calais; the monuments of Napoleon in the French capital at the moment owe their preservation from German revenge to an English general.

All the great disasters and days of mourning for France since the battle of Hastings—Tanchebray, Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Verneuil, Cravant, Blenheim, Oudenarde, Ramillies, Malplaquet, Minden, Dettingen, Quebec, Egypt, Talavera, Salamanca, Victoria, the Pyrenees, Orthes, Waterloo—were gained by English generals, and won for the most part, by English soldiers. Even at Fontenoy, the greatest victory of which France can boast since Hastings, every regiment in the French army was on their own admission routed by the terrible English column, and victory was snatched from its grasp solely from want of support on the part of the Dutch and Austrians.—Allison's "Life of Marlborough."

**Crushed by Beecher.**

Henry Ward Beecher was once approached by a young man who considered himself very clever. "Do you know, Mr. Beecher," said he, "I've been thinking that I would settle down, behave myself and join your church. Now, I like your preaching, but when I go to your church and see such men as old S. and others, grasping skinflints and hypocrites to the core, sitting there in full membership, why, the thing is just a little too much for me, and really," he added, "I cannot join."

"Well, you're right," said Mr. Beecher. "Every church has such men, and I fancy Plymouth is not free from them, and until you spoke I have always wondered why the good Lord permitted it. Now I understand." "Ah," gurgled the young fellow, "I am glad I have thrown light on the question! What strikes you as the reason, Mr. Beecher?"

"Well," replied the great preacher, "it is permitted in order to keep just such fools as you out of the churches."

**The Peasant and His Son.**

One day a peasant carried a basket of potatoes to the field and dug holes in the soil and planted them. His young son watched operations for a time and then inquired:

"Daddy, why do you put those taters in the ground?" "By so doing each one will bring me back ten, my son," replied the father. The boy went away, and when his father came up to dinner he found him digging in the yard and asked:

"Sonny, what are you seeking?" "Why, daddy, I have planted the clock, two umbrellas, the teapot, your Sunday hat, ma's boots and a tablecloth, and each one will bring me back ten."

"You young idiot, come here and be spanked!" shouted the father, and he tanned the boy up and down, crossways and sideways, until he was tired. "Daddy planted taters to get back ten," mused the boy as he sat down under the cow shed to think. "But I planted clocks and hats and boots to get a licking. It must be the difference in the soil."—Pearson's Weekly.

**The Little Curate.**

Some years ago the English prime minister received the following letter from a workman:

SIR—Doubtless you do not often get a letter from a workman on the subject of clerical appointments, but, as I here you have got to find a minister for to fill Mr. Eoyd Carpenter's place, allow me to ask you to just go some Sunday afternoon and hear our little curate, Mr. —, at St. Matthew's church—he is a good, earnest little man and a genuine little fellow; got no humbug about him, but a sound Churchman, is an extemporaneous preacher and deserves promotion. Nobody knows I am writing to you, and it is not a matter of kiss and go by favor, but simply asking you to take a run over and here him and then put him a step higher—he deserves it. I know Mr. Sullivan will give him a good character, and so will Mr. Alcroft, the Patron. Now do go over and here him before you make a choice. We workmen will be sorry to lose him, but we think he ought not to be missed promotion as is a good fellow. Your obedient servant,

**The Kaiser's Latest.**

The German emperor has devised a new scheme for the encouragement of vocal music in the German empire. It will be put into operation in 1899, and it consists of a singing competition to be held in a different town every year. Cassel has been selected for the first competition, the chief condition of which is that each choir taking part will receive an unpublished musical composition about an hour before the contest takes place. There will be no accompaniment.

The Kaiser's prize is a valuable jewel, and the president of the winning choir will be allowed to wear it for a year, the name of each singer being engraved upon it.

**Chalk as a Coal Saver.**

To make half a ton of coal go as 15 hundredweight place a quantity of chalk in the grates. Once heated this is practically inexhaustible from combustion and gives out great heat. Place the chalk at the back of each of your fires in nearly equal proportions with the coal. Full satisfaction will be felt both as to the cheerfulness and as to the warmth of the fire, and the saving throughout the winter will be at the rate of 25 per cent.—Exchange.

Make use of time while it is present with you. It depends upon your will and not upon the number of days to have a sufficient length of life.—Mica-haigne.

**Waiters and Waitresses.**

Talking of waitresses, a New York hotel keeper says that although they may possess some superior qualities for such service there are, on the other hand, such drawbacks as make it certain that they would never be acceptable to the majority of men who would have to be served by them. He says: "I think the objection to them would be based chiefly on the fact that they never show special attention to any person. I never knew a woman who waited on a man to trouble herself in the least about the manner in which she served him. It makes absolutely no difference whether they receive liberal tips or not. They may be quiet, neat and quick, but they would never pick out one piece of beef because it was better than another or make any effort to get the best of what was to be had in the kitchen. That sort of attention makes a man worth his fee to the men who tip him."

"It is this special service that makes a waiter superior to the best of his associates. Women never detect any difference between the quality of one dish and another. They are all the same, and good service requires merely that they shall be set down noiselessly and brought quickly. There the service of the waitress ends. She can beat any man at those features of the business. But she cannot select for him anything better than the rest of the customers get. Usually she does not notice any difference in them. That deficiency is the safeguard of the waiter and will keep his place secure for him."

**Trained Pigeons.**

Pigeons are carefully trained. The young homer is taken half a mile the first day, a mile the second, two miles the third, and so on, doubling the distance each time. It must be liberated each time only in the same direction as to its loft, for a bird can be trained along only one route at a time. When 400 miles have been reached, a week's rest comes between. A hundred miles are enough for a young bird's first year.

So essential is the training that old birds are taken only two miles out for the first lesson of a season, though they may have flown their 250 miles the year preceding. The end of the next season, however, will, if the birds are willing and the trainer patient, be crowned by the accomplishment of a 400 mile flight. As you get higher in the scale of distance, longer and longer rests are needed.

Male birds are generally used for long distances. Family matters are apt to engross the attention of the hen, though she is still capable of good work when she has a mind for it.—Good Words.

**As to the Links.**

There is no more ardent evolutionist in the city and no more persistent advocate of Darwin's theory than Dr. d'Ancona. His friend, Dr. de Marville on the other hand, is a great bird fancier and devotes all his spare time to an enthusiastic study of ornithology. "I have a splendid specimen of a monkey in my office," remarked Dr. d'Ancona proudly. "Come in and see him," he continued, being a firm believer in the object method of demonstration. "You will admit that I have the missing link in a cage." "That's all right," replied Dr. Marville, absorbed in his own pet hobby. "I have a cage at home myself, and something in it too. You're not in it, and neither is your monkey. I can show you something much better than your missing link. I have got a bobolink."—San Francisco News Letter.

**Prioleau and Calhoun.**

The Pendletonians were justly proud of Mr. Calhoun and sensitive as to the impression which he made upon strangers. When Judge Prioleau became a resident, they were anxious to know his impressions of their Ajax. When they first met, as soon as Calhoun left the table, the question was eagerly asked, "How do you like him?"

"Not at all," was the newcomer's reply. "I desire never to meet him again." This was a sad rebuff, and an explanation was demanded. "I hate a man who makes me think so much," the judge replied. "For the last three hours I have been on the stretch trying to follow him through heaven and earth. I feel wearied with the effort, and I hate a man who makes me feel my own inferiority." Pendleton was appeased.—Exchange.

**Good, but Not Intended.**

Now and then a man gets off a good thing and does not know it. An instance is noted by Sir M. Grant Duff in his "Diary":

We began to talk about the fog. "It was so bad," I said, "a week or two ago that I hear Farrar preached against it at St. Margaret's." "It was at that church," my friend answered, "that a clergyman, denouncing Mr. Tooth, the ritualist, said, 'I will not name him, but his name is in everybody's mouth.' Then, seeing the smiles on the faces of his congregation, he turned scarlet."

**The Earth's Shadow.**

The earth has a shadow, but very few ever see it, except in eclipses of the moon, or else few recognize it when they see it. Nevertheless, many of us have noticed on fine, cloudless evenings in summer shortly before sunset a rosy or pink arc on the horizon opposite the sun, with a bluish gray segment under it. As the sun sinks the arc rises until it attains the zenith and even passes it. This is the shadow of the earth.

**Warding Off Jealousy.**

Old Gotrocks (savagely)—What's that! You mean to tell me that you really love my daughter for herself alone? Young Hardup (tremulously)—Y-yes, sir, but I think I could learn to love you, t-too, sir, in t-t-time, sir.—Vanity Fair.

**Boucicault and His Hair.**

Boucicault for a number of years used to dye the little fringe of hair he had, and it generally took on all the hues of the rainbow, much resembling Tittlebat Titmouse's experience in coloring his hair.

I was standing in front of the Union Square theater one day after rehearsal with the late Charles R. Thorne, Jr., and Joe Polk, writes Owen Fawcett, and we were arguing the question who should "buy," when along came Boucicault, as chipper as ever. Of course he must stop, ask all the questions and have a chat, for he was a most entertaining man and well worth listening to. On his preparing to leave Polk said, "Mr. Boucicault, I do not wish to insult you, but I wish to congratulate you on one thing."

"Not a bit of it, my boy," said Boucicault. "What is it, Polk?"

"I see that you have given over dyeing your hair or what little hair you had, and you do not know how much better it makes you look." "Yes," said Boucicault. "I have found out one thing, and that is in all the years I have been foolish enough to paint my hair I was only deceiving one person, and that one was myself. Good day, boys."—Detroit Free Press.

**Spanish Cruelty.**

The cruelty of the Spaniard, or rather his callousness, his recklessness of the lives of others, and even of his own, is a medieval and oriental survival, says Irving Babbitt in The Atlantic, and then, too, there underlies the Spanish temperament I know not what vein of primitive Iberian savagery. Mme. d'Aulnoy relates that on a certain day of the year it was customary for court gallants to run along one of the main streets of Madrid, lashing furiously their bare shoulders, and when one of these penitents passed the lady of his choice among the spectators he bespattered her with his blood as a special mark of his favor.

Insensibility to the suffering of animals, though general in Spain, is not any greater so far as my own observation goes, than in the other Latin countries. Possibly medieval religion in so exalting man above other creatures, in refusing to recognize his relation to the rest of nature, tended to increase this lack of sympathy with brute creation. The Spanish peasant belabors his ass for the same reasons that Malebranche kicked his dog—because he has not learned to see in it a being organized to feel pain in the same way as himself.

**Slow Eating May Be Bad.**

According to The Journal of Mental and Nervous Diseases, slow eating is as bad as fast eating. "The important point is not that we eat slowly or fast, but that when we do eat we chew with energy. Of course where the haste is due to some mental anxiety this may injuriously inhibit the secretions. Slow eating begets a habit of simply mulling the food without really masticating it, while the hurried eater is inclined to swallow his food before proper mastication. Hence hurried eating is bad, but rapid mastication is advantageous. It concentrates our energies on the act in question, and hence more thoroughly accomplishes it. Moreover, energetic chewing stimulates the secretion of saliva in the most favorable manner. These various points are so commonly misunderstood, at least by the laity, that they demand our frequent attention."

**The Gloved Pasha.**

Mustapha Pasha Fehmi, prime minister of Egypt, decorated by Queen Victoria with the grand cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, is known throughout Egypt as the gloved pasha, owing to the fact that no one has ever seen his left hand bared since the day two and twenty years ago when, as one of the chamberlains of the late Khedive Ismail, he helped his colleague, Sahmi Pasha, to strangle the Egyptian minister of finance at the close of a supper party given by the wicked old khedive on board his steam yacht, lying at anchor in the Nile at Cairo, just off the palace of Gezerah.

**The Firecracker.**

The firecracker so extensively used by the Americans in celebrating Independence day is a Chinese invention and is supposed to have been used in China in prehistoric times as universally as it is now used in the Flowery Kingdom upon nearly all ceremonious occasions. Its original use is supposed to have been to frighten away evil spirits, and in some parts of the Celestial empire it is still regarded as an effective weapon against ghosts and hobgoblins.

**Home Influences.**

Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier; each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow; each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences which shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world.—Dean Stanley.

**The Thrifty Shopkeepers.**

Mrs. Burgin Friend—I wonder how those little 1 cent shops ever came to be invented? Her Husband—I suppose to use up what's left of the dollar after the 99 cent stores get through with it.—Toronto News.

**Her Aim in Life.**

"What sort of girl is she?" "Oh, she is a miss with a mission!" "Ah!" "Her mission is seeking a man with a mansion."—Balti more Jewish Comment.

Not far from the final resting place of Mr. Gladstone in Westminster abbey is the tomb of General John Burgoyne, who was defeated by Gates at the battle of Stillwater and who surrendered to the Americans at Saratoga in 1777.

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