

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT

When the Princess of Wales gives a garden party it is her custom to request the guests to bring their children. The result is that a pretty scene is made still more picturesque.

The Kaiser is a great admirer of white. Twenty of his different uniforms are made of white material, and his wardrobe is said to contain more than a hundred pairs of white trousers.

It is not a fact creditable to Americans that the grave of Hawthorne has been surrounded by a high fence because the monument of the great romance writer has been defaced by relic hunters.

William Hayward, the oldest jockey on the American turf, owns a stable of his own and is supposed to be worth about \$60,000. The horses he rode won something in excess of \$1,000,000 in stakes and purses.

Augustus Harris, a popular and successful manager of London theatres, has been knighted by the Queen. When he had absorbed enough box-office receipts to make him rich, he sought honors in politics, and last year became sheriff of London.

Prince Bismarck leans on a stick more heavily than ever, is becoming more and more neglectful of his personal appearance, and when talking halts and searches for words. His memory is breaking up daily, but he constantly keeps on abusing that "young man" as he calls the emperor.

Since Miss Bradton published "Lady Audley's Secret" in 1862 she has written 52 novels, representing in the original editions 156 volumes, or about 50,000 pages of printed matter. This means about 2,000 pages a year, or an average of six pages of printed matter daily—an amount which is equal to something like eighteen small pages of manuscript a day.

The president of the United States receives his salary in monthly installments of \$4,166.67. The warrant is brought to the White House by a special messenger from the Treasury department, and after the president has endorsed it, as he would an ordinary draft, his private secretary deposits it at the Columbia bank. When the president is out of town the draft is mailed to him. The same method is pursued in paying the justices of the supreme court.

The Duke of Cumberland, eldest son of the last king of Hanover, is said to own no less than nine tons of gold and silver plate, while that used by Queen Victoria during the recent state visit of the German emperor is estimated to be worth \$10,000,000. The Austrian and Russian courts also have remarkable collections, and the gold and silver plate of the house of Orange at the Hague, which includes two thousand silver dinner plates, is valued at \$6,500,000.

One day while dining at the house of a friend, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was heard to say that he had lived for three months on nothing but milk. This gave rise among the company to several questions as to what prevented him from eating solid food, from what complaint he was suffering, how his strength was maintained, what sort of milk was it, and in what quantity did he take it. After everyone's curiosity was fully aroused, Mr. Spurgeon with a twinkle of fun in his dark eyes, said, "Ask my mother."

Algernon Swinburne, the poet, is small of stature, has a small mouth, a weak chin and prominent forehead, and is slightly deaf. His eyes are large, luminous and expressive, and his manner cordial and unaffected. He shares his pleasant bachelor quarters with Theodore Watts, the painter and critic, with whom he takes long walks in the country, taking long strides with his eyes fixed on the ground. He never carries an umbrella, even in the stormiest weather, and is fond of distributing cakes and candies among the children whom he meets.

Queen Victoria appears to have been less squeamish about the nude in art than some matrons. This passage is from the diary of an artist: "The queen came to see our exhibition. Mulready had lent many of his studies from the undraped model, and they were all placed in a room by themselves. Mr. Cardwell was much shocked, and particularly told me not on any account to take the queen into that room. However, the queen did go, was delighted with the drawings and commissioned Eastlake, who was present, to find out if Mulready would sell one."

Joseph Skipton, "the pitman poet of Northumberland," has resigned the custodianship of Shakespeare's birthplace. He succeeded the Chataway sisters in June, 1887, and is now driven away by the irksomeness of his life as a showman, and by the brutal behavior of loutish and sometimes drunken sight-seers, thousands of whom are brought to Stratford-on-Avon by excursions during the summer. Mr. Skipton is of a gentle and poetic nature, and believes most implicitly in the genuineness of Shakespeare and his writings. He learned his alphabet by candle light, while a boy working deep down in a coal mine, and his early education was picked up while he struggled on as a miner. The new custodian of the Shakespeare cottage will be Richard Savage, the librarian and antiquary.

Here is a romantic anecdote about Louisa Alcott's father and mother. As a young man Mr. Alcott, so the story goes, was amanuensis or secretary to Mrs. Alcott's father. The two young people met often and naturally fell in love with each other. Mr. Alcott's social position and prospects being somewhat uncertain at the time, he did not feel justified in asking this well-born and talented young woman to marry him. He finally gave up his position and they parted with no confessions on either side. It was agreed, however, that each should keep a journal, and that these journals should be exchanged once in so often. Thus matters went on for some time; he, unwilling to ask so much and offer so little; she, willing to give all and chafe under a woman's necessity of keeping silent. At length one day, while reading the journal he had sent her, she came across a few sentences in which he hinted at his love and unhappiness, and wondered what she would say if he should ever presume to ask her hand in marriage. The moment was a critical one, but Mrs. Alcott was equal to it. Seizing a pen, quickly and clearly she wrote underneath: "Supposing you ask her and find out?" It is said that the journal is still preserved in the Alcott family.

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The trouble with men and women is that they deliberately shut their eyes to each other's faults and then accuse each other of deceit.

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GOING TO FUNERALS.

Strange People who Attend Them Out of Curiosity.

"I am often led to wonder," said a lady, as she returned home from the funeral of a dear friend, "what sentiment of the human heart it is that prompts strange people who haven't the slightest interest in the deceased or the family, to go to every funeral within reach. It seems as though there was in many minds a morbid curiosity that leads them to present themselves on such occasions, and stand around and look on with eagerness, watching every movement and feeling almost defrauded if anything important escapes their notice. Such a tendency should be immediately checked in the young, as the sentiment is not by any means a creditable one and often leads to the most absurd exhibition of curiosity."

"I remember being present some time since at the funeral of a neighbor. The services were held in the church, and as is the custom in many places, the casket was opened so that the friends might take a last look at the departed if they so desired. The people from one side of the church passed around to the front, where the casket was placed, and down the opposite side aisle, either resuming their seats or waiting in the vestibule. My attention was attracted by a group of children in the little procession, and to my surprise again and again the same children passed around the front and down the side aisle, crossing at the rear of the church again to fall into line and continue the round and round march. No one seemed to observe them or put a stop to their promenade. I couldn't help but wonder whether that wasn't the sort of sentiment, which, permitted in the young, makes inveterate and incorrigible funeral-goers in later life."

"It is fondly to be hoped that the time will come when all funerals will be held in private houses, and as far as possible, at evening. The services are much more impressive at night, and an ordinary private house is or should be amply sufficient to contain those whose legitimate right it is to be present."

"Very few persons, except those in public life, have a sufficiently large circle of acquaintance to warrant a church funeral. Of course, as affairs at present stand, custom rules in this as in many other matters, but there seems to be a gradual narrowing of the limits of a funeral congregation."

"Where there are many persons at the church it is often the case that the announcement is made that the interment will be strictly private. This is or should be a sufficient bar to the presence of the curious, who often go to such places merely to gratify a morbid sentiment."

The Discoverer of Hypnotism.

Mr. James Braid, a surgeon of Manchester, was the discoverer of hypnotism. He was one day looking incredulously at the performance of a Swiss magnetiser, when he thought he saw that the patient had been sent to sleep by simply looking steadily at some particular object. This method of inducing sleep, whether by a fixed gaze or by some sudden sound, is hypnotism proper, and it is to be distinguished from magnetism, as a thing independent of any special power or influence in the operator. The hypnotised patient really does everything for himself. Mr. Braid's discovery has led indirectly to the foundation of the world-famous school of hypnotism at the Salpêtrière. Other agencies were traced by an obscure French practitioner named Burq. He found that the touch of certain metals led to the cataleptic state, but he carefully concealed the discovery for years lest it should injure him in his practice. At length, when lying, as he thought, on his death-bed, he sent for the great physiologist, Claude Bernard, made his confession to him, and survived to find himself famous. There are, therefore, two great agencies of artificial sleep—first, the old, discredited magnetism, that is to say, the action of man upon man; and secondly, hypnotism, induced by physical means and the imagination of the person under treatment.

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PROGRESS PICKINGS.

A friend in need is a friend who generally strikes you for a quarter."—Texas Sittings.

A race of a hundred yards is short enough, but a foot race beats the record. —New Orleans Picayune.

The book agent, like the sailor, finds that wind has a wonderful effect on his canvas. —Yonkers Statesman.

The prohibitionist naturally would not kiss a body should he meet a body coming through the rye. —New Orleans Picayune.

"Your daughter seems a silent sort of girl, Mrs. Crabbe." "Yes, she lives almost entirely within herself." "Why don't you bring her out then?"

"I think you had better send up another rat trap, John." "But I bought one only the other day." "I know, but there is a rat in that one." —Lowell Citizen.

Evergreen—"I wonder why Lieut. Mars pays so much attention to Miss Waltz-leigh?" Brightly—"I suppose because he likes a good revolver." —Philadelphia Press.

Miss Highspirits—I want to engage the services of a good mimic. Can you recommend me one? Mr. Lowspirits—Death is the best one I know. He can take off anybody.

First mosquito—"I have an awful head on me this morning." Second mosquito—"What's the trouble?" First mosquito—"I bit Old Soak last night before I thought." —N. Y. Herald.

"Carry, I want you to be one of my bridesmaids." "You are my dearest friend, Sally, but you are asking too much." "Too much! Why?" "I've just become engaged to your fiancé." —Life.

"My speech at the meeting last night was my maiden effort." Said the young orator, proudly. "Yes," cynically replied his friend: "I noticed it was something of a miss." —Baltimore American.

"What are you always following me around for?" demanded the earth impatiently of the moon. "Oh, I get a few quarters and halves by doing so," replied the moon nonchalantly. —Life.

Botanical Old Gent (in public gardens) —"Can you tell me, my good man, if this plant belongs to the Arbutus family?" Gardener (curtly) —"No, sir, it don't. It belongs to the corporation." —Ex.

First Youth (at railway depot)—Travelled far? Second Youth—Not yet, but I expect to before I stop. I am going West to seek my fortune. First Youth—I just got back. Lend me a dime, will you?

A suggestion from headquarters—He (on the straw ride)—"Don't you think you had better be wrapped up in my coat?" She—"Yes. But hadn't you better put it on first?" —Clothing and Furnisher.

"Send me a cocktail," said the guest at a Maine hotel. "Can't do it, sir—but I'll get you some ink," said the boy. "I don't want any ink." "Say, I guess you never tried our ink, did you?" —New York Sun.

"They say a girl died down here from eating ice cream," he said, as they were passing an ice-cream saloon. "She couldn't have had a bean like you, John," she answered. "I'm safe." He invited her in.

Annabel—How queer! Here's a story about a man who made a fortune out of an attachment for a sewing machine. Arthur (softly)—That's nothing. I've formed an attachment for the sweetest little sewing machine in the world, and would consider my fortune made if she'd have me. (No cards.)

Daggett—"This comb has a history. It is an heirloom in our family. My grandfather found it on the floor of the Emperor Napoleon's barouche after Waterloo." Cutting—"Jove! How interesting! I suppose you would hate to part with it?" Daggett—"Not at all. I am very prosaic about such things. I part with it every day." —New York Telegram.

Daughter—"Mamma, Mr. Bank proposed to me last night." Mother—"Did you accept him?" "Yes, mamma." "Has he any money, daughter?" "Only 1800 dollars a year, mamma." "You must get rid of him. That is no money at all." "But he is a city official." "That's a different thing entirely. He will be very rich within a few years. Insist on the marriage coming off next week." —Ex.

It was the time of night when bored belles yawn and beaux grin. Hints innumerable had been sown on barren ground. George Deadgone would stay. Finally Miss Nosnooze excused herself for a few moments. A minute later the cook, in full regalia, entered the parlor, and, walking up to George Deadgone, asked: "What would you like to have for breakfast, sir?" And then George Deadgone, noticing that Miss Nosnooze had gone, went. —New York Telegram.

Behold her gazing at the moon,
And by her side is he,
In no wise less romantic. Both
Subjects of Luna. See?

Little Johnnie had a mirror,
But he ate the back all off,
Thinking rashly, in his terror,
This would cure his whooping cough.

Not long after Johnnie's mother,
Weeping, said to Mrs. Brown,
"It was a chilly day for Johnnie
When the mercury went down."

—Princeton Tiger.

A witness was testifying that he met the defendant at breakfast, and that the latter called the waiter and said—"One moment," exclaimed the counsel for the defense. "I object to what he said." Then followed a legal argument of about an hour and a half on the objection, which was overruled, and the court decided that the witness might state what was said. "Well, go on and state what was said to the waiter," remarked the winning counsel, flushed with his legal victory. "Well," replied the witness, "he said 'Bring me a beefsteak and fried potatoes.'" —Boston Globe.

We sat in the piazza's gloom
One lovely moonlight night,
The moon's rays flooded all around,
But we were out of sight.

Our chairs were close together drawn
For we were quite alone;
And long we talked together in
A low and tender tone.

At last, emboldened by her kind
And confidential way,
I asked her to become my wife,
To make me the happy day.

"Why, what a strange coincidence!"
She answered, "startling quite!"
"Twas in this very place I got
Engaged to Jack last night."

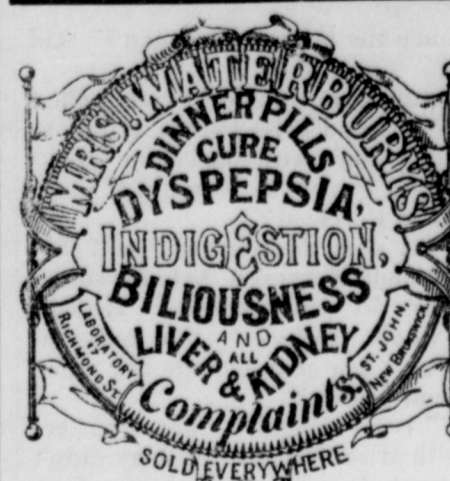
—Somerville Journal.

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