#### FIAT JUSTITIA

They tell her he is dead; and, when she hears, Right instantly she fears Lest they shall wonder that she sheds no

And thereat, very sadly, mournerwise, She droops her great soft eyes And goes to stand beside him where he lies.

"Poor widowed one!" they whisper, for they Her sorrowing mien; but she
Makes passionate inward murmur, "I am
free!"

She hears that he is dead; and, when she

hears,
Leap the hot, heavy tears
To eyes that have not wept for years and

And lot she has forgiven him all the shame He wrought upon her name, So blackening it with soilure of black blame!

Then to his home she hurries, yearning sore To look on him once more; But friends, in awful virtue, guard the door!

### MARGERY'S UNCLE.

[H. B. W. in The Independent.] The Church of the Holy Three Kings in Heidelberg was fair and fragrant with branches of apple and cherry blossoms. Garlands of spring flowers twined the chancel rail and crept down to the bride's feet. One daring cluster had fallen on the velvet cush-

"Margery will kneel on crushed flowers," whispered a romantic American girl.

"And a nice stain it will make on her weddress," replied a German matron. she has put it aside. The beautiful fraulein

Frailein Margory, kneeling, had taken up 

Margery Sherman was an orphan. For six years she had been at the school in Heidelberg. The last few months Uncle Jack had taken rooms in the town, in an old house with a balcony looking toward the castle. On the floor above lived Robert Brown, young American physician; and from this arrangement had come about the American wedding at the Church of the Holy Thre Kings. The three bridesmaids were fancy wreaths about their dainty straw hats, and baskets of pansies hung from the belts of their cream-colored dresses. The church lay in a market-place, and the market women stood in groups about the door. Young Dr. Brown, catching a glimpse of their smiling faces, thought no sweeter greeting could come to his young bride on her wedding day, and Uncle Jack, giving a handful of silver to the nearest woman, said in a voice that broke a little:

"Spend it among you; you are all Mar-gery's friends."

\* \* \* \* \* \*

The Royal London circus, on its summer tour, was advertised to perform in Bristol.

The manager had previously sent to that city Timothy Twycrass, "world-renowned clown to find and to hire half a dozen and tumbler," to find and to hire half a dozen little girls. Timothy Twycrass hated the commission. Under the red and white stripped jacket beat a tender heart. This heart had often ached for the neglected children, who for one evening were transformed from the rags of their wretched garrets into the glory of tinsled fairies. The first per-formance in Bristol was over; the dressing maid was washing from the children's cheeks the only tint of rose which, perhaps, had ever rested there. After this Sukey would go with them in a cab to their respective homes. "Isn't she a pretty little dear!" said the maid to Timothy, wrapping the shawl around the youngest of the group. Timothy came nearer. His hideous costume and rainted face did not frighten the child, and she stretched out her fittle arm to touch his belt of bells.

"Merciful Heavens!" cried Timothy; for there were bruises on the arm and shoulder. The heart under the red and white stripes beat angrily, and the voice so used to uttering insane nothings sounded strange as he asked an older girl if this little child had a mother she answered. "Her don't belong to Missus treats her dreadful, and

then the master beats missus. He's good to sis when he ain't drunk."

is?" and Sukey looked inquiringly. "Siss" and Sukey looked inquiringly.
"Her ain't got no name. Missus always calls her Sis. Master calls her Little Un."
"You can take the others home, Sukey. I shall carry this baby." And wrapping his traveling rug about the little waif, Timothy, forgetful of his attire, strode out in the night. A crowd lingered about the booths where the travhead women held a scirce and the all two-headed woman held a soirce and the al-bino children winked with their pink eyes. Timothy made his way through the people.

It was but a few steps to the old tenement house from which the child was brought. "Missus" had never seen a clown, and when Timothy threw open the door and cried, "Do you call yourself a woman!" she screamed hysterically: "What have I done! Let me go!" But perceiving the little girl, she realized that the strange appearance was no avenging fiend, and began to scold.

"I hate the child." she said. "She's naught. Her father was my brother. dead now. If you like her so well you had better keep her. Go along with you both!" The little cheek was laid close against Timothy's face; a faint, frightened voice said, "I will be good." And the man knew as he drew his trembling burden closer than he had taken the child forever.

minister's study and said: "I've a child I want christened. I'm going to furrin parts "I've a child I next week. I'd like it done in England. don't know much myself; but I want to bring her up right. Pve mostly tumbled up."

en he told the child's story unco telling his own. Timothy was awkward and ill at ease, but the few words he said came to the minister like a strong chord of musi "To-morrow will be Easter day. There will be a baptism at St. Paul's. Bring your

little daughter at 3."
Timothy bowed. He knew very little about Easter, excepting that in Easter holidays the audiences were always large. "What are you going to call her?" asked d the child in white and Sakey, as she dressed the child in war put on the little shoes and stockings.

"Margery, for mother," said Timothy.
Sukey went to the church with "Mile.
Elise Viviani, the famous rope dancer and
the loveliest lady in the land." the loveliest lady in the land.

They sat in one of the front slips. Neither of them had seen a christening before. Mile, Elise held the prayer-book upside down. She had never learned to read, Sukey said amen when the minister's wife did; but Timothy, who had in some way attained quite a high degree of culture in reading, writing and ciphering, was able to take an

reciative interest. The vain pomp and glory of the world," said he, following the service. "That means the circus. The child mustn't have anything I'll send her to school, and when she finishes with her books I'll finish the business. I'll have a good bit in the bank

For the first time in his life Timothy felt ashamed of his profession.

It was Margery's 14th birthday, and with Uncle Jack she was taking tea in Frau Zip's shady garden. Frau Zip was the landlady of a very quiet and respectable pension, and here John Sherman came whenever his business arrangements allowed him a few hours in business.

John Sherman was a reserved, rather sad-, made the servants suitable presents, and Frau Zip a remembrance Christmas. He impressed his German lax1

lady as a mysterious man. For two long years she had been investigat-ing her lodger's probable occupation: but at

the end of all her conjectures and theories she

was not wiser than in the beginning.

Margery had no relative but Uncle Jack.
She could remember no life but days at school, sometimes in France, sometimes in Germany songtames in France, sometimes in Germany, now and then a week of holidays or an afternoon with her uncle. It was an old-fashioned garden full of shadows that seemed to come down from the vine-covered hills. The hills grew redder as the shadows fell on them.

"Uncle Jack," said Margery suddenly, "a circus is coming to Heidelberg. I wish you would stay and take me. I have never seen a

eircus."
"Impossible. I cannot be back here for

three months at least."

"What a pity," said Margery.

The shadows which had darkened the roses seemed to have fallen on Mr. John Sherman's face and he looked unusually grave as he left the young girl that night in Frau Morgen

the young girl max mgus in stern's parlor.

"Grand combination circus — English,
French and American." Three weeks before
men came to put up the bills. Three
men came to put up to enrage rooms, days before others came to engage rooms, and one exciting evening an extra train brought the men, women and children, tents,

nimals and monstrosities.
"It is most marvelous!" said Frau Zip, returning from market. "It is like the emperor's birthday. So many people!"

An American, Freuch and English circus

was an event in Heidelberg. Every one went even the little crown prince of Sweden, with bis tutor. Frau Morgenstern saw no impropriety in taking her young ladies. There were the usual feats of strength and

agility, the usual marvelous leaps through the air, the trained horses who danced a quadrille, the elephants, the giants, music, spangles, sawdust, and lemonade sold in the

A strange feeling came to Margery that night—a feeling of something familiar and of something forgotten. She could not understand it; but when Timothy Twycrass made his grand flourish Margery loosened a knot of ribbon from her hair, tied it around a white rose she wore in her dress, and threw the rose at the clown's feet. He picked it up the man." The resemblance was gone in a moment, and Frau Zip, looking in the direction of Sophie's eyes, said: "Child, what nonsense, you are near-sighted; you should wear

Frau Morgenstern fortunately did not observe Miss Margery's action,
As the crowd passed out, two women with
shawls over their heads stood at the door.

They looked curiously at Margery. "She's grown a beautiful young lady, Sukey," said Mile. Elise Viviani. It's better for her never to have known the likes of us."

"And to think she should have thrown

Timothy the rose, and her never knew him!" aid Sukey. "And her looking so pretty with her eyes all afire. It was lucky for Tim he did not have to go out again. He couldn't have done a thing. I never did see a man so overcome.

When Uncle Jack was again in Heidelberg, Margery told him the story of the circus man

and the rose.
"I couldn't keep it," said Margery. knew Frau Morgenstern would have scolded, but just then I wanted to give that clown everything I had in the world. What made e feel so, Uncle Jack? I didn't know him. You are not angry?" asked Margery, for Uncle Jack had turned away his head; but probably that was only to look at the yellow itten playing in the grass.

Then came more happy school days, the happy six months in the house with the opy six months in the house with the cony looking toward the castle, and the happy wedding with the spring blossoms and the pansy-decked bridesmaids at the church of the Holy Three Kings.

Robert Brown lives sometimes in one European city, sometimes in another, working in the hospitals and advancing in his profession. When Margery "finished with her books," Uncle Jack "finished with his business," as he had promised himself that Easter afternoon at St. Paul's. Neither Margery, nor Frau Zip, nor Sophie nor even Robert Brown ever knew that John Sherman, professor of gymnastics in one of the English colleges, was once Timothy Twy-crass, "world-renowned clown and tumbler" of the Royal London circus.

### The Tribulations of a Funny Man.

[Peck's Sun.]
The editor of a humorous paper should be pitied. He should be pitied because he is condemned to assume the caps and bells when a plug hat or a Scotch cap would suit him better, and perhaps be more becoming. He should be pitied because he is obliged to write yards of humorous matter every week, whether he is in the humor or not. But more especially should he be pensively pitied beupon him are thrust the old, worn, and oit jokes, the old battered jokes, the old jokes, the moss-covered jokes which cause upon him are thrust the old should be banged down into the bottom of the well.

They are brought to him by his friends, and shot at him through the mail, and are alway accompanied with the suggestion: alway accompanied with the suggestion: "That's a mighty good thing to put in your paper." They have shone and scintillated and glistened through countless centuries, familiar pleasantrie should be offered on the base pretense that they are new, fresh and blooming is what cuts us to the quick and racks our whole anatomy with pain. Those of us who are acquainted with all these jokes, easily recog-nize their familiar faces, and can tell at a glance, no matter in what form or dress the fore the dawn of the glacial period, and have ever since bobbed and eddied on the surging waters of time, and are quite liable to float out on the shoreless waves of eternity.

### The Duliness of Rumor.

[Chicago News.]
Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, in speaking of Proctor Knott and Spofford's venture in compiling the humorous stories of ancient and modern literature, said: "A strictly humorous book is the dullest of all things. numorous book is the dullest of all things. The first page or two may amuse you, and then comes dullness. The best part of wit and humor comes from a contrast with the serious matters of life. The fun in the newspapers is heightened by the fact that it comes in contrast with the matter-of-fact record of the day's events. The saddest things in the newspapers are their professionally humorous columns, while the funniest things in the New York newspapers are their would-be grave editorials. My idea of a book on wit and humor would be an analyzation of what it is, with occasional illustrations. Such a way, with the control of the control trations. Such a work might be interesting if the right man took hold of it,"

### Went Home Satisfied.

[Chicago Herald.]
An old gentleman from New Jersey was in the common pleas court-room in New York the other day at a time when Jay Gould, Rus-sell Sage, and Cyrus W. Field were all present. For two hours the old man watched the faces of the millionaires with the closest at 'I can go home satisfied now," he exclaimed, as he left the room, "for I have seen three men that's got money enough to buy the whole of New Jersey."

### Forgot to Cry.

[New York News.]

It was an absent-minded little maiden who It was an accent minded fittle maiden who sat on the floor crying. After awhile she stopped and seemed buried in thought. Look-ing up suddenly, she said: "Mamma, what was I crying about?" "Because I wouldn't let you go down town." "Oh, yes," and she set up another howl.

Russian Proverb: Ask a pig to dinner and he will put his feet on the tal

A. L. W.: Live open and frank as we may how much of the lives that run along side by side yet remain hidden, each from the other

### BRO. BARNES ABROAD.

A Running Commentary on a Happy Day at Hampton Court.

The Evangelist Writes a Racy Letter on Landscape and Legend, History, Humanity and Religion.

[Cor. Stanford (Ky.) Journal.] Tavistock Villas, Bexley Heath, Kent.— We spent a most enjoyable day with our Kentucky friends at Hampton court, and we count it among not the least of the dear Lord's "tender mercies" that He gave us this

memorable pleasure trip together. It will always be a radiant memory with us. Our dear John Tod's little 8-year-old Jamie had had the promise for some time of a birth-day run among the park deer, under the great horse-chestnuts, and as we had not been to the famous palace we agreed to go on the day already set and duly advised our friends at the Royal hotel of the plan.

A DAMP HOLIDAY.

The day opened with a pouring rain, but we five at Muswell hall agreed to trust the Lord for a pleasant trip, in spite of Satan's attempt to break it up. Starting thus in faith, we met at Highgate, John and his Gerrande out does Felix Direct and the trust little. boys, Jamie and Marcus, who also had agreed touching this very point, knowing well that our heavenly Father did not begrudge us the our heaveny rather did not begrudge us the day's enjoyment, and no one but the devil could wish to spoil a child's holiday. So on we went, picking up a joily addition at Finsbury Park station in the persons of George

grounds many hundreds of the pretty creatures. The glorious avenue is one mile in length, with a central water basin, circular. of proportionate dimensions, centre fountain and filled with fish. Around this, in concentric circles, five deep, stand the great trees and the avenue has also five rows on each side. I never saw anything like it in the way of massed foliage, outside of our own Godplanted American "forests primeval." Passing through this scene of beauty, all that giant trees and green turf and nobly-antlered deer can make it, we entered the palace grounds proper, where to our joy we found our Kentucky friends, also trusting for a pleasant day.

ON HISTORICAL GROUND.

Miss Coralie Walker, Miss Annie Cecil and our dear Tutt Burnam greeted us merrily. You know we had a good time. The rain continued to fall, but we didn't mind it while exploring the curiosities of the palace under the grounds it held up till we were safely housed again. Not one of us had anything but the very "best of times," and faith had "its reward of 100-fold" down here, and 1 doubt not, when "settlement day" comes we shall hear again of the Hampton court vic tory over the "ruler of the darkness of this age." A trifle this may seem to some, but thus, in the little things of daily life, eternal "history is made." One has a queer feeling, stepping upon ground where historical feet have trodden for centuries; and this grand palace frontage, as I mused strolling about it, soon became a panorama of imaginings.
First, its builder, Wolsey, the imperious

prelate, with the surroundings of a monarch in his household. Then "Bluff King Hal,"

depicted in sentence by our own Peter Parley has stuck to my memory through all has stuck to my memory through all after reading the English history: "This royal villain had six wives. One died a natural death; he beheaded two; divorced two others and one outlived hm." Bloody Mary was a fit successor and then Queen Bess of wordpose force by the state of the control of Bess, of wondrous fame, by retributive stroke at last succeeding him, though daugh-ter of the very Anne Boleyn whom he had slain to make way for a newer lancy. Then James VI., of Scotland, and First of Eng-land, vain and weak and obstinate, but ever blessed in having his name linked with the English Bible we have in all our hands Then Charles L, martyr with to-day. some, tyrant with others, but rightly or some, tyrant with outers, at variant men wrougly, slain by the stern and variant men who would not submit to oppression, even sanctioned by a claim of jure divino. And Cromwell, the mighty Commoner, raised to the throne; and Charles II., handsome, dissolute, making a harem of these palace walls; and James II., too bigoted and obstinate to keep his crown; and William of Orange, keep his crown; and william of Orange, with his gentle Mary, reigning jointly; and simple Queen Anne; and the Georges—I., II., III. How they all started up from their graves and once more walked in the gardens and tenanted the state apartments and gave audiences and swept in cavalcades out of the d for feasts in the great anqueting-hall and lived their little or great day, as we all must do, and went away, to await the great settlement, where it will lit-tle matter as to final awards what sort of

clothing—gold-brocade or rags—covered the outer man, or whether the head pressed a pilow of down or a truss of straw. ROMANTIC HAMPTON COURT.

But the visit to Hampton court was a day of romantic memories, long to be remem-bered. I may not minutely describe the palace pile or the admirably-kept grounds. Three noble vistas radiate from William and Mary's front addition, with grand old yews to begin with, and stately horse-chestnuts beyond. The Thames runs along one front of the palace, where the view is very fine. Of course we visited the famous grape vine, which this year has 1,337 bunches on it, not one of which we could touch, seeing they are reserved for the queen's table, though she lives elsewhere. It is indeed a wondrous vine—all under glass—and has borne 2,000 bunches in a single season. I think I have seen one or two as large in our own Kentucky forests, one notably in Green county, but it is a prodigious plant. It is of the Black Hamburg variety and nursed with zealous care. The clusters hung ripe and tempting above our heads. We saw it in its

sand in number and covering the walls of the various apartments. One room is devoted to the "beauties" of Charles II.'s court. Another to the "beauties" of William and Mary's reign. Wonderous faces they are—all by Lely of the former and and Kneller of the latter. Think of two great apartments, with the four walls of each covered with master-pieces of these masters of the pencil. Such glorious warmth of coloring, and blending of tints, and exquisite blending of details, that what with the magnificent proportions of the rooms, the gorgeous painting, the superb mounting of the pictures, and, best of all, the glow of the beautiful faces looking out at one from every gilded frame, the scene is one f rare enchantment.

Some of the paintings in the state apart-

Some of the paintings in the state apartments, where receptions were held and audiences granted, are of prodigious size, the canvas in some cases, as in Kneller's "Landing of William at Torbey," reaching twelve by twenty feet at least. Very interesting relics are preserved in many of the rooms in the shape of royal bedsteads, canopies of state, tapestry and the like. It is not every day one can see the very couch where royalty one can see the very couch where royalty once slept soundly or tossed unrestfully two or three archs did not object to comfort; for the beds are soft, puffy and luxurious, with the exception of George II., whose unpretentious, nar-row bedstead is in striking contrast with the tion of Ge

of neat kept hedging wrought into a perplex ing pattern, where one pays a penny, goes in and is lost as certainly as he enters without a elew to the labyrinth. Then you wander in definitely until one perched on a stand out side shouts out directions for safe exit, if you have reached the point where you "give up." If not, you flounder on and perspire until you get enough of hopeless wandering. The people you meet within, who are lost, may be known by a certain silly, not to say imbecile, look of smiling attempt to conceal the fact, which betrays them at once. It is very funny, extricated from the "maze," as it is called, after more than a penny's worth of amusement as well as amazement (pun premeditated).
We took such a lunch on choice cuts of cold

roast beef, with hot potatoes and refreshing tea, with a pleasant outlook from the diningroom on the flocks of deer in Bushey park, the tamest of them coming up to the glass door to feed with scraps from the tables and all with such a famous appetite and the en-joyment heightened by perfect good-fellow-ship that we shall none of us soon forget the happy occasion. If the devil thought to spoil our sport that day by spoiling the weather, he was baffled. And as we walked to the station under the great horse-chestnuts, knocking down the prickly - hulled "buckeyes" for the children to open and appropriate, until their bulging pockets would hold no more of the mahogany-colored treasures, the bright sun shone out like a smile from our loying beaventy Eather's face talling us that loving heavenly Father's face, telling us that He was well pleased because we had all gained a victory for Him over His arch enemy. And we rode home over various ways by rail, "happy as larks." Praise the Lord for an-other instructive and pleasant day of sight-seeing, without a pang of discontent or up-

Thursday for packing up at dear old 102 Shackleweii Ruse.
D. V. Ever in Jesus,
George O. Barnes. Shacklewell lane and off for Scotland Friday

Artemus Ward's Boyhood. [Waterford (Me.) Cor. New York Sun.] Artemus' father died when the boy wa about 15 years old, and as the family cir-cumstances were somewhat limited thereby, he was apprenticed to Mr. J. M. Rix, who published The Coos Democrat, at Lan N. H. The stage line to Lancaster ran by the Brown homestead, and the drivers were not unfamiliar with the ability of the future "genial showman" in the way of practical jokes. They knew how he organized shows, wherein his father's red cow, with a coat sleeve stuffed full of hay hanging from her nose, served as the elephant, upon which innocent country youth were invited to ride, with startling re sults. They knew, too, how old Deacon Hale's white horse had been induced to wander away for miles following a tempting bit of hay, hung just beyond reach by means of

a lath strapped to the horse's neck.

There was an endless series of pranks gotten up by the boy to mystify the villagers in general, and his mother in particular, and all these were well known to the stage drivers. So when the young humorist started for Lancaster, eager to know as much as possible about his future residence, the veteran driver, Steve Seary, having previously conspired with the boys in Rix's office to give youn Brown a fitting reception, assured him that Mr. Rix was a pious man, and that his hands were, if anything, more pious than he, and that the sooner the would-be apprentice crammed on the catechism the better. Charles listened dolefully. It was late at night when the stage reached Lancaster, and in the morning young Brown hied himself to the office. The "force" consisted of a ourneyman and an apprentice mith. They received him s him solemnly The journeyman handed him a bible and made him read a chapter, and made him read a chapter after which he was examined on the cate chism. His ignorance was commented upon, but he was permitted to go to work. At noon a similar performance was enacted, while into walk. Young Brown was so angry over the sell that he wrote a note to the driver threatening vengeance, which was never car-

ried out. Brown's fame as a humorist was a surpris old—increases.

#### The "Curve" Pitcher Put to Shame [Philadelphia Record.]

A performance which some native Austral ians gave in Philadelphia the other day was that of throwing the boomerang, their native weapon and implement of sport. The boomerangs consisted of crescent-sha hard and heavy Australian wood, and all of them had sharply-rounded edges and ends, but were of different curves, some being The average length was nearly two feet, the width the same number of inches, and their greatest thickness not more than half an inch.

Standing in the centre of the long lot they would grasp a boomerang by the end, whirl it over their heads and let it go, when it would fly with great speed in a straight line for about 200 feet, then curve upward for contrary direction, until perhaps it was 200 feet behind the spot from which it had orig-

effected and finally strike the ground almost at the thrower's feet, all the while spinning ound so rapidly as to look like a wheel. The men seemed to take great delight in the sport, and for half an hour, held the wonder ng attention of the invited guests of their manager and the horde of howling small boys who had scaled the fence and run the block-

de of the gates. In the marvelous flights of the boomerang the most effective triumphs of the curve pitcher are outdone a thousand fold, and the reason for the contrary curve which it takes has always been a puzzler to men of science.

### Nations' Mourning Garb.

An interesting address was recently delivered at Chicago before the association for the advancement of women, upon "Mourning advancement of women, upon "Mourning Garb." Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, of Chicago, Garb." Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, of Unicago, was the author of the paper, which was well received and applauded. The expression of grief is common to all peoples, she said; the more primitive and berbarous the people, the more barbarous their customs—agony, fasting, wringing the hands, gashing the body, cutting winging the bands, gashing the body, cutting the bands brocking out the teeth, etc. But wringing the hands, gashing the body, cutting a "something like a parasol without a manne, off the ears, knocking out the teeth, etc. But this is always immediately succeeded by frantic joy and a discarding of the symbols of the joy and a discarding of the symbols of the color of the symbols of t this is always minimum and the symbols of the joy and a discarding of the symbols of mourning. The Chinese wear white as a mark of hope, for a short time only; the South Sea Islanders, black and white; the south Sea Islanders, black and white; the surface withered leaf color, while blue as withered leaf color, while blue as ope, is worn in Syria, Armenia and neighboring countries. The Egyptians wear yellow; Jews and Christians black, "the midnight gloom of sorrow for the loss sustained."

# A Suggestion to Peacemakers.

[Exchange.]

In the decoration of cards, the imagery of the pips, were neatly derived from the hearts, were neatly derived from the hearts, and the pips, were neatly derived from the hearts. justing druuken brawls at the new camp bells, acoms and leaves. To Italy, be it re-naconda, in Montana. It is accomplished membered, belongs the glory of giving as follows: When one of the gang fills up and concludes he can whip the whole United

THE BOOKKEEPER

[Journal of Commerce.] It was an ancient bookkeeper,
And he was tall and slim;
Though his face was mild, he rarely smiled,
His clothes were dark and prim,
And everything about his desk
He kept exceeding trim.

He always hung his hat and coat He aiways many Upon the self-same hooks, And laid his ruler, pen, and ink In their respective nooks, And the only exercise he had Was footing up his books.

Each day upon the self-same hour He took his lofty seat, And bent his body and his mind His labors to complete; And blots were neither on his fam

The music of his pen was heard

Up columns vast his eyes were cast,
Then down again with pride;
Quite pleased was he though he saw his
Increased and multiplied. The cash that o'er his fingers came Each day was something grand, And yet no schemes to bear it off By him were ever planned, Although you saw with half an eye

He had no wife, he made no friends. He had no wire, he made no friends,
His joys and cares were few,
And his dearest hope from day to day
Was to keep his balance true.
A good world this if every man
The latter thing would do.

He never sighed when little ills
His way of life would cross;
And o'er the errors of his youth
He showed no vain remorse; But set down all that came along

One day the creditor of all Dropped in for his amount; He found the old man at his post, the found the old man at his post, Though low ran nature's he books were closed and he wa Up to his last account.

### BISMAROK A HIGH LIVER.

His Former Cook Telling the Secrets of the Chancellor and Wife-Mrs. Bismarck Not an Even-Tempered Lady.

[Chicago Herald.] Eighteen months ago Mrs. Amelia Pioch who was for years Prince Bismarck's cook in Berlin, and her husband, who is a silverplater, came to the United States and settled in Newark, but in a few months they will re turn to Berlin, and she will re-enter Prince Bismarck's employ. Her 3-year-old son, Her-bert, is the godson of Bismarck's eldest son. In a recent interview with a reporter, Mrs. Pioch was asked:
"What sort of a woman is Bismarck's

wife?"

"Oh, she is one of the proudest women, was the reply, "and not one of the servants in the house liked her. She can't keep a maid long, for she is so jealous that if the prince happens to speak pleasantly to one of the housemaids, as he generally does, she will scold the poor girl, and, perhaps dismiss her. Sophia Lentz, one of the chambermaids, was persecuted because Prince Bismarck said she was pretty. None of the servants would speak of her to each other. She has a French woman for housekeeper, and tries in every way to copy after the empress, and she never condescends to address the lower servants. She likes display, and puts the cooks to awful bother getting up grand dinners.

"Can you give me any idea of the daily life of Prince Bismarck and his family?" "That is easy to do," said Mrs. Pioch. "He does not arise until 8 or 9 o'clock, sometimes later, especially when the reichstag is in session. Then he sips brandy and seltzer, takes a short stroll, and on his return goes to his study, where he sips coffee, nibbles at hard brown toast and reads the newspapers while a similar performance was enacted, while intense gloom rested on the office during the day. The next morning Charles went to the office resolved to run away at the end of the week, but, on looking about, failed to find his fellow-craftsmen. Further search revealed them under the carret stairs too intoxicated them under the carret stairs too intoxicated them. boiled eggs and fried eggs done brown, thin slices of bacon done to a crisp. He will not eat white bread or any kind of fresh-baked bread. He drinks black coffee with-Brown's fame as a humorist was a surprise to all who knew him, and even to himself. A gree ar surprise to his kinfolk now is the interest still manifested in the dead merrymaker and his work. They thought that all attention would cease with his life, but every year the number of people who visit Waterford to see his mother—now almost 80 years and many characteristics or redding the press. First to all the drinks black coffee without or milk, and if he has been up late he drinks four or five cups, with a small glass of brandy in the first cup. Mutton chops and rare beefsteak suit him, but he is a light eater. His wife and the children, however, must have dainty dishes, with fresh rolls, and remain at the table for a hour characteristic or reading the press. First an hour chatting or reading the papers. Din-ner is set out at 6 o'clock in the evening, and ess guests are present it is very plain, but at all other times it is a grand affair. Bis-marck eats meat and vegetables and brown bread, but his wife and the children are fond of pastry and confections. Bismarck drinks Moselle, Tokay or Johannisberger wines, and Generally there are from five to twenty guests at dinner. Bismarck remains at home in the evening reading or writing, unless the reichstag is in session or he has to go to some re He seldom retires to his bedchamber until 2 o'clock His room is not carpeted, but there is a mat in front of

## THE DECORATED PASTEBOARDS.

Cards of Minda or Chinese Origin --Various Styles of Design and Fig-

Cards flourish in much narrower circles to-day than formerly made their kingdom, when king and beggar alike was a slave to their caprices. Great age belongs to them, since we read from assertions by Count de Gebelin that emblematic Hindu cards and Geoemi that emblemane Hindu cards and Chinese "paper tickets" existed centuries ago. It is believed the ancient Hindu came of Chaturaji, the Four Rajahs, a species of highly complicated chess, was the sandy foundation upon which so many pasteboard astles were reared, to the ultin

the confident contractor.

In the wardrobe accounts of Edward I, a Plantagenet, born 1239, there is an item of money set aside for the use of the monarch for playing at Four Kirgs. Just the date at which card pictures took the place of the carved figures does not appear in the looking up. The Royal Asiatic society was presented

for the amusement of his numerous wives.

Europe received cards as early, writes ersians, withered Far Color, white entance in the sky and consequently of from the country of the Saracens and is with them called naib." The significant fact that them called naib." the French clergy were especially forbidden, by the synod of Langres, the playing of cards, yields to us a glozing comfort, in spite of the tart dissatisfaction expressed concer ing the sinfulness of the times.

follows: When one of the gang fills up place any dames, by supplanting the olden knight by the queen. The heraldic cards of tes, his most intimate friend takes him 1600 bore the arms of the pope, as king of out in the rear end of the saloon, 'puts s' head on him," and then quietly assists him to bed. The remedy is a good one and ought to other than the saloon of the saloon, the saloon of the saloon, the saloon of the saloon, the saloon of the saloon of the saloon, the saloon of the saloon of the saloon, the saloon of the saloon of the saloon of the saloon, the saloon of the saloon of the saloon, the saloon of against it at Bologna, at which time a fire Carbolic acid, though an excellent disin-fectant, is a poison, when drank, for which there is no known antidote.

was laid in the public square, and all the cards were thus destroyed, a proceeding which must have rendered cestatic any an-

cient possible Charles P. Johnson. Law has labored vainly against cards, (see St. Louis, 1883) but enthusiasts continue to abide with us, as ardent as "the great Bath player, Lookup, who expired at his favorite Double" A Book of Prophecies of Future Ups

The symbolic kings naturally are not fa vored upon our democratic shores, and have been at times replaced through republican manufacturers, who substituted Washington for the king of hearts, fitly "president of hearts," Adams of diamonds, Franklin of clubs, and Lafayette of spades; the queens being Venus, Fortune, Ceres and Minerva. The corresponding knaves were redistributed. ndian chiefs.

DO FASHIONABLE WOMEN SWEAR? What a Very Daisy of Polite Society Remarked When Her Train Was Stepped On at the Opera.

[Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer.] She was a tall, willowy creature, so undu-She was a tall, willowy creature, so undu-lous that, getting into a strong draft in the lobby of the new opera house, she swayed as though there was nothing stiffer than gristle instead of bonesin herbody. Her greatbrown eyes were gently lustrous; her nose was softly pugged, giving the idea that it had been blunted by contact with the rude, rude world; her manner was fawn-like in its tim-idity, and her slim hand rested on the arm of her escort with maidenly fear of such familiarity with a man, and yet with a coy reliance upon his protecting courage and honor. The opera was to be "Faust," and O, how glad I felt because the language was Italian, so that, while her innocent eyes might be delighted by the sight of poor Marguerite, her sensitive ears might not be outraged by the story.

Her elegant costume was simplicity itself, hough costly and beautiful. It was a compination of white satin and broche of cream cut short on the hips, where it met the tunic. The back had the puff which is now seen in almost all back draperies. The modestly low corsage was pointed back and front. A lace rosette ornamented one shoulder, and a garniture of lace coquilles trimmed the edge the tunic and corsage. The tunic extended in a long train, as fleecy and undulous as a surf as she dragged it gracefully over the marble tiling of the lobby on her way from carriage to auditorium. Then a horrid man (weight 200 pounds, size of foot, ten) stepped with a firmness on that train, and stood still. There was a ripping and tearing of fabric amidst the womanly mysteries of the girl's back drapery, and the shapeliness of the

whole structure collapsed.

What did she say? Well, I was close up to her, and was probably the only person who heard her remark.

I will give it to you with phonetic exactness: "Goddlemity!" That was the word. Do fashionable women swear? you ask. There are awful occasions, like the one I have described, when they can't help it. At all other times their ejacularity language is be-comingly mild. "Darn it" is about as strong comingly mild. "Darn it" is about as strong as good girls make their profanity. "Gosh" is prevalent in our best society just now. "Blawst it," "Beggar me eyes," and "Blow me tight" find favor among the feminine Anglomaniacs; and I know a Fifth-avenue heiress who conversationally (that is, with the girls) says, "Demn it," though she would about as soon bite the tip of her tongue off as let out a plain, American "damm" from about as soon bite the up or her tongue on as let out a plain, American "damm" from between her cultured lips. Whatever is English is right. That is the rule with th sort of New Yorkers which she is.

[London Times.]

A man who by dint of sheer courage and energy overcame almost insuperable difficulties and showed that life, even when it culties and showed that life, even when it can be shown almost a curse, may be well worth the canton seems almost a curse, may be well worth living, died last week at Arare, in the canton of Geneva. Jean Trottet, the man in question, was born in 1831, without hands and without feet. His short arms was pointed, and his legs, such as they were, not being available for progression, he was able to move only by twisting his body from side to side. His case greatly interested the surgeons of the neighborhood, and local Barnums made the parents, well-to-do peasants, many tempting offers to turn their child's misfortune to account by exhibiting him about the country But these offers were invariably declined and when Jean was old enough he was sent to

writing he held the pen at the bend of the elbow, and as he grew older he took great interest in husbandry, became an active hay-maker, used the reins with dexterity, and was so good a shot that he often carried off was so good a sile that he offen carried on the first prize at the village tirs. He enjoyed, too, some reputation for sagacity, was con-sulted by his neighbors on matters of importance, and has left behind him a widow and four children amply provided for.

## Henry Irving's Personal Appear-

[Croffut's New York Letter.] Personality will out, and Mr. Irving's per sonality is very strong. Hair hanging almost to his shoulders and turned half gray, heavy evebrows two or three shades darl over sharp gray eyes, a nose of positive trend, and the lines of forty-six summers flowing visibly down the thin, smooth cheeks, and a mouth of refined outline, expressive of common sensibility. A long chin, too, attached to the proverbial proverbial

heavy jaw of men of power. A smoothly shaven face, like all actors—for whiskers can be easier put on than taken off. A tall, broad-shouldered man, with head abitually bent, facile in conversation, hearty in greeting, earnest and joyous in

In reply to other questions or remarks, he

"Somebody says I look like a cross be-tween Edwin Booth and Oscar Wilde. Is it unpatriotic to say that I hope any such re Mr. Booth more han Mr. Wilde? Dear me! Oscar Yet, do you know, he is a man of real cleverness, and may make his mark yet if he will stick to books."

### Anything for Peace.

[Boston Post.]
"Yes," said the clergyman, "I know the choir has been doing bad work lately, and its singing has sounded about as sweet as the sound of crashing crockery in the kitchen does to a boarding-house keeper. I know that, and I know I was a dreadful hypocrite, and my congregation knew I was, when I complimented the choir from the pulpit. But, sir, if they knew what it was to be at war with a church choir, they'd forgive a man for doing anything for the sake of peace!"

It Wouldn't Do. [Boston Transcript.]
"So your husband is a critic? Now, tell me does he always write just what he thinks about a play?"

"Oh, dear, no! It wouldn't do. His papers go into the best families, and profanity of the question."

Whale's milk is now recommended for cer-tain bodily ailments. There is probably but one article that is less easily procured, a hen's tooth, and dealers in the cerulean product of the domestic bovine need fear no competition at present.

A Prescription Hard to Fill.

Whatever can be known of earth we know Sneered Europe's wise men in their snail shells curled:

No! said one man in Genoa, and that No
Out of the dark created this new world.

—Lowell

Life: Piety am a sof cushion dat res' de bones ob de aged w'en de squint am gone out de eye an'de chilblains hu't so dat w'en yo' h'ar de fiddle yo' can't sarve de debbil no

and Downs in Speculative

Prices. [New York Letter in Philadelphia Press.] A curious book is being handed about in il street and read with some interest. is called "Benner's Prophecies of Future Ups and Downs in Prices; what years to make money in pig iron, hogs, corn and provisions. By Samuel Benner, an Ohio farmer." It was published in 1879 by Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, and has run through two editions.

ten apparently in 1875 or 1876, but surely be-fore 1879. Mr. Benner starts with the idea that to fore see the future in regard to supply and demand is the great desire of persons in trade, and he modestly expresses the opinion that it will be the "greatest boon" to his readers "to have the "greatest boon" to his readers "to have the years of high and low prices pointed out in the future.

It is a small work of 100 pages, and was writ

"Well," said an old operator at this point, as he was reading extracts from the book to a crowd of hangers-on about the ticker in an Exchange Place broker's office, "I should smile. If Mr. Benner can give us such points as that we will all buy a book, bring it down town with us and sleep with it under our pil-lows. He is just the man we have been looking for. I will buy up the whole edition and break Jay Gould myself."

Mr. Benner's theory is that the advance and decline in the advance of pig iron, hogs, corn and provisions are as alternately certain as the revolutions of the earth upon its axis, and the periods of high and lov been as regular as the annual return of the four seasons. He then inquires how a rule color in delicate flower designs. The front of can be discovered which will give true rethe broche was perfectly plain, finished at the bottom with a ruche of white lace, traced do, statistics of productions are uncertain with silver threads. There was a short front and unreliable, but the actual price of an arti-drapery of broche grenet. The corsage was cle is a certain indication of a surplus or deficit in any product or commodity. It is always known, and, while temporarily it may be uncertain (as Northern Pacific pre-ferred was on Saturday, for instance), average prices for a series of years are the true basis of speculation as to the future. "We must look," says Mr. Benner, "to the

past ups and downs of prices; ascertain how many years it takes to complete an up and many years it takes to complete an up and down in any product, and then determine in in what order the ups and downs are repeated in the next cycle. If there is found any periodicity in the cycles, then we have a rule which can be applied to the future. An up and down or a down and up in average prices is in this book denominated a cycle.

One extreme, he continues, always follows another in nature and in business. Looking back at the pig-iron trade, he finds that, commencing with the low-priced year of 1834, the price advanced three years to 1837, declined six years to 1843, making a cycle between low prices of nine years. Again, the price advanced two years to 1845, and declined five years to 1850, making a cycle of seven years. From 1850 to 1854 there was an advancing market and then a declining one for seven years to 1861, making a cycle of eleven years. Again advancing three years to 1864 the market declined six years to 1870, a cycle of nine years, and so forth. He concludes that 1881 will be the next highest-priced year for pig iron, and the months of September and October as the periods of best figures.

The years 1882, '83, '84, '85, '86, '87 and '88, says Mr. Benner, will be years of decline in says art. Benner, win be years of deeline in the price of pig iron, and years of depression in the business, being a repetition of the seven years from 1854 to 1861. "We pro-claim it to all who may be readers of this book, and engaged in any way in the iron trade, to be prepared after the year 1881 for breakers ahead!"

Now Mr. Benner's book becomes cheerful reading. The iron trade is to have three good years, even if people have to wait a good while. Hear the voice of the prophet: "In the years 1889, '90, and '91 the price of pig-iron will again be on an advancing scale, and will be three years in reaching the high-est price in 1891. This will be a period of money-making in the iron business, and these will be three years of general prosperity in all departments of trade and industry." After 1891, the price of pig-iron will decline for six years, which will again be disastrous

to business.

Indeed, in !891 Mr. Benner predicts an aw-Indeed, in which will not be confined to the United States, but which "will sweep the world like the panics of 1819 and 1857," and, falling into Gen. Taylor's mistake, Mr. Benner says, "will be felt with equal severity in other countries." The financial earthquake will come in September or October, though the price of pig iron will not begin to decline until the former month. This shows that the panic of 1891 will be sudden, and it is well for the financial world that Mr. Benner has given such timely notice of it. He further believes that clo future when the violent changes are likely to occur. At this time, it may be enough to say that the low priced years for pig iron will be 1888 and 1897 and the high priced years

1891 and 1899.

Mr. Bender considers the hog and cotton trades, and arrives at quite definite conclusions as to their future. Indirectly he includes in his prophecies the whole business world, for he thinks the iron market controls all other manufactures and tra

### An Introduction to Coleridge,

["Casper" in Detroit Free Press.]
It was a case of personal introduced It was a case of personal introducerybody knows that many of the street boys are given to a free-and-easy manner. The broker in the case in question is probably as free-and-easy as any. A friend, who was one of Lord Coleridge's escort, presented the broker with the information that the party of the other part was "his lordship, Chief Justice Coleridge The broker promptly took him by the hand and said:

"How are you, Cole? Giad to see you."

His lordship's face bore a look of surprise at first, and then a smile, and his hand was withdrawn as soon as he could establish a full claim to it. And the broker hurried off to cover some shorts in New York Central, with which Mr. Vanderbilt was just then squeezing the bears.

"If I'm Spared."

# [Exchange.] A Scotchman, so goes the story, standing by the family grave, said: "There lies my gran'father and my gran'mither, and my ain father and mither, and there lies my brither

Bob, and my puir girl Jeannie, and there lies my wife; and, if I'm spared, here I'll lie, too." The English Themselves. [London Letter.] The most amusing and interesting things in London to an American, after all, are the English people themselves. They are as quaint and odd in their way as the relics of the remoter ancestral antiquity they are fond of showing to stangers for a fee of six-

pence at the door. Louisville Courier-Journal: Bernhardt is said to want to come to America again. She is probably only waiting for congress to in-crease the volume of the currency.

### A Whack at Chicago Editors.

[Boston Herald.]
The able Chicago editor who said that no man who had been chosen vice president was ever after elected president had probably ever after elected president had probably never heard of John Adams or Thomas Jefferson or Martin Van Buren, for each of those men was chosen to the presidency after having held the second office. But it is not required that a man should know anything of our political history to edit a Chicago ne of our political history to edit a Chicago pa-per. If he is posted on Carter Harrison and can abuse St. Louis he will do.