THE ARIZONA KICKER

AND OTHER STORIES.

BY "M. QUAD".

Special attention is called to the fact that THE BEE has exclusive use in its territory of "M. Quad's" current writings.

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A FAREWELL.—Monday night that large and massive duffer known by the name of Hank Pierson, who has been trying to pose as a bad man among us, concluded to take our advice and change climates. His road lay past the Kicker office, and as a sort of farewell to us he fired three bullets through one of the windows. We got out as soon as possible and fired a charge of buckshot at something black moving off. Next morning Hank's left hand coattail was picked up on the street 200 feet west of our office, and we shall add it to our stock of relics. We were after both coattails, having twenty-seven buckshot in the gun, but it was too dark for straight shooting.

MISSED A COG.—The great Nineteenth Century Dramatic company was billed for two nights here last week, but failed to open up. As editor of the Kicker we are entitled to six free tickets to any show. As owner of the only hall in town we are usually given a dozen. As mayor were are never complimented with less than twenty. The agent of the above organization attempted to stand us off with a pass for two, and the result was he missed a cog and his machinery got out of order. If theatrical companies can do business in this way we shall not complain. It has always been our aim to uphold the dignity of the press, and we shall continue right in that line, no matter whose feelings are hurt.

A SENSIBLE VERDICT.—We understand that a jury of cowboys over in Clinch valley, who were called upon to act in the case of a stranger found dead about a week ago, returned a verdict that he came to his death while fooling with a gun. While nothing is said to who the gun belonged, the verdict is a sensible one. Instead of throwing any additional mystery over the case it makes it plain that he was riding off on a 4-year-old mule which didn't belong to him.

No attempt was made to find out the stranger's name or whether he had an uncle in Chicago or an aunt in Philadelphia. The past tense has mighty little to do with a chap who is caught stealing a Clinch valley mule. He is sized up on the present tense and planted accordingly. We think the man called at the Kicker office the week before and offered to write us a $5 leader on the Chilian question, but we declined and he stole our toothbrush and departed.

NOT NEEDED.—At its last meeting the common council passed an ordinance aimed at the dozen or more citizens who get drunk every evening and amuse themselves shooting at every stray dog on the streets. It seemed to be needed just then, but wasn't two days later. His honor the mayor (who is ourself) broke up the practice in one evening, alone and single-handed, and saved the town at least $50 expense. He discovered and kicked and disarmed fifteen different men, and the guns taken from them will be sold at auction Saturday.

This town has at last got a mayor worthy of the name, and we congratulate the public on the fact. Thus far his administration has been a grand success, and we haven't the slightest doubt that he will be governor of Arizona in less than five years.

IT'S HIS WAY.—Our contemporary down the street met with an accident to his old ramshackle press the other day and appealed to us to help him out. We cheerfully agreed to work off his inside pages on our new and elegant power press, and of course we counted the copies to see what his circulation was. It still stood at the same old figure —464; but he had had the cheek to set up the claim in that very issue, "This paper has the largest circulation of any journal in Arizona!"

Poor old chap! He was a failure as an editor twenty years ago, and of the thirteen different bullets he has fired at at us not one came within three feet of head or heel. He has to use carpet tacks to eke out his supply of type, and it's a holiday with him when he has roast coyote for dinner.

BROTHER GARDNER ON VANITY.

"I has bin keepin track o' things fur a good many y'ars past," said Brother Gardner as he arose and looked around the hall, "an I has cum to de conclushun dat a big sheer of our trubbles am solely due to vanity. I solemnly believe dar am mo' vanity in de cull'd race to de squar' fut dan any odder people on airth. Many members ob dis club cum to me wid deir trubbles an tribulashuns, an in nine cases out o' ten I kin trace de cause back to vanity."

The president paused here to consult the thermometer hanging near, and after noting that it recorded 102 degrees above, he continued:

"Take de case of Elder Toots, for instance. He hab a steady job at $7 per week in the lumber yard. He got up to dat elevated p'int whar he had eggs an bacon fur breakfast an whar he could drop ten cents into de church contribushun box, an den vanity stepped in to wreck him. He bought fo' boxes of paper collars at one time; he ordered ice cream fur Sunday; he 'lowed his wife to gin a high tea on her birthday; he eben dun rented a piano at $5 per month fur his gal 'Liza to drum on. In jest six weeks de elder, as yo' all know, was knocked out an appealin to dis club to lend him money to git his dawg out o' de pound."

The elder, who occupied one of the front stools, blew his nose and wiped his eyes and evidently felt broken up, and Brother Gardner went on:

"Take de case of Samuel Shin. Nobody in dis world thought him anything mo' dan common. He was sort o' scrubbin around on two dollars a week an mighty glad to git a squar' meal, when his aunt down in Arkansas died an left him twenty-seven dollars in cash. De minit Samuel got hold of dat money a great change dun cum ober him. He walked up an down befo' de banks; he talked of rentin a box in de possoffice; he priced obercoats as high as sixty dollars. I advised him to hide dem twenty-seven dollars in an oyster can till he had got ober de shock of sudden wealth, but Vanity wouldn't 'low him to.

He plunged. He reckoned dat he could buy half de airth. He carried his self as stiff as a poker, an he wouldn't speak to sartin members of dis club who doan' wear alligator shoes. Whar am Brudder Shinn now? Vanity wrecked him. He sits ober dar by de alley doan crushed, broken an achin to ask Giveadam Jones to lend him nine cents to make a new start in life."

Samuel hung his head to escape observation, and several members acted as if they would like to get outdoors before anything further was heard to drop.

"Waydown Bebee, our secretary, am not yere dis eavenin'," observed the president, as he glanced over at the spot usually occupied by that individual. "Am his wife dead? Am his cabin burned down wid no insurance? Was he called to Chicago or Buffalo by de suddenness of a telegraph? No sah! Six weeks ago while he was contentedly peggin' along on $7 per week a white man told him dat he looked like Cicero. Brudder Bebee doan' know Cicero from Gineral Jackson, but he felt proud and flattered. He went right out an' bought real linen collars an' a 50-cent necktie, an' some ha'r ile an' a watch chain, an' next day he quit his job an' walked around talkin' 'bout free trade an' tellin' what allied de kentry. I met him in a feed store, whar' I was buyin' stuff fur my chickens, an' he told me he was dun gwine to becum a lawyer. Vanity was climbin' all ober him. He am not yere tonight because he didn't like to cum bar'fut, an' his wife's shoes am too small fur him. He am a finanshul wreck of de furst water, an' vanity am de cause of it. He was bo'n to be Waydown Bebee; he sighed to be Cicero. Result —bankruptcy."

Colonel Kyann Johnson now made a slide for the door, but before he reached it Brother Gardner stopped him and said:

"One mo' case—dat of Kurnel Johnson. A month ago de kurnel was workin' in a wood yard up nigh my cabin. He was doin so well dat heaps o' folks was jealous of him. Had he kept right on he would have becum the Standard Ile company of dat nayborhood; but in an evil moment somebody diskivered de fact dat his ha'r was almost straight an his butes only No. 9's. Dat settled him. He quit his job an walked around arm in arm wid Vanity. He let his wife buy lace curtains an plush kivered cheers, an he hung around de city hall an gin his views on de Chilian queshun. His career was brief. If de city hall was offered him tomorrer for a dime he couldn't raise de cash."

The colonel got up to make some sort of reply, but words failed him and he resumed his seat with a bang and struggled with something which appeared like emotion, but might have been colic.

"Darfo' I say to you, an' I say it in all airnestness," concluded the president, "to bewar' of vanity. It am wuss dan a thief in de night. Drink steals away yo' brains fur only half a day, but vanity takes possession of yo'r hull head fur weeks at a time. Be proud of de fact dat yo' wasn't bo'n wid a short leg or humped back or one eye, but doan't let vanity make yo' believe dat dar was any speshual reason fur yo'r entrance into this world. We am all jest common cull'd folkes, sorter waitin' around to see what's gwine to happen on de next change of de moon. We hain't no call to be purty or proud, and de world doan' keer whether we set down at home on cane seat cheers or red plush sofas."

M. QUAD AND THE FREAKS.

More than twenty years ago I fell in with Prof. Somebody or Other, who was a professor of Something or Other, and he brought up the subject of transmigration. We were traveling in a stage-coach and expected to be held up at every mile, and I also had the jumping toothache. For these reasons I didn't argue the matter with him, and because I had no chance to argo I was more than half satisfied of the correctness of the theory as expounded by him.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the professor, as we took a short cut over a windfall to avoid three "agents" waiting at a bend in the road with bated breath, "every one of us will simply take on a new form after death. There is a man right here among us who will probably be changed into a fat woman or an ossified man, and you will see him exhibited at a dime museum!"

I knew he meant me. Everybody knew it. He was looking right at me as he said it. I didn't believe it at first, but as time went on the idea became stronger and stronger, and for the last seventeen years I have felt that I had that fate in store for me. I have dreamed that I was a fat woman advertised as weighing 750 pounds, and I have dreamed that I was an ossified man, with the public feeling of my toes and fingers and asking me for a leg or an arm as a relic to label and lay away in a parlor cabinet. Many a morning I have awoke under the impression that I was ten minutes late for the first afternoon exhibition, and many an evening I have started up from my chair with a feeling that I had been fined $5 by the manager for absenting myself from the platform before the show was over.

However, I am relieved at last. I have taken more real comfort in the last week than for a dozen years before. I went over into the Bowery in New York, several days ago, with a determination to know the worst and prepare for it, and the result was a gratifying surprise. I found the champion fat woman on a museum platform. She looked exactly as I had dreamed that I would look. Those 750 pounds of fat were draped around her in the most artistic manner, and a stranger from Troy was asking her how she managed to climb the trees in harvest apple time. For five minutes I felt that I had died and been transmigrated. Then the Troy man went wandering around to see if he could find a Troy laundry among the curios, and I stepped forward and told the fat woman the whole story from beginning to end.

"Don't yur believe it!" she emphatically replied when I had finished. "If such a thing were possible, how is it, with so many hundreds dying around us every day, that there are only six of us champion fat women now in the business?" If there was anything in the theory there'd be 10,000 of us looking for engagements and salaries would go down until a fat woman couldn't earn her salt."

I thanked her from the bottom of my heart, and she kindly continued:

"But even if it were possible, which I give you my word of honor it isn't you wouldn't be so badly off. There's lots of things worse than being a fat woman at a thumping big salary. You are the star attraction. The Zulu and the anaconda and the ossified man are not in it. If a bit giddy you can always have a flirtation on hand; if past the giddy age you have lots of time to do plain sewing and visit with the giantess. Don't be upset, sir. While you can't possibly be transmigrated into a fat woman, requiring a whole car to herself when she travels, and who has appeared before her majesty on three different occasions, if it should so be, then don't throw it over your shoulder. You have got a good thing of it and will never have a regret."

I couldn't tell her how happy I felt, but she had a sensitive nature and understood. Then I went over and repeated my story to the ossified man. He never once interrupted me, but when I had finished he quietly said:

"You have been stuffed. While I take no stock in stuffed specimens, I agree with the fat woman that it can never be. Ossified men are born—not transmigrated. If every Tom, Dick and Harry in this country could be turned into an ossified man the dime museums would have to go and natural freaks would be used for hop poles. If you'll take the word of a man who has been a star attraction for thirty years, you need do no more worrying."

I tried to make him realize how thankful I was, and he smiled an ossified smile and replied:

"That's all right. I'm glad you came to me about it; you ought to hunt down that professor and kill him. I say it can't be, but if by any possibility it should be, you will be expected, as an ossified man, to stick for regular rates and kick against over four performances on Sunday. Make no engagement for less than two weeks, and stipulate that you are to be carried up and down stairs where there are no elevators. As an ossified man, be content. There is money on it, and no sawing wood. Maintain your dignity with the Albino, have no flirtations with the tattooed girl, and should the fat woman attempt to be patronizing, at once remind her that an ossified man was the beginning of the whole museum business, and that no show could run for a week without him."

M. QUAD.

TALK OF REAL YOUNG PEOPLE.

Boston Herald: A young miss who has been to the theater but two or three times, and then to see pieces in which there was no ballet, was taken the other afternoon to a performance where the ballet was one of the principal features. She was accompanied by her father and elder sister, and when she came home her mother asked her how she liked the performance. Her reply was well received by the mother, but not so much appreciated by the father.

"I liked it pretty well," she said, "but I couldn't see the people through the glasses, for papa was using them all the time. There was a lot of girls who didn't have any clothes on but a little ruching around their waists, and they kicked up awfully. Oh, you ought to have seen papa laugh. He is going to take me again, mamma, for he said he would."

Papa remained silent.

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Detroit Free Press: Two little girls who were playmates got into an animated discussion over the advantages of their respective homes. As a clincher one of them said:

"We get the mail three times a day at our home."

"Oh," said the other, "that's nothing; it comes here every two hours."

When the visitor was gone, the mother of the little hostess, who had overheard her, took her to task:

"How could you say the mail came every two hours, Nellie?" she asked gravely.

"It does," said Miss Nellie promptly, "doesn't grandpa come over here as often as that?"

And the small sophist looked at her mother triumphantly.

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Washington Star: "You may be president some day."

"Yes, sir." replied the energetic lad. "I know it."

"What would you do if you were president of the United States?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that kind. I want to be president of a brewery.

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San Francisco Wasp: A 3-year-old girl was heard whispering to herself, though quite inaudibly, at the table.

"What were you saying, Narcissa?" her father asked.

"I was just saying: 'If no one was taking care of me I should help myself to those preserves.'"

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Good News: Little Nell—Mamma says th' preacher says beauty is a curse. What does that mean? Little brother —That means if mens and womens was all ugly there'd never be any more fightin' and quarrelin'. "Why wouldn't there?" "'Cause nobody'd ever marry anybody."

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Indianapolis Journal: "Do you read the bible, Waldo?"

"O, yes, almost every day," replied the little Boston boy. "Scarcely a day passes that in my reading I do not find some reference to it which requires verification."

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Texas Siftings: "What can I do to induce you to go to bed now?" asked a Harlem mamma of her 5-year-old boy. "You can let me sit up a little longer," was the youngster's reply.

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Teacher—What do you say before eating, Bobby?

Bobby—Nothin', ma'am.

Teacher—Well, what does your father say?

Bobby—He generally says, "Is that all you've got for supper?"

SOME NOTED MEN.

Ex-President Cleveland had a brand new birthday anniversary on the 18th inst. He was 55 years old on that day.

President Harrison gets up his state papers in a legal and red-tape style, just as if he was preparing briefs.

John C. Clements of Georgia, newly appointed interstate commerce commissioner, is a Baptist deacon, a clerk of the Georgia Baptist association and its Sunday school convention.

N. C. Creede, who recently roamed the mountains of Colorado a poor and friendless prospector, is said to have been offered $1,000,000 by D. H. Moffatt for his interest in the Amethyst mine. The offer was refused.

Major General O. O. Howard lost his right arm at the battle of Fair Oaks. It was to him that General Phil Kearney, who had lost his left arm at Chapultepec, made the famous remark: "Howard, you and I will have to buy our gloves in partnership."

General Gourka, governor general of Russian Poland, is a hale and vigorous soldier of 61 years, and he is not going to resign his place as has been reported. The czar knows his value too well.

A bronze statue of the late John Plankinton of Milwaukee, is to be set up in the lobby of the hotel in that city which bears his name. H. H. Park is the sculptor commissioned by the family to perform the task.

Paderewski has been presented by his Boston admirers with a beautiful wreath of laurel in silver. They were considerate enough not to insist that he should wear it as the Roman conquerors wore theirs. They did not want to disarrange his hair.

Among the witty definitions that have been credited to eminent men the following by Ingersoll is particularly neat: "A politician is a man who wants the people to do something for him; a statesman is a man who wants to do something for the people."

G. P. A. Healy, the portrait painter, is passing his time while in Chicago at a family hotel, where he appears in the corridors clad in a loose-fitting suit of black and wearing steel-rimmed spectacles. His is said to be very genial and humorous in a quiet way. His face is slightly florid and his hair begins to show the frost of many winters.

Ward McAllister's only daughter was visiting not long ago in Philadelphia, and at a luncheon given in her honor assumed airs of superiority which caused the other women present mingled amusement and rage. During the luncheon she remarked in a supercilious tone to a bright girl on her right: "Ah, have you any one here who fills the somewhat important place in society that papa does in New York?" "Oh, yes, several," sweetly replied the girl addressed; "but they are all colored men."

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and specify in your purchases that you want goods made in Nebraska factories and produced by Nebraska soil. All whiskies and spirits of any kind manufactured by Iler & Co. and the Willow Springs distillery are made in the state and from Nebraska grain, consuming 3,000 bushels per day. Insist upon your dealer furnishing home made goods; they are equal to the best and cost no more. Assist home industries.

TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE

Forceful Reasons Why They Should be Under Government Control.

LOWER RATES AND IMPROVED SERVICE.

How It Works in Other Countries—A Perfectly Constitutional Exercise of Power —Trend of Experiment and Discovery in Electrical Matters.

The question of government control of telegraph and telephone is treated by the Hon. Walter Clark, of the bench of North Carolina, in the March Arena. He takes it for granted that it is a perfectly constitutional thing for the postoffices to handle messages of this kind and dwells more upon the cheapness and effectiveness of such an institution:

Every civilized country with the sole exception of ours, has long since made the telegraph a part of its postal service, and in all it has worked satisfactorily. The rates in Great Britain and Ireland are, like postage, uniform for all distances and are 1 cent per word. In Germany the rate is about the same and in Austria less. In France and Belgium the rate is under 10 cents (half a franc) for ten words between any two points. No department of the postoffice in any country pays better than the telegraph. In most countries the telephone, too, has been added. It is very certain that the telegraph and telephone, as parts of our postal service, would not only wonderfully improve the means of intercourse, but it is believed that a very cheap uniform rate—probably 5 cents a message—would pay a handsome revenue to the government. In the presence of the exorbitant rates to which we are accustomed this will seem hazardous; but reflection will show that it is not. Telegraph wire costs less than $8 per mile; poles in our country are not expensive, the cost of erecting them light. The chemicals for use of the wires are inexpensive. Where, then, is the cost? The government pays freight to railroads, steamboats and star routes, and sends letters across the continent at 2 cents and around the world for 5 cents. The last postmaster-general's report states that while, owing to the cost of heavy packages and matter carried free, there is a deficiency in the postoffice, yet on the carriage of letters there is a net revenue annually of $35,000,000. Why, then, is it chimerical to say that messages sent by wire, at the cost of a few cheap chemicals and with no freight to be paid, would not pay a profit at 5 cents per message of ten words? It may be noted that the telephone patent expires next March. Now is the time for congress to adopt it for the postoffice and establish a telephone at every country postoffice. The advantages to the rural population would be manifold. Pysicians could be summoned promptly for the sick. Witnesses and others summoned to court could be notified what day or hour to attend, and be saved useless hours hanging around the county court house. A telephone message to the nearest railway station would ascertain whether expected freight had come, and the farmer would be saved a needless trip of his wagon over bad roads. News of approaching frosts could be promptly distributed through the country districts, and many a valuable crop saved. These may seem homely purposes to dwellers in cities, but they will deprive country life of some of its drawbacks, and be a boon to a portion of our population who claim that they bear their full share of the burdens of government and receive less than their share of its benefits. It comes, too, at a time when they are disposed to assert and maintain their right to be better considered in a distribution of the advantages of governmental favor. For this service it might well be provided that for telephonic messages within the county or for a distance less than fifty miles the charge would be only 2 cents. A system similar to this now prevails in Austria and some other countries. The postmaster could very easily keep his accounts, either by the use of stamps or by a nickel-in-the-slot attachment to the instrument. If the telephone is not now adopted by government, some gigantic corporation, some vast syndicate, will be sure to utilize it; and when hereafter government shall be forced to take it up for the public service, congress will be waived off, as trespassing upon private and vested rights, as is already the case with the telegraph.

Telegraphy Without Wires.

The trend of experiment and discovery in electrical matters is today toward a solution of the problem of sending telegraphic messages without wires, or in other words through the air, and even through substances. These discoveries have to do with electric waves or vibrations, and experimenters are hard at work to conquer and make use of the new phenomena. In this country Nicola Tesla, in England, Lodge, and in Germany the scientist Hertz, have all been experimenting. From a recent newspaper report it appears that Tesla has been able to demonstrate the power and action of these waves, and he recently brought the matter before the members of the American Institute of Engineers. He made use of a dynamo which produced waves of immense rapidity and high power. "The current from the dynamo was led to two metal plates, so placed that one was on either side of the lecture room walls, and they were directly opposite each other. When the current was turned on, it was discovered that the electric waves generated by the dynamo were carried or propagated through the air of the room from one plate to the other, and without any communicating medium visible to the eye, such as a wire. Extraordinary results were produced, which fascinated the spectators. They were witnessing something new, startling, perhaps almost appalling in its suggestive possibilities. When Mr. Tesla held in his hand the carbon filaments of an electric lamp so that a line drawn from one of the plates to the other would pass through the lamp, very brilliant incandescence was produced. No metallic substance whatever connected the lamp with the plates. When he withdrew the lamp, so that it was no longer within range between the two plates, the light was extinguished instantly." From this experiment all sorts of possibilities have been predicted, and a new era predicted for the commercial use of the valuable discovery. What has been done abroad in the same field may be gathered from the February number of the Fortnightly Review: "Rays of light will not pierce through a wall, nor, as we know only to well, through a London fog. But the electrical vibrations of a yard or more in wave-length of which I have spoken will easily pierce such mediums, which to them will be transparent. Here, then, is revealed the bewildering possibility of telegraphy without wires, posts, cables, or any of our costly appliances. Granted a few reasonable postulates, the whole thing comes well within the realms of possible fulfillment. At the present time experimentalists are able to generate electrical waves of any desired wave-length from a few feet unward, and to keep up a succession of such waves radiating into space in all directions. It is possible, too, with some of these rays, if not with all, to refract them through suitably shaped bodies acting as lenses, and so direct a sheaf of rays in any given direction; enormous lens-shaped masses of pitch and similar bodies have been used for this purpose. Also, an experimentalist at a distance can receive some, if not all, of these rays on a properly constructed instrument, and, by concerted signals, messages in the Morse code can thus pass from one operator to another. What, therefore, remains to be discovered is: First, simpler and more certain means of generating electrical rays of any desired wavelength, from the shortest, say of a few feet in length, which will easily pass through buildings and fogs, to those long waves whose lengths are measured by tens, hundreds, and thousands of miles; secondly, more delicate receivers which will respond to wave lengths between certain defined limits and be silent to all others; thirdly, means of darting the sheaf of rays in any desired direction, whether by lenses or reflectors, by the help of which the sensitiveness of the receiver (apparently the most difficult of the problems to be solved) would not need to be so delicate as when the rays are simply radiating into space in all directions, and fading away according to the law of inverse squares."

TALK ABOUT WOMEN.

The first woman ever placed on the school board of Buffalo is Mrs. Lily Lord Tift, who was recently appointed.

Mrs. Cleveland is said to live in apprehension that her little daughter will be kidnaped by some ruthless villain.

It is altogether a mistake to suppose that a girl cannot use her eyes to flirt with just because she has to wear eye-glasses.

The only way to win in an argument with a woman is to walk off when you have stated your side of it.

Perhaps there was an inspiration in Miss Broughton's selection of the Quaker City a the place for her Home of Rest for Horses but at any rate the scheme has proved practical and successful.

Several women have been permitted to practice dentistry in Denmark after having passed the regular examinations.

Miss McEvoy has been appointed cashier of a New York hotel. Doubtless she will soon be able to wear as big diamonds as the rest of them.

The women of Poland will wear mourning during 1892 to commemorate the centenary of the loss of Poland's national independance.

Januschek, the actress, has the newest thing in pets. She has adopted a pair of guinea pigs and has carried them about with her during this entire season.

The empress of Germany is in the habit of writing for a few minutes daily in her diary. Nobody ever sees the contents of the diary—not even the emperor. At the close of the year a new diary is opened, and the old one, which has a locked clasp, is consigned to the iron safe containing her majesty's domestic jewelry.

Apart from her intense piety and great energy, Mrs. Spurgeon is a woman of some accomplishments. She has something of the poet's faculty, and although very rarely reading any work of fiction, has told her friends innumerable little anecdotes indicating the brightness of her imagination.

Patti is going to blossom out as an amateur tragedienne. She has just told young Salvini that she intends to play Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana" at her castle next summer, and before a few chosen friends. Salvini promptly offered to play Turridu to her Santuzza, and the offer was as promptly accepted.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has asked permission of the German government to have the grand bronze doors of the Strasburg cathedral reproduced for the woman's building of the exposition, because these doors were designed and wrought by a woman, Sabina Steinboch, who was the sister, assistant and adviser of the architect.

Mrs. Gabrielle Greeley Clendenin is a woman of medium height; she has dark brown hair, eye which it is hard to tell just what color they are, for at times they seem hazel, and at other moments black as jet, then in a tender mood they look a melting brown. The mouth is firm and sweet, and the poise of the head and neck that in which an artist would delight.

Rosa Bonheur has just completed a painting for which she has refused $50,000. The Empress Eugenie was one of the first to recognize the merits of the talented woman painter, and it was by the empress's wish that she received the decoration she prizes so highly.

Not long ago a Chicago wife induced her husband to promise to give her all the silver coins he received bearing an odd date. Then she wrote a number of friends with whom her husband does business, and asked them to pay over to her husband as many such coins as they could. They did so, and he was soon surprised beyond measure to find that a remarkably large number of his bills thereafter were paid in small coin, which his wife promptly confiscated under his own proposition. He would have been bankrupted very speedily had he not "smelt a rat" and promptly struck his colors by effecting a compromise.

Mme. Patti somewhat surprised her manager on her recent trip from Louisville to Pittsburg, when she had a special train, by asking to have the speed slackened, or rather the train stopped. At that particular moment it was making remarkable time. Her request having been complied with, she stepped off the cars and exercised her pet skye for fifteen minutes, and then allowed the journey to be resumed.

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