

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

A. J. Drexel heads the list of Philadelphia rich men with \$25,000,000. The city has 160 millionaires whose total holdings foot up over \$400,000,000.

Out in Keokuk, where Mark Twain was born, the older inhabitants remember him fairly well, but declare that he never betrayed any genius as a humorist while he lived among them.

The Czar of Russia will celebrate his silver wedding next November, in a modest fashion, near Copenhagen. Immediately thereafter, it is invited, he will visit Emperor William in Berlin or Potsdam.

Stanley the explorer, is no longer in favor as a lecturer. One night in London recently he delivered a lecture to less than fifty people, and even those did not seem to be carried away with enthusiasm for the man or his subject.

When Queen Victoria makes a visit extending over a night or two her luggage crowds three large vans and her suite occupies five carriages. Yet the average man storms if his wife carries anything beside a hand bag to make a week's visit.

Following upon the Duke of Portland's agitation in favor of doing away with the hearing of check rein from carriage horses the queen has directed him, as her master of the horse, to take off the bearing reins from the horses that draw the royal carriages.

Lord Salisbury, stout and indolent as he may now seem, has been a hard worker, and in 1852, when he was Robert Cecil, visited the Bendigo and Ballarat gold fields, where he joined the diggers, lived in a tent, did his own washing and cooking and gathered nuggets.

A contract between Charles Dickens and Richard Bentley, dated Jan. 28, 1839, in which Dickens agrees to allow his name to appear on the title-page of Bentley's *Miscellany* for £40 a month, is offered for sale in London. This agreement did not include any editing or literary work. It was not carried out.

The Prince of Wales has been guilty of many foibles, and he may still cause people to shudder as they read of his goings on, but, nevertheless, he has no rival here in popularity. Wherever he goes, he is followed by a multitude, who cheer him, and whenever he alights from his carriage in London a crowd quickly congregates to catch a glimpse of him.

The game of baccarat was not the first game of cards that has brought disaster to the fortunes of the Gordon-Cumming family. The present baronet's grandmother had a weakness for whist that led her to play for stakes as high as \$5,000 a point. In one night during a run of ill-luck she is said to have lost 32 points, and her husband was compelled to part with a large property to settle the debt.

Count Von Moltke, the nephew and heir of the late field marshal, intends to resign his commission in the German army and devote himself entirely to the rural joys of a farm. He inherits none of the desire for military glory possessed by his illustrious uncle, and although he has attained the rank of major, he has always been at pains to express his dislike for the service, and his desire to lead the life of a student and country gentleman.

Theatres have been crowded to their doors, with the card "Standing Room Only" displayed; men have arisen before daylight and stood in line for hours to buy tickets and the applause has rung to the echo, all because Joe Emmet was the star. He was the star of a tragedy recently, and there were but four in the audience. This was when his body was carried to the grave. Even the wife whom he had alienated was not present and there is scarcely a broken down man about town whose funeral would not draw more people to the side of the grave. Emmet anticipated the end several years ago, burying himself deeply and leaving nothing undone to alienate his friends and disgust the public.

With Gladstone and Parnell away, work in the house of commons seems to lag, says a writer. The debates are carried on in a sing-song, monotonous way. It is impossible for those in the galleries to even get an idea of the proceedings. But when Gladstone is present there seems to be life in every movement. The grand old man is still a great worker. He watches every movement that goes on and listens with the deepest interest to every speaker. There is nothing so trivial that it is not worth his attention. He comes early and stays late. He makes copious notes, and is always gaining new points for future reference. Life must look very promising even to a man of 80, for he goes about his task as cheerfully as a boy in the cricket field. He is the cynosure of all eyes. Indeed he is the house of commons, and with him away it is a profitless undertaking for visitors to be present.

Michael Lenz was, a few years ago, one of the most famous of the Russian political detectives. He was a merchant in Moscow in 1877, and was engaged as a special constable when the Emperor, Alexander, visited that city to witness the opening of the Alexander hospital. Lenz heard, or claimed to have heard, a conversation between two women indicating the existence of a plot against the Czar. He hurried with his information to the prefect of police, and the two women were tracked and taken into custody. One of them proved to be a valuable prisoner, although there was nothing of a dangerous character found in their possession when arrested. Lenz was frequently called upon for service in tracing alleged conspiracies, and did his work so satisfactorily that he was engaged as a regular employee, and gradually promoted to be chief of the detectives of the secret police. To Lenz was due the detection of Sophia Grunburg, the young woman put to death a few months ago for being engaged in a nihilist plot. He is said to have no scruples in his methods, and in one case, that of Maria Spiranti, he courted the woman a full year as a lover, and at length pretended to go through the marriage ceremony in order to win her confidence. He got her confidence and also a batch of nihilist revelations that undoubtedly placed in the hands of the Russian police the key to the whole system of nihilism in Russia and abroad as it existed two years ago.

Enameline for Smokers' use cannot be approached by any other article.

HALF A GALLON A HEAD.

Prince Edward Islanders Don't Drink as Much as Other People of Canada.

According to the official returns, writes Judson F. Clark of Prince Edward Island in the *Voice*, consumption of spirituous liquors in Prince Edward Island was only half a gallon per head in 1889. In the other maritime provinces the consumption was three times as great, and in the upper provinces it was eight times as great; while in British Columbia (where there was practically no prohibition) it was 18 gallons per capita.

The extraordinary contrast provided by these figures is of inestimable advantage to the prohibition movement throughout the dominion. The result in Prince Edward Island is a striking object lesson of the splendid effects of the law. When national prohibition is secured, all must recognize that it is the direct outgrowth of the example of this province.

But our experience teaches also the miserable weakness of local option. It is remarkable that prohibition could be maintained in all the constituencies of the island for nine years. The Scott act authorizes each county and city to vote anew on the question at the expiration of three years, provided one-third of the registered voters petition the governor general. The advocates of license have fully understood the desirability of overturning prohibition here in its stronghold. They made repeal campaigns in Charlottetown in 1883 and 1887, but the act was sustained each time by a small majority, small because there had been difficulty in suppressing illicit sales. Another fight was brought on last January. The order for an election was obtained under circumstances that were decidedly encouraging to the anti-prohibitionists, for many temperance voters had been disfranchised in consequence of an informality in the last revision of the voters' lists. Repeal seemed imminent, but the friends of the law prepared for vigorous resistance. They were ably supported by the *Guardian* and *Patriot* newspapers, and by every protestant clergyman in Charlottetown, except the "high" church of England divine. This reverend gentleman objected to prohibition because, in his judgment, it limited the liberties of the British subject. The W. C. T. U. gave valuable aid, and Mr. F. S. Spence, secretary of the Dominion temperance alliance, performed services that will always be remembered. The disadvantages of the contest were so far overcome that the majority in favor of repeal was only fourteen.

Thus, after successfully combating all ordinary difficulties and practically banishing liquor-drinking and its attendant evils from the island, the temperance people find the traffic again entrenched in the chief city. The Local Option system is responsible, as it is for the recent defeats in the province of Ontario. Under this system the beneficent work of years can be undone, even in a province that has been wholly committed to prohibition. The demand for a National Prohibitory law, which is now heard from every part of Canada, is nowhere stronger than in Prince Edward Island.

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Three days ago, as I was driving in town, I met a friend, also driving. He stopped me and said:

"Do you know where I can get a drink?"

"No; I know of no place where there is even a suspicion of liquor-selling."

"Neither do I; this is the first time in my life when I couldn't find a drink when I wanted it, but now I know of no place where it is sold."

"Well, how do you like it?"

"At first I didn't like it, now I do; I'm the better for it."

"There's a great deal of talk about town of this state of things. I hear only one side. What do the people say?"

"Everybody likes it except those who want to sell."

My friend is a man of large fortune, a jolly good fellow; a free but not excessive drinker; open handed, warm hearted; all his life a "moderate drinker," with a red face, the rouge now gone! His answer shows clearly and accurately whether prohibition prohibits or not.

I was in a barber shop a week ago. The barber was a free drinker. I said, "Dry times now." "Yes," he replied, "but now I like it; I thought I could not get on without my beer, many glasses every day. But now I feel myself to be better without it, and my savings in that way change very much the condition of my house. My earnings go to the wife and children, not to the grog shops."—*Neal Dow in the Voice.*

Three Dangerous Women.

Beware of three women. The one who does not love children, the one who does not love flowers, and she who openly declares she does not like other women. There is something wanting in such, and in all probability its place is supplied by some unlovely trait. As Shakespeare says of him who has no soul for music, such a woman is fit for treason, strategy and spoils, and a woman intent on those ten thousand times worse than any man could be, for, standing aside and jest a little over the tenderness lavished on a baby, but after all the prattle every womanly woman involuntarily breaks into at the sight of the wee creatures, it is very sweet to masculine ears. It was the first language they ever knew, and in spite of the jest or smile, the sweetest on wife or sweetheart's lips. They may laugh, too, at the little garden tools, which seem like playthings to their strength, but in their hearts they associate, and rightly, purity of character and life with the pursuit. And as for the woman who does not care for her own sex and boldly avows it, she is a coquette pure and simple, and one of the worst and lowest type, too, as a general thing.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

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PROGRESS PICKINGS.

Baby: Mamma, what is an animal? "Oh! Anything that goes on legs." "Stockings?"—*Life.*

"You went by the Trunk line, didn't you?" "I must have; I was handled like baggage."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Waiter—"Very fine chicken that, sir." Guest—"Yes. I wonder how it escaped being killed for so long a time."—*Harper's Bazar.*

She (English). I'll be a sister to you. He (English). A deceased wife's sister? She. Yes. He. Darling!—name the day.

Mrs. Buntherton—I do so admire your husband, Mrs. Higgins. He is so amiable. Mrs. Higgins—You must have met some other Mr. Higgins.—*The Epoch.*

A: That wasn't nice of you to refuse me the ten dollars I wanted to borrow; one friend should always help another. B: Yes; but you always want to be the other.

Visitor—"Well, Johnny, I suppose your father thinks the twins are something wonderful!" Johnny—"Yes, but (in a confidential whisper) I could lick 'em both together."—*Puck.*

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"The same old jokes," snarled the landlady as she overheard the new boarder discussing the spring lamb. "They've one thing in their favor," answered the boarder. "What's that?" snapped the landlady. "They are not as old as the lamb," was the cruel answer.

Husband—What was that you were playing, my dear? Wife—Did you like it? Husband—It was exquisite. Wife—It is the very thing I played last evening and you said it was horrid. Husband—Well, the steak was burned last evening.—*New York Weekly.*

"This seems like one of the old-fashioned one-ring performances, dearest, doesn't it?" he whispered, as he slipped the golden circlet on her finger. "I don't know, Harry," she answered, dubiously, "but I am afraid there will be something of a circus when you speak to papa."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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