

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

M. Pasteur has now, by the grace of the Emperor of Austria, become Baron von Pasteur, and been decorated with the order of the Iron Crown.

Queen Victoria now rules a population of 367,000,000—a greater number of people than ever acknowledged sovereignty of any one other person in either ancient or modern times.

A son of Ole Bull, the famous Norwegian violinist, has inherited some of his father's genius, and will soon make his debut in Paris as a solo-violinist. He is a youth of about 22 years.

Prince Henry, of Orleans, recognizing the fact that the chances of his succeeding to the "throne" of France are extremely small, has done the next best thing and entered the ranks of the journalists.

Alexandre Dumas is one of the most open handed philanthropists in Paris. A great part of the large income he derives from his books and plays is dispersed in charity, and many a poor and obscure author owes him a debt of gratitude that can never be wholly repaid.

John D. Rockefeller, who has the largest annual income of any man in America, has spent the summer working on his Ohio farm, just as if he was a common laborer and doing quite as much labor as any of his hired men. He has done it in the pursuit of health.

John Whitman, the man who lifts 600 pounds with his teeth, pushed a freight car weighing 30,000 pounds along a switch on North street, Baltimore, recently, in the presence of about 300 people. It would have required the united strength of eight ordinary men to move the car.

Until recently the royal palace at Berlin has been lighted only by candles. Both the father and the grandfather of the present Kaiser were opposed to gas and would not allow it to be introduced into the palace. Emperor William has had gas put in and is now arranging for electric lights.

George Keenan, the noted Russian traveler, says the czar is a well-meaning man, but his judgment is bad, having been narrowed by his advisers. He believes he is divinely appointed to persecute the Jews for having crucified the Saviour and that he is only fulfilling the commands in the scriptures by so doing.

The Duke of Cambridge is one of the best known old boys in London, and there is hardly a soldier, policeman or hackman in town who is not acquainted with the rosy-gilled and white-haired two-bottle man, who has never been over popular with the officers of the army because he would persist in being a fussy friend of the soldiers.

Fifteen keen and courageous Corsicans form the czar's body guard. They accompany the czar almost everywhere, sometimes in uniform; and they have even to keep watch in the imperial kitchen and occasionally act as cooks. Three of them can never be convinced that the wine has not been drugged, and they insist upon "tasting" fresh bottles three or four times a day.

A Zulu prince, the youngest son of King Cetowa Tetowa, is an interesting figure on the streets of St. Louis. The prince is a stalwart young man, weighing 186 pounds, with a face of rich copper hue and curly red hair. He is one of twenty-one children, his father possessing the luxury of forty wives. He is being educated by baptist ministers for missionary work in Africa.

Queen Victoria has completed a reign of fifty-five years, there being only two British sovereigns who have exceeded her in this respect—Henry III., who reigned fifty-six years, and George III., fifty-nine years. She is also third with reference to age, she having been 72 years old on May 24. Those who have exceeded her in this respect were George II., who died when he was nearly 77, and George III., who died at 81 years.

The first time the Emperor of Austria ever donned a frock coat and silk hat was in 1867, when he went to visit the Paris exhibition as Napoleon III's guest. Little pleasure did he take in these garments, and he has never worn the like of them since he left Paris. At home or abroad he is always in uniform, except when he goes out shooting, and then he wears a Tyrolese costume, with green worsted gaiters and legs bare at the knees in the Highland fashion.

The young King of Spain bade farewell to his nurse, Maximina Palazuela, a short time ago. For five years and a half she was with his youthful majesty day and night. The little fellow was so strongly attached to her that it was feared their separation would endanger his health. To make the parting easier the nurse left Madrid the day the court departed for San Sebastian. She is to receive a comfortable pension from the royal treasury. A considerable sum of money was also given to the woman's husband, who is a carpenter.

A compactly built young man of 24 is Frank Talmage, son of the famous Brooklyn preacher. He has not the physique of his father, although in many other ways he resembles him. He has a strong face, ruddy complexion, a firm mouth, and eyes that seem to penetrate the very being of the person he is talking to. His stocky form betokens abundant outdoor exercise. He is a good hand at an oar. He can run, play ball, fence, swim, ride and box. Like his father, he practices the gospel of outdoor exercise, and he shows it, too. Unlike the sons of many great men, he is no laggard. He will soon graduate from Union Theological Seminary. When he studies he goes at it vigorously. And again, unlike many other sons of famous men, he does not try to make his way on his father's name. He was elected to become a minister of the gospel, and during the past summer has had charge of a church on the Hudson. He is noted in his class for studiousness and the ability to present any subject he takes up in an entertaining as well as instructive way. He delivers public lectures, and has been paid as high as \$100 for one night's services. He speaks, like his father, in a quick and nervous way, and seems to possess real oratorical powers. After he graduates he will be married to Miss Gertrude Barlow, of Sing Sing, N. Y., a cultured and beautiful young woman of 20.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

Blivens—"I'd sooner be lectured than hung." Tim de Tough—"Why?" Blivens—"Cause dere's no suspense."

Mother (severely)—You let James kiss you last night. Daughter (penitently)—He pressed me so much I had to.

Guest (at Maine resort)—What lake is that. Hotel Proprietor—I've been here only one season and can't pronounce it yet.

A Ready Maid Suit—Algernon—"Kitty, I—I—that is, will you—er—ab—"

Policeman—"Do you have to take care of the dog?" Nurse girl—"No. The missus says I am too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children."

She (pouting)—"I don't care if it is moonlight and beautiful and all that. I am not enjoying it." He—"Genevieve, if you insist upon it you may kiss me."

Mrs. Youngwife—Have you any beets? Grocer—Yes'm. Mrs. Y.—Please send me up two pounds of live ones. Grocer—Live ones? Mrs. Y.—Yes, my husband says he has no use for dead ones.

"Bessie," said papa, "won't you have a little piece of this chicken?" "No, thank you," said Bessie. "What! no chicken?" "Oh, yes, I'll have chicken, but I don't want a little piece."—Philadelphia Record.

"How far is it to the next town?" asked a footsore tragedian of a passing teamster. "About ten miles," was the comforting answer. "Great heavens, I can't walk that far." "No? Then you'd better hire a haul."

A Righteous Strike.—"But," said the hotel keeper to the striking waiters, "you get precisely the same food that we serve to the guests." "Yes," replied the leader, "that's what we are kicking about."—New York Sun.

Editor of an agricultural paper—"Look here; here's a man who asks the silliest questions!" Assistant—"How about it?" Editor—"Why, he asks me the best way to cure hams, and doesn't state in his note what's the matter with them!"

Printer (to editor)—"The goat got in the office last night, and when I came in this morning he was stone dead." Editor—"Confound that poem! I didn't mean to leave it lying around loose, but I guess he got it."—Atlanta Constitution.

A young man who took his affianced to hear the great singer Nilsson warble her sweetest songs, asked the young lady how she liked the singer's repertoire. "Very much indeed. I think it fits her beautifully," was the surprising reply.

Father—"Come, now, my son; stop beating about the bush. Will you bring the coal?" Old Uncle John—When I was a boy I didn't beat about the bush much; if I was slow about doing an errand, the bush had a fashion of beating about me.

"And now, children," remarked the Sunday school superintendent, as he brought his review of the lesson to a close, "if the boy who honors his father and his mother is to dwell long in the land, what may we conclude as to the boy who does not?" "He isn't in it," responded the children, with one voice.

Johnny—Popper, does it follow because a man wears glasses he has bad eyesight? Popper—As a rule, Johnny. Johnny—Then you must have awful poor eyesight. Popper—Oh, no, sonny. Johnny—Then why did mommer say you look through ten glasses a day? Popper—I'll explain it to mommer tonight.

Mr. Laman—"Why do you always question patients so closely about what they eat? Does the information you get help you to diagnose their cases?" Doctor Emde—"Oh, no! But by doing so I am enabled to guess what their station in life is, and how much fees I can probably get out of them."—Puck.

"Brother Means," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman, entering the counting-room of one of his parishioners, "will you kindly tell me whether or not this \$5 bill is a counterfeit?" "It is perfectly good," said Brother Means, examining it. "What led you to suspect its genuineness, may I ask?" "It was dropped in the contribution-box last Sunday."—Chicago Tribune.

"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water; I'm so thirsty." "No; you are not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep." (A pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink? I'm so thirsty!" "If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and spank you!" (Another pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to spank me?"—Life.

Mr. Bradley Smith, in passing under the rear window of his house, receives the contents of a pail of water on his head. Mrs. Bradley Smyth—"Oh, Bradley dear, I'm so sorry! Believe me it was an accident. I did not throw it at you." Mr. Bradley Smyth—"I know you did not, dear." Mrs. Bradley Smyth—"How love?" Mr. Bradley Smyth—"Because you hit me."—Judge.

A Hoosier lad of twelve years was industriously at work upon a pile of wood in his mother's back yard, when he was approached by a playmate. "Hello, Ben," said the youngster, "do you get anything fer cuttin' the wood?" "Well, I reckon I do," replied Ben. "Ma gives me a cent a day fer doin' it." "What you goin' to do with yer money?" "Oh, she's savin' it fer me, and when I get enough she's goin' to get me a new axe."

A negro in a Georgia court-room was reminded by the judge that he must tell the whole truth. "Well, yer see, boss," said the witness, "I se skeered to tell the whole truth fer fear I might tell a lie." "Do you know the nature of an oath?" asked the judge. "Sah?" "Do you understand what you are to swear to?" "Yes, sah; I'm to swear to tell de truth." "And what will happen if you do not tell it?" "I 'spects our side'll win the case, sah."—Boston Traveller.

Father—So you want an excuse, do you? An excuse for being late to school? What were you doing with yourself—playing marbles? Son—No, sir; I couldn't find my overshoes. Father—You couldn't, eh, you careless boy. They were where you left them, of course. You ought to be thrashed for— Servant—Please, sir, Mr. Nextdoor wishes to know if you are ready. Father—Yes—yes, of course. Right away—right away. Where in creation is my hat?—Good News.

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Judas was not the last man who professed sympathy for the poor to hide his own meanness. "I would not think of making Soup from Raw Vegetables" is the verdict of all ladies who have used Kerr Evaporated Soup Vegetables.

The devil lives in the same house with the man who is always boasting about how moral he is. Man is often deceived in the age of a woman by her gray hair. Ladies, you can appear young and prevent this grayness by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

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The man who lives right himself is continually making unwritten laws that other people have to follow. When you ask for Nasal Balm do not permit your dealer to give you some "just as good" substitute. It is the only remedy yet discovered that will thoroughly cure catarrh. Sold by all dealers.

There are too many people who claim to love God with all their hearts who sell potatoes in a small half bushel. Sufferers from La Grippe should not despair—Puttner's Emulsion is the best tonic for them. A bottle or two taken as they are getting well will hasten their recovery—perhaps saving them months of lassitude and debility.

How foolish to say, "I like to hear a man say what he thinks." Who ever heard a man say what he didn't think? "In 1872 I was poisoned by Ivy, and, hearing of the beneficial effects of the Spa Spring water of Wilmot in skin troubles, I applied them with result of perfect cure, although numerous medicines failed. W. A. SPOULE. Clermontsport, Anna. Co., N. S.

We are obliged to do many things that are distasteful, but courtship is something a man can enter into with all his heart. Would you be fleshy? Then read the following and do as others do. JOHN McLEOD, Merchant, Charlotte-town, P. E. I., writes: "I have been using K. D. C. about ten days and in that time have gained five pounds. I can safely recommend it to anyone suffering from indigestion."

Heaven sometimes hedges a rare character about with unguilness and odium, as the burr that protects the fruit.—Emerson. Have you used Lessive Phenix in the wash? No? Then you have missed a comfort, a benefit and a joy. For Lessive Phenix is the greatest help to the housewife that has ever been put on the market. Just think—it will make any kind of clothes like new when used in the wash. Dissolve a little in hot water and it will clean marble, or metal, or tinware, or in fact anything that wants to be cleaned all over the house.

The journalist who leaves the press for the pulpit doesn't enlarge his sphere of usefulness, but he may thereby increase his own chance of getting to heaven. God loves to see a man take off his coat and roll up his sleeves as though he meant something. They are not building any mansions in heaven for people who are neither cold or hot.

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The Attachment of Horses. Two Hanoverian horses had long served together during the Peninsular war, in a German brigade of artillery. They had assisted in drawing the same gun, and had been inseparable companions in many battles. One of them was at last killed; and after the engagement the survivor was picketed as usual, and his food brought to him. He refused, however, to eat, and was constantly turning round his head to look for his companion, sometimes neighing as if to call him. All the care that was bestowed upon him was of no avail. He was surrounded by other horses, but he did not notice them; and he shortly afterwards died, not having once tasted food from the time his former associate was killed.

Last Love. First love is a pretty romance, Though not quite so lasting as reckoned, For when one awakes from its trance, There's a great store of bliss in the second. And 'e'en should the second subside, A lover can never despair; For the world is uncommonly wide, And the women—uncommonly fair. Then poets their raptures may tell, Who never were put to the test; A first love is all very well, But, believe me, the last love's the best.

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